Collier's

May 5, 1951 • Fifteen Cents

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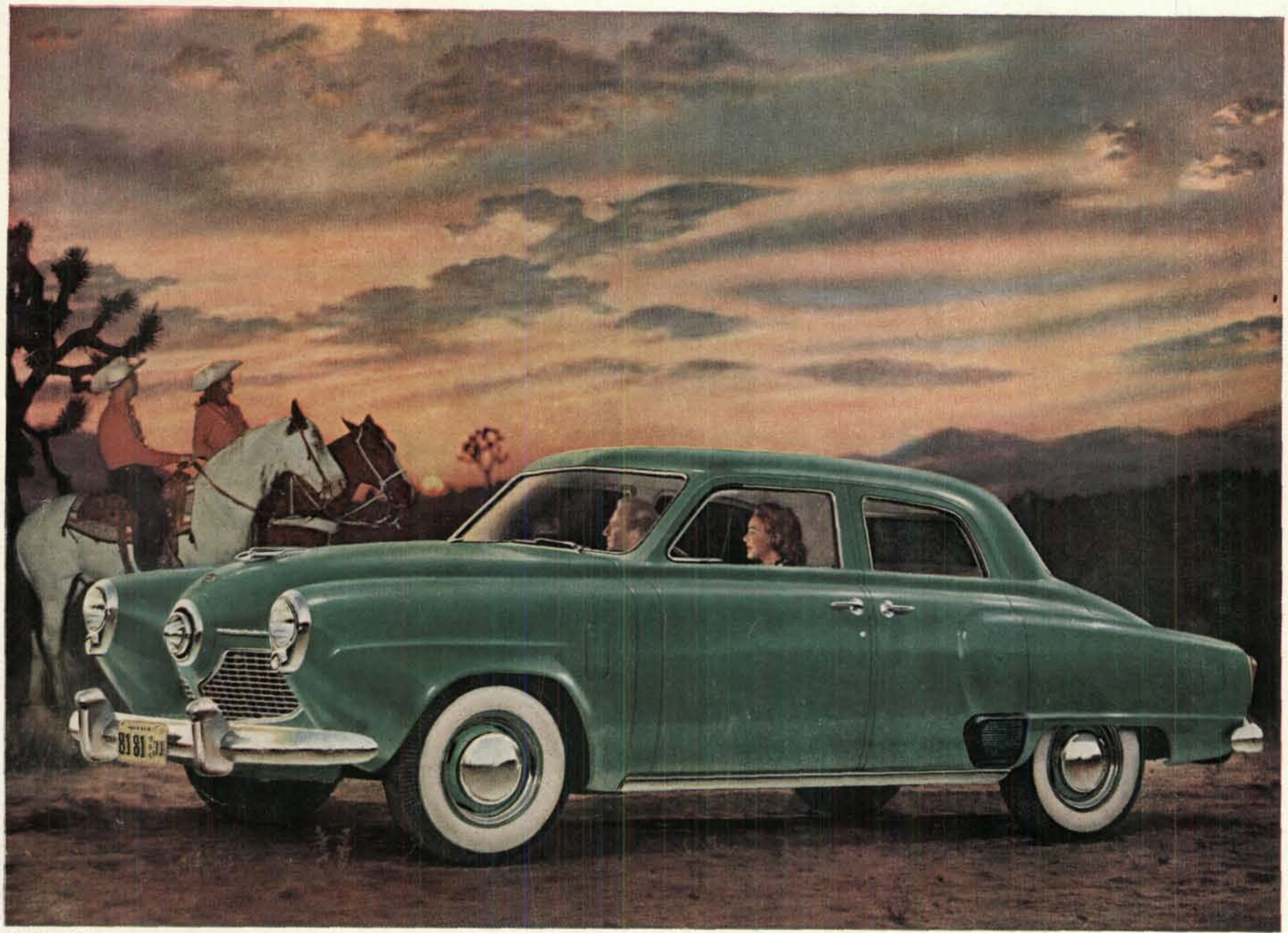
SECRET "MR. BIG" OF FLORIDA

By Lester Velie

JEANNE BRESEE — UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS CAMPUS QUEEN

The Singingest Family in America

CAN RUSSIA'S ECONOMY SUPPORT A WAR?



Paul Hesse photo

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The dependable performance you want!

The Studebaker Champion is one of the 4
lowest price largest selling cars!

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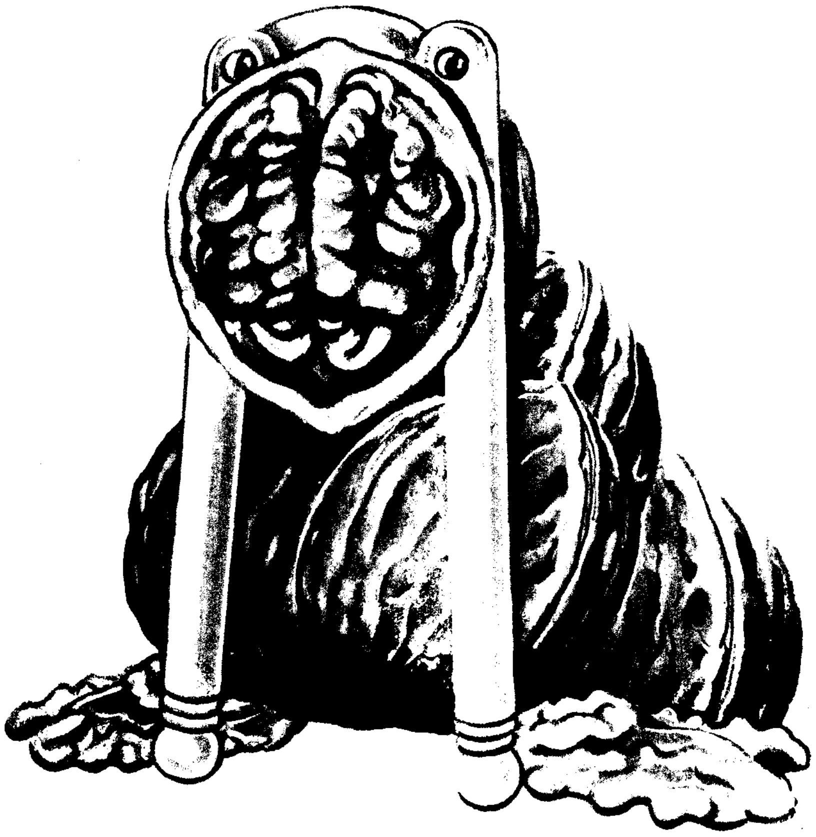
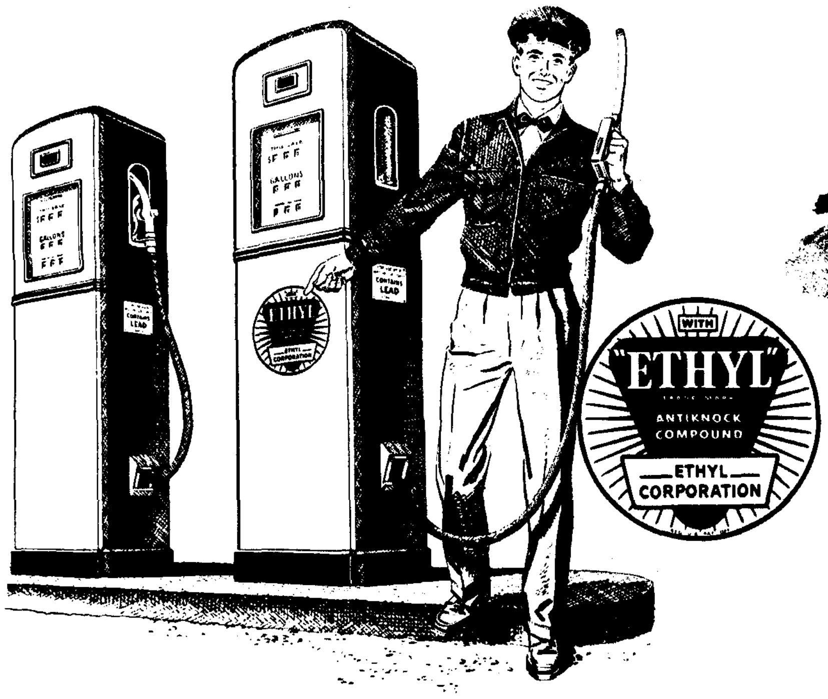


There's a big difference between

walnut . . . and . . . walrus

—and there is a powerful difference, too, between gasoline and "ETHYL" gasoline!

TRADE-MARK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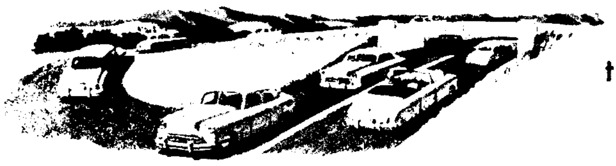

the top performance of

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Picture OF THE MONTH

M-G-M presents
"GO FOR BROKE!"
starring
VAN JOHNSON
and
THE HEROES OF THE 442nd REGIMENTAL COMBAT TEAM
Written and Directed by ROBERT PIROSH
Produced by DORE SCHARY
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

M-G-M did the G.I.'s proud with "Battleground". It had a mood, a spirit, a humor that we can't forget. Nor are we likely to when the same studio has come up with "Go For Broke", a slangy, tangy title for a picture that has all the human qualities of "Battleground" and happens, besides, to be equally true.

It's a little-known story, but one of the most unselfish, courageous and explosive chapters in America's fighting history. It tells of the heroes of the 442nd Regiment, the Japanese-American combat team that acquired its battle-cry of "Go For Broke" from that favorite off-duty pastime, the dice game. It means "shoot the works" and that's what they did!

Van Johnson plays their spit-and-polish commanding officer, a 90-day wonder struck with consternation at the first sight of his raw trainees. But he gets to know his men, as you do, through the mud and chaos and fire that forges them into a unique fighting unit.

Where else could you meet guys—or get laughs—like these?....

The grinning ukulele player with the hula-action hips whose concern through two gigantic invasions was replacing a G-string...the half-pint soldier for whom Uncle Sam made the pants too long . . . the beautiful baby pig that was a buddy to the boys but merely a meal to a couple of half-starved kids . . . the Japanese code-words used to confuse an enemy that understood our battle orders too well . . . the lieutenant who was A.W.O.L. because his polite troops wouldn't think of interrupting a back-of-the-lines romance.

The easy-going soldier humor and the typical American fighting spirit summed up in the motto "Go For Broke" cannot easily be conveyed on a printed page. But both are richly defined in a picture that will be seen and loved wherever there is freedom to laugh and freedom to love and freedom to be wrong once in a while.

"Go For Broke" was produced by Dore Schary, who gave you that memorable entertainment which was "Battleground". It was written and directed by Robert Pirosh, who was the author of "Battleground". If you went for "Battleground", you'll go for "Go For Broke"!

Forecast: "The Great Caruso" is on its way from M-G-M. Noteworthy for its singing star, Mario Lanza, and Technicolor. And we remind you once again—this is the year of "Quo Vadis"!

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The Cover

Collier's Campus Queen No. 5 is twenty-one-year-old Jeanne Bresee, of Champaign, a senior at the University of Illinois. A member of Pi Beta Phi sorority, Jeanne is majoring in history, enjoys three pastimes: swimming, knitting, amateur photography.

Week's Mail

Mr. Ryan and the Irish

EDITOR: As a dyed-in-the-green Irishwoman may I say a hearty thanks and congratulations to Cornelius Ryan for Ireland Today (March 17th). Wonderful reading, informative, breezy and with a welcome strain of optimism throughout.

FRANCES NUGENT LOVE, Van Nuys, Cal.

. . . A nice bunch of shamrocks to Mr. Ryan for his wonderful article on Ireland. It's the most dignified and sensible treatise on Irish politics and economics to date.

VERONICA WILLIAMS, Brooklyn, N. Y.

. . . I want to say that the article by Cornelius Ryan is the best news out of Ireland that this American of Irish ancestry has read for many a year. Long may the Costello administration continue to make the Republic of Ireland one of the most economically stable nations of Europe.

I was particularly pleased by the keen delineation of the American "stage Irishman," as Mr. Ryan calls him, who has always done all he can by his antics to make the Irish people appear to be a nation of clowns.

Mystics and men of the mountaintops are all well enough; but they have, along with their inspiration, caused a great deal of trouble in this world. It is well in these trying times that Ireland has leaders with their feet on terra firma.

It has been good to meet Mr. Cornelius Ryan; I wish him the top o' the morning.

FRANCIS D. O'CONNOR, Portland, Me.

. . . I suspected from the very first that Cornelius Ryan was not a 100 per cent true-blue Irishman. And when I read the biographical sketch at the conclusion of the article my opinions were confirmed—what with his pater's pro-British loyalties and the time he himself spent under the demoralizing influence of the British in London!

LAWRENCE W. MAHAR,
Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

. . . I read, with much interest, your article on Ireland. You interpreted the present Irish Free State with considerable understanding and fairness.

I had the privilege of visiting Ireland last summer, and was entertained by physicians who are in public service. I was certainly impressed by the determined, patient, intelligent efforts which are being put forth for educational, psychiatric and industrial programs in that country.

RUTH E. COLLINS, New York, N. Y.

. . . I have read with pride and satisfaction the splendid article on Ireland Today. Mr. Ryan's scholarly and illuminating story has, I am sure, been read with delight by thousands of Irish Americans who have sympathetic interest in the welfare and progress of the Irish nation.

JAMES McGURRIN, President-General,
American Irish Historical Society,
New York, N.Y.

Hoopsters' All-America

EDITOR: Would you kindly explain your reason for omitting St. John's University, (Brooklyn) star basketball player, Bob Zawoluk, from your All-America selections

There's only one like this . . .

Don't be confused about the many companies with the word "Electric" in their names. Just as no two thumbprints are alike, no other "Electric" company is like *Western* Electric.

We don't make toasters, refrigerators, television sets and so on. Western Electric is the manufacturing unit of the Bell Telephone System—has been since 1882. Our regular job is making telephone equipment—*good* equipment—to help the Bell System give America dependable telephone service.

The specialized experience we gain in doing our regular job is put to work as called for in producing communications and electronic equipment needed by the Armed Forces to keep our country safe. In the present national emergency we are hard at work increasing this effort . . . *Western Electric Company.*

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

(March 17th)? It seems strange that you should omit him from at least honorable mention when other all-star selections have listed him on either first or second team ballots. John Lynch, Bardstown, Ky.

. . . Re your article *The All-America . . . in* College Basketball: Unless my good old alma mater Kansas State has been moved, I think you'll find that Lovellette stopped about 80 miles short of Manhattan when he went to play ball for Kansas University.

The university sits on Mt. Oread, 180 feet higher than downtown Lawrence—*not* Manhattan. Mrs. J. L. Woods, Plymouth, Pa.

. . . You are to be commended on an outstanding All-America basketball team. But we do have a "gripe."

You tell of Sam Ranzino who "employs a confusing head fake . . . enables him to break loose under the basket for lay-up shots," and who "hit 10 of 14 field-goal attempts" against LaSalle College.

But you do not even so much as give honorable mention to the player who held this "All-American" to not only one field goal, but one *field shot* in a game; to a player who handicapped Ranzino with three personal fouls in the first 12 minutes of a game so as to render him inactive for a good portion of one of the two games in which Villanova College beat North Carolina State this year. Sam Glassmire, Villanova's diminutive playmaker, held Ranzino to 11 and four points in the Cats' two wins over State. In the second game Glassmire, hitting double-numbers himself, held Ranzino so tight that the "pride of Dixie" had difficulty in getting even his one shot at the basket.

A. G. Hennessy, Jr.,
J. H. Glavin, Villanova, Pa.

More About Mr. Hoover

Editor: Collier's has performed a vital public service in publishing, with tremendously fortunate timing, Herbert Hoover's personal memoirs (Feb. 17th-March 24th). Those of us who were privileged in the old days to call Mr. Hoover "The Chief," and who have always been inspired to public-service standards set by Mr. Hoover, have renewed faith and a renewed patriotism from reading his memoirs. Thank you for publishing these and for renewing our faith in our country so long as men like Herbert Hoover can rise to the Presidency.

Hector Lazo, Long Island City, N. Y.

. . . I am a young metallurgical engineer just starting my first important position since graduation.

I found that Hoover's account of his early days as an engineer really inspired me to work harder on my own job. Hoover illustrates so clearly that no one in this life owes a young man a living.

I am sure Mr. Hoover regretted the long separations inflicted upon himself and his family in the course of his long career; yet he willingly sacrificed these precious moments of relaxation for his own personal gains and, later, for the welfare of the country he so dearly loves.

How many young men today are really willing to make these sacrifices? I am afraid that most of us would like fame and fortune, but only if no sacrifices or hard labor are involved!

Harold D. McCullough, Seaford, N. Y.

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. . . Mr. Hoover has at least twice in his memoirs referred to his household gods. Is this a family term or does your proofreader need new lenses?

Don Taggart, Stockton, Cal.

If Mr. Taggart remembers his Latin, he may recall that the term household gods *is a translation of lares et penates,* and that the reference, by common usage, is to cherished family possessions.

Old-Fashioned Type

Editor: I didn't like the picture on the March 17th cover of Collier's. I would rather see a boy with a fishing pole or something. Sometimes I think girls are pretty and nice but I don't like make-up on their faces. Ed Taggart (eleven years old), Orlando, Fla.

The Philosopher's Protégé

Editor: What happened to my old boss—H. B. Fox? As I read along from week to week I thought he had enough supporters who didn't know him, so I didn't bother to write.

As a twenty-year-old tramp printer in 1935, I was promoted to the post of managing editor of the second link in a two-link chain of country weeklies owned and operated by the same H. B. Fox.

When I discovered that my title wouldn't pay my room rent, and decided to move on, I met the real H. B. Fox.

He quietly asked where I was headed and what plans I had. These were, of course, very indefinite. He said, "Get in the car and take a ride with me." Scarcely a word was spoken as we drove 200 miles to Georgetown, Texas, home of Southwestern University, his alma mater, and pulled up at the home of Dr. Gray, head of the Department of Bible and Religion.

He introduced me briefly to the doctor and informed him that I was going to live in his attic and mow his lawn for him when spring came. With that he bid me farewell. I had eight dollars in my pocket and a hole in my pants.

Before Henry Fox left town he stopped by the home of the business manager of the school and told him that I would probably be around to see him and that maybe he could be on the lookout for a job or a scholarship or something for me.

Three and a half years later I left with a college degree and a new pair of pants and a completely changed outlook on the world.

Norman S. Stafford, Somerville, Mass.

Collier's is publishing the Circleville philosophizing of Mr. Stafford's old boss regularly. Matter of fact, there's some in this issue, on page 10.

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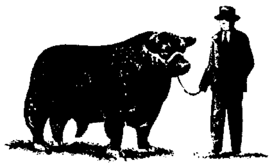


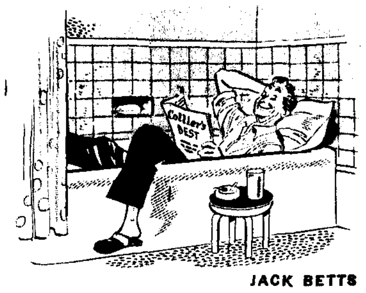
48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

In our flannel-headed way, we've stumbled on what's wrong with our beloved country—in particular our federal administration. We've been reading the newspapers. What Washington lacks is an experienced stage manager. As it is, they're trying to run half a dozen shows on a single stage all the time. No wonder we, the audience, are walking out on them. We've paid ticket-scalper prices to see a large cast of ham omelets playing Guys & Dolls, Lysistrata, Abie's Irish Rose, Hamlet, Mister Roberts, The Black Crook and East Lynne in the one theater simultaneously and with a couple of strip teases thrown in. No wonder the customers are confused. They've staggered out for air mumbling about Kefauver, Fulbright, Taxes, Price Controls, RFC, Spies, Thirty-eighth Parallel, Inflation, Western Europe, Communists and National Emergencies. Unless our moth-eaten memory fails us, the central idea is to show the rest of the world how to get along in unity, peace and concord. Anybody know the address of a good stage manager?

★ ★ ★

You can stop biting your thumbs. We have pretty good news for you. Walk slowly but doggedly to your nearest bookseller's and ask for Collier's Best. Take it home, select a comfortable, quiet, insectless spot and prepare to be soothed, amused, thrilled, solaced, aroused and even instructed, all between two well-constructed covers—admittedly no easy assignment for any volume. Collier's Best is an expertly selected collection of short stories which have appeared in this magazine during 1949 and 1950. In it you'll find the choicest of Jack Finney, Christine Weston, Jack Weeks, John Andrew Rice, Paul Horgan, Joseph Petracca, Howard Maier and other star storytellers—19 in all. If your bookstore is out of it, make them swear to notify you when the next cargo arrives. We don't guarantee that Collier's Best will liquidate all your tribulations, but as an old friend, we assure you that from beginning to end this job will lift you a measurable distance out of this hamburgered world. And what more could you ask of a book?

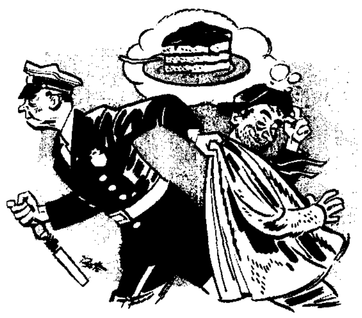


★ ★ ★

You'd look far and wide, taking lots of time to it, and you'd not find a less belligerent person than the conductor of this department of Collier's. Nevertheless, we hereby volunteer to wear out our baseball bat on the operators of a racket now flourishing in Los Angeles. They call themselves representatives of "The Enlisted Men's Benevolent Association." They call at the homes of men now serving in Korea and promise to bring them home, provided the family will hand over at least $30 "to defray expenses." If Mom wants to know just how the money will be spent, she gets a sly wink and is told "it's a trade secret that always works." Maybe rat poison would be more permanent than the baseball bat. Anyway, more appropriate.

★ ★ ★

Understand the odds are 1,334 to one against Russia's dropping an atom bomb on Commerce, Texas. The only other Texas item of importance we have this week was dug up by Lorrie Brooks of the Dallas News. Mr. Brooks says that a gentleman from the North arrived in Dallas by freight train and, feeling a bit hungry, strolled over to the Salvation Army for dinner. He was offered sandwiches. "Sandwiches?" he scoffed, waving them aside. "I wish cake. Fetch me cake." Presently the police were called in to arbitrate and this spiritual son of Marie Antoinette was escorted to the clink where, unfortunately, they were just out of cake.



★ ★ ★

Out of Omaha's City Hall came a righteous call upon the citizenry to indulge in a thorough cleanup campaign, with emphasis on their sidewalks, front yards, back yards, streets and so forth. Incidentally, they were asked to name what they considered the dirtiest and most unkempt spot in town. Always dangerous to do that. With one accord and grand unison they unanimously agreed on the one location that was more disheveled than all the others—City Hall.

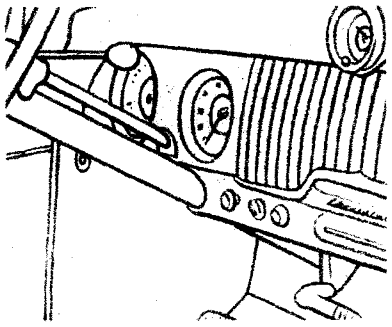
★ ★ ★

It failed, but it was worth trying. Mr. Duncan Peek, president of the Optimist Club in Atlanta, Georgia, decided his organization needed relaxation more than after-luncheon speeches. Therefore, he announced that at their next meeting there'd be no speaker. Instead, the 200 members would retire after the luncheon and relax, perhaps catch a nap. As we say, it didn't work. Not an Optimist eye closed. Mr. Peek made inquiries. Trouble was, no speaker to lull them into slumber.

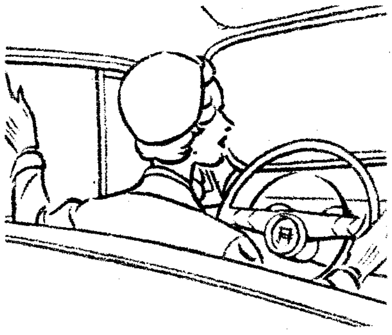
★ ★ ★

We received word that "mugging" was rampant in Portland, Oregon, that muggers had organized social clubs to promote and even encourage the practice. Naturally, we investigated and are mildly pleased to report that it's not the

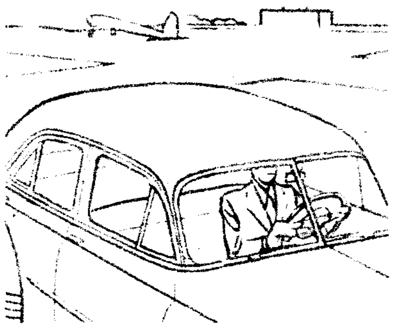
(Continued on page 77)



Check the Control Panel!



Test the Brakes!



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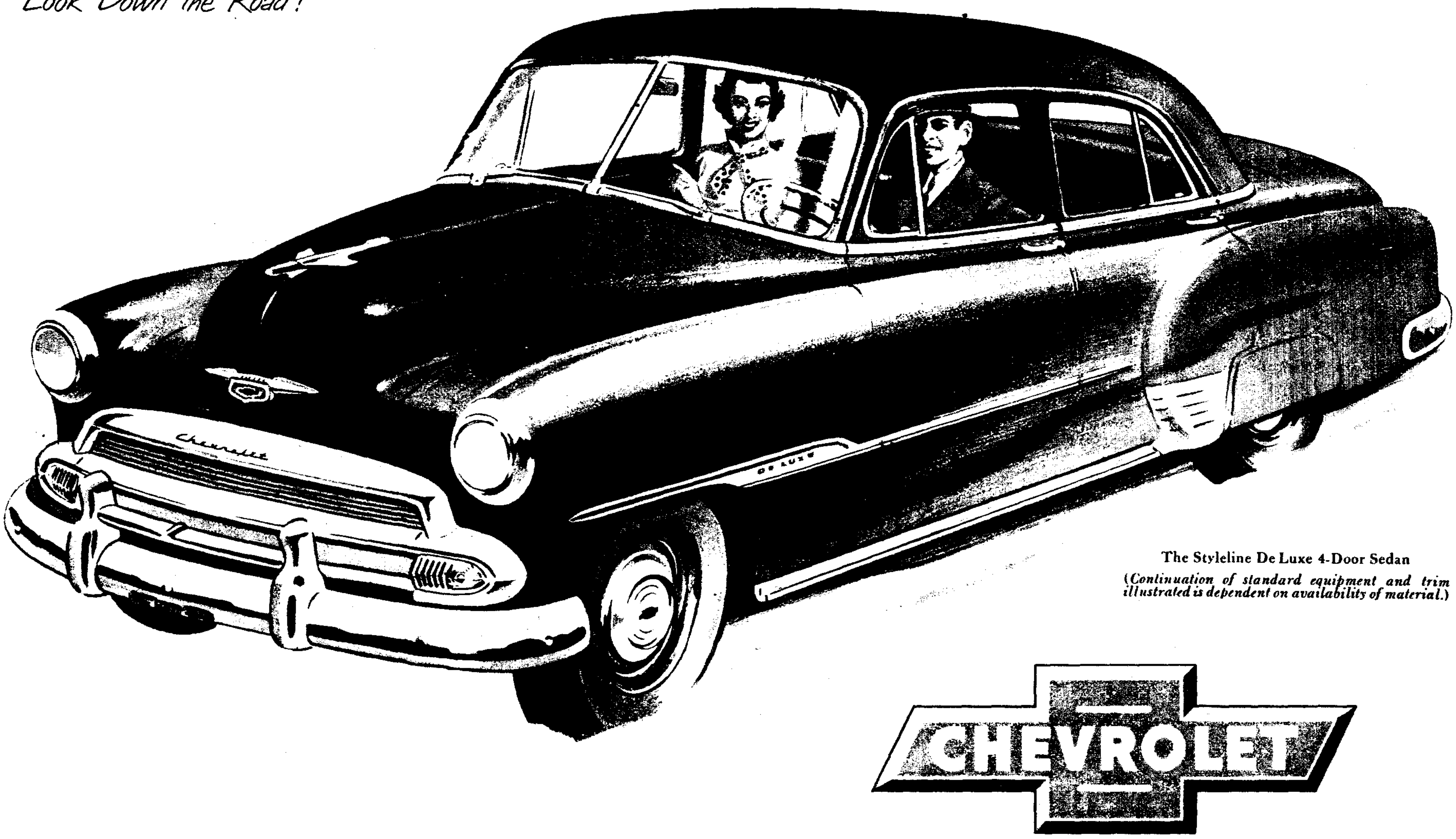

The Styleline De Luxe 4-Door Sedan

(Continuation of standard equipment and trim illustrated is dependent on availability of material.)

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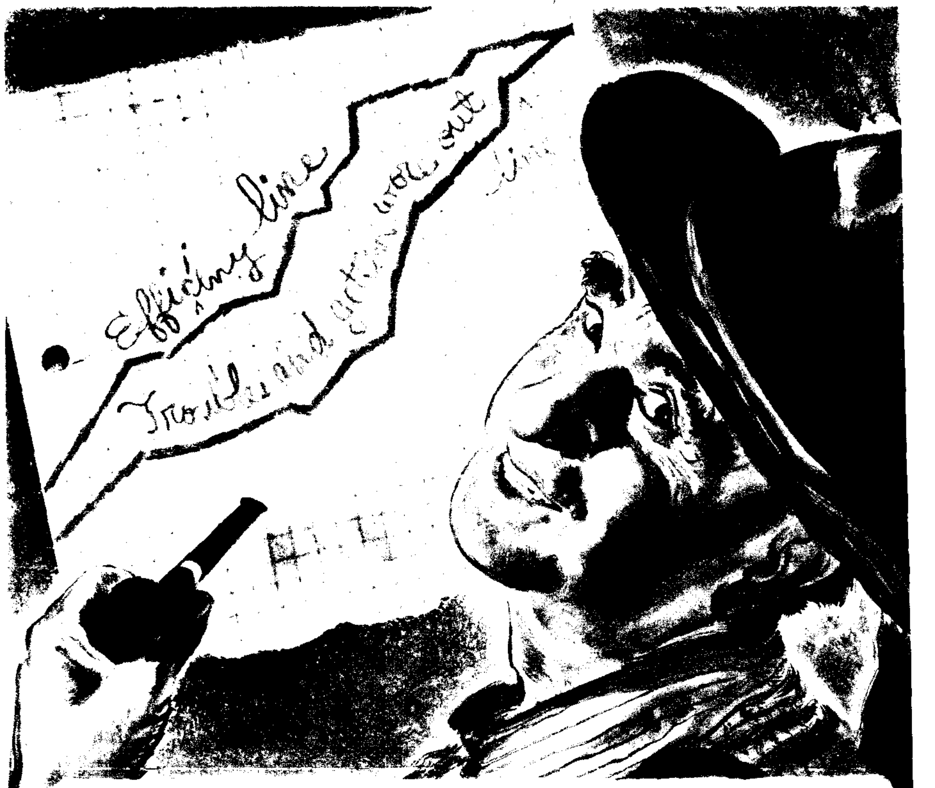

Efficiency line
Trouble and extra work out

CHARLES HAWES

THE CIRCLEVILLE PHILOSOPHER

We Need More Inefficiency

Dear editar:

I was leanin against a tree on the San Gabriel River dozin the other afternoon and listenin to the drone of tractors runnin on my neighbors' farms, ain't nothin more comfortin than knowin the world's work is bein done and it ain't disturbin you, when the wind blew a copy of the Houston Chronicle over my face and when I woke up and decided to stretch it fell in my lap. Since it was right side up I went ahead and looked at it closely and got interested in an article on the solution to the farm problem.

I'm always interested in such matters, not to see what the solution is but to see what some expert thinks the problem is. I've been livin on a farm for years and ain't never found any farm problem much different from any other kind—say barberin, blacksmithin, or teachin in college when you can't make ends meet.

Now this expert, Louis Bromfield, the celebrated writer who farms, said that higher efficiency in farmin will solve all our agricultural ills.

Bein a farmer who writes instead of a writer who farms, I don't like to disagree with such an expert, but as far as I'm concerned higher efficiency is one of the worst ways on earth of solvin farmin problems.

You take the average efficient man, don't make any difference whether he's a farmer or a banker or a business man, and put him in charge and turn him loose out here on my Johnson grass farm at Circleville and he'd improve it or make a physical wreck out of me tryin. When most people talk about efficiency, they mean a lot of hard work for somebody else.

You hear politicians demandin more efficiency in government, but generally they mean more efficiency out of the bureaus and the Cabinet members and department heads, not out of themselves.

The people, on the other hand, are always demandin more efficiency out of Congress, but as I see it Congress is about the best we can do at the moment and if we could have done any better I guess we would have. Efficiency has to start at the bottom and that's expectin too much of us.

I know without bein told for example that Johnson grass in a crop of cotton or corn ain't no efficient way to grow cotton or corn, but I know what it would take to get rid of the grass and that's where me and efficiency lose interest in each other. Gettin rid of Johnson grass is efficiency, but it blame sure don't solve no ills, as far as I'm concerned.

And likewise, an efficient farmer wouldn't have no broken-down or patched-up fences, but I'm aware of what it takes to get a new fence out here. You don't just go to the back door and order one and go back to your newspaper feelin efficient. Diggin a posthole is one of the most uninspirin jobs a man can have, so I got sense enough to see an efficient fence just means a lot of more work for me.

I could get more than two quarts a day from my milk cow if I fed her more, but to do that I'd have to work more, and after a long period of study I have concluded it's easier to just get along on two quarts a day, don't make no difference how inefficient it is. It suits me, and it seems to suit the cow, and beyond that it ain't nobody else's business.

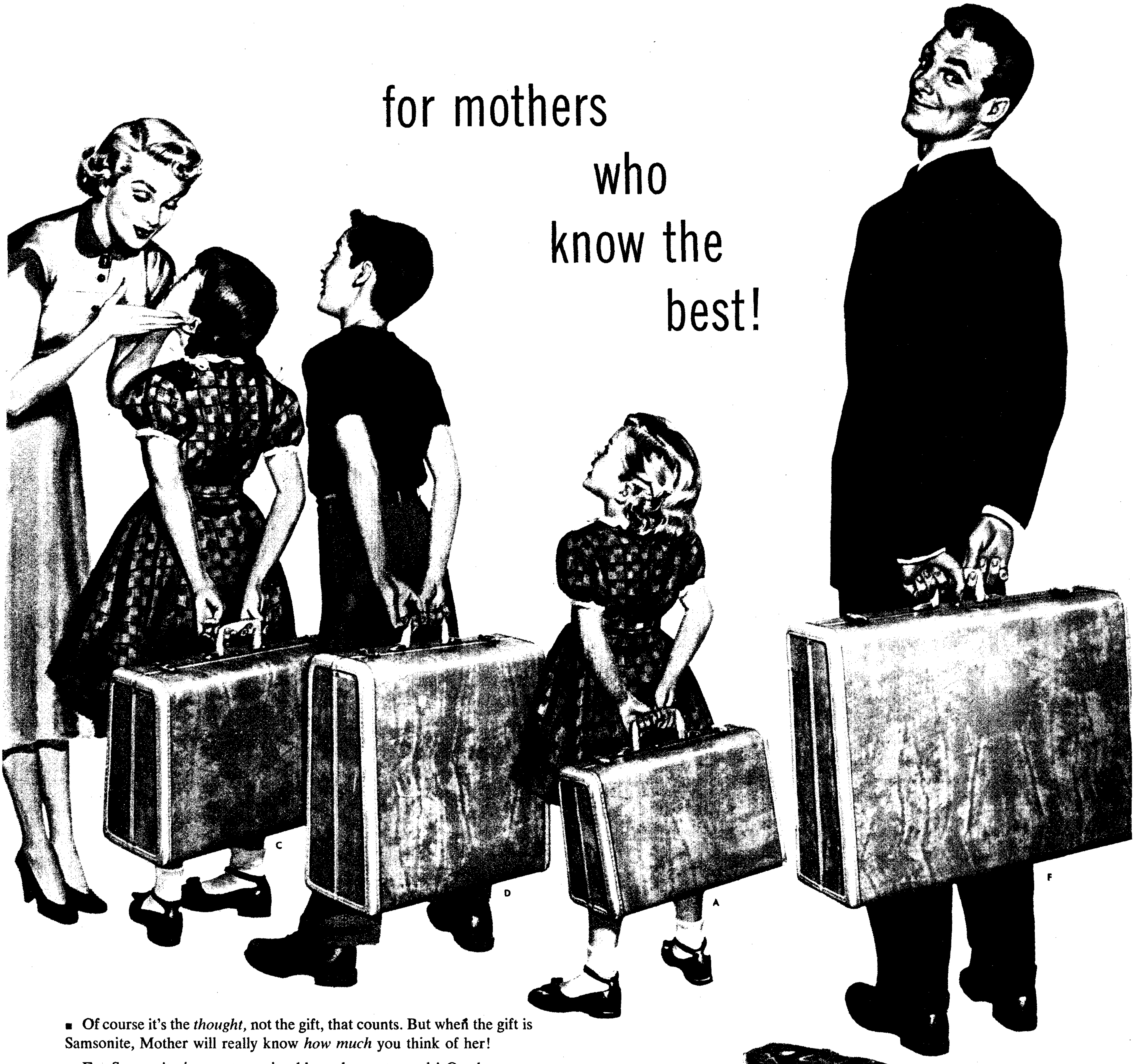
Efficient scientists have discovered so many efficient new miracle drugs in the last few years I can't keep track of em, but I notice hospitals are more crowded today than they ever was before, and we got more of em.

Mankind now has the most efficient airplanes ever, but we'd sleep better at nights if they was still held together with bailin wire.

Efficiency is a fine thing, but you can run it in the ground. Personally I ain't interested in solvin one set of problems by jumpin into another set twice as tirin.

Yours faithfully,
H. B. Fox

for mothers who know the best!



- Of course it's the *thought*, not the gift, that counts. But when the gift is Samsonite, Mother will really know *how much* you think of her!

- For Samsonite is smart, serviceable and easy to pack! On those vacations with Dad, trips to see friends and relatives, visits away to school to see Bud and Sis—it's luggage every mother is proud to own! And Samsonite's silhouette is so trim and so slim! The solid brass locks and fittings, the tastefully lined interiors provide real luxury, inside and out.

- And look at these exclusive features of Samsonite! Its better-than-leather covering is dirt-and-dust-proof. The specially-designed Samsonite handle is a real shock-absorber... designed for ease of carrying, no matter how heavily the case is packed. And Samsonite prices are so low that you can buy *two* pieces for what you'd expect to pay for one case of such quality.

- *Also—see the new Samsonite Man-tailored luggage for men!*

a. Vanity O'Nite	$17.50
b. Train Case	17.50
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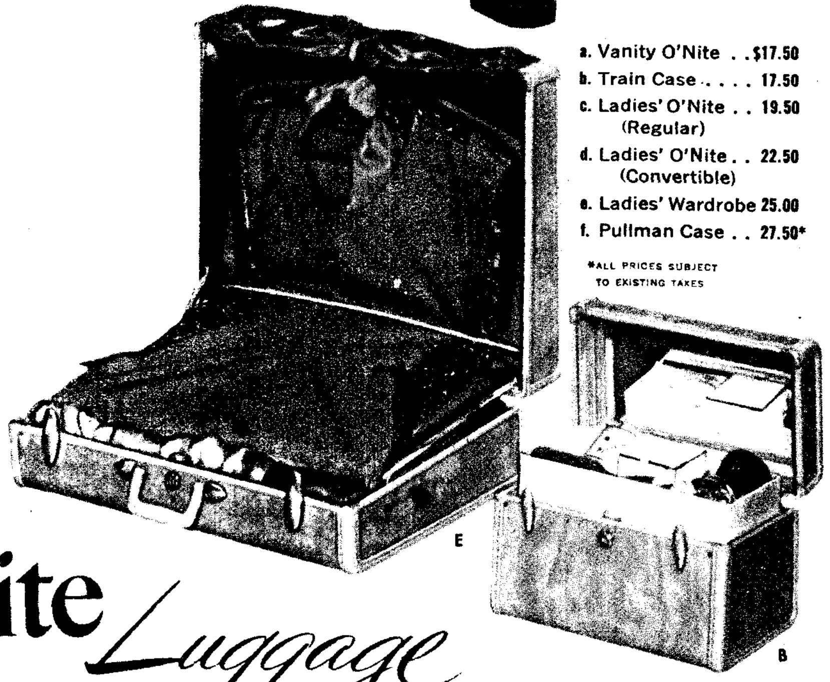
d. Ladies' O'Nite (Convertible)	22.50
e. Ladies' Wardrobe	25.00
f. Pullman Case	27.50*

*ALL PRICES SUBJECT TO EXISTING TAXES



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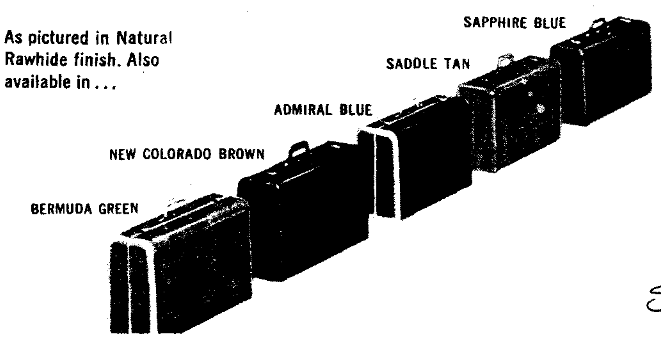

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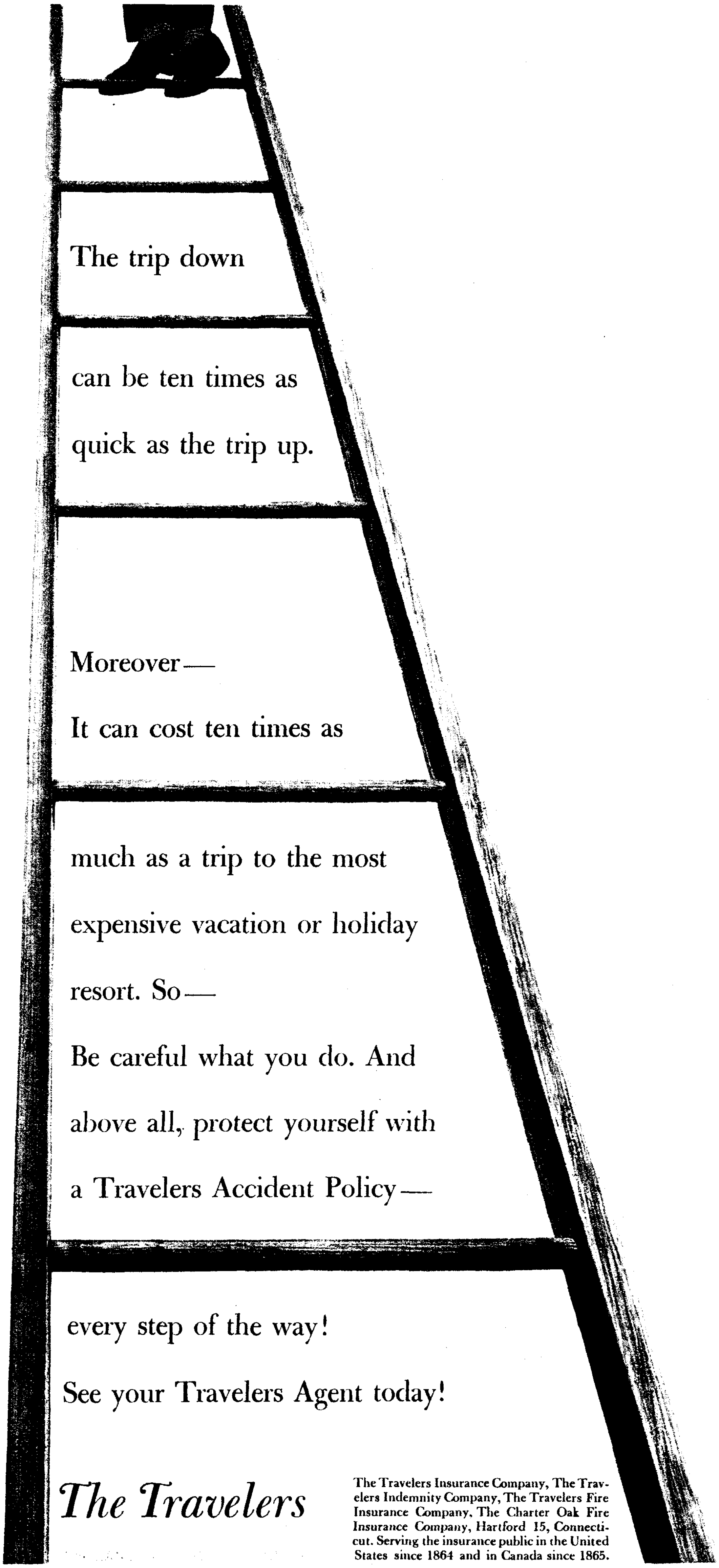

The trip down

can be ten times as

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It can cost ten times as

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expensive vacation or holiday

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Be careful what you do. And

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SECRET "MR. BIG" OF FLORIDA

By LESTER VELIE

WIDE WORLD

Bill Johnston, a dog-track operator who put up $155,000 to help elect Gov. Warren, has become a "man to be seen" about state jobs, contracts and racing legislation

ONE spring day in 1949, three men sat together to divide up a great state. Between them, the three had kicked in and [illegible] some $600,000 to elect the governor of Florida, Fuller Warren.

One, a thirty-six-year-old golden boy of business who had skyrocketed to millions since 1945, had contributed $300,000. In his strongbox was a note for $100,000 signed by the governor of Florida. In his possession, too, was a $125,000 insurance policy on the governor's life, assigned to protect the loan.

A second contributor, an ascetic-faced citrus millionaire, had tossed in $155,000. So had the third, a cold-eyed operator of dog- and horse-race tracks.

Since the inaugural, three months before, the three kingmakers had wrangled over political jobs—and over the control of cushy state business. Now the three and their friends were met with Florida's governor in his office at Tallahassee—to make peace, to head off an explosive scandal and, incidentally, to divvy up state business and so get their money back.

A confidant of the governor served as moderator.

"Why not agree on what we want?" the contributors said reasonably.

Friends of the dog-track man had formed a company. All right, could it handle road-building materials—concrete pipe, emulsified asphalt?

The dog-track man nodded. Agreed.

Could the ascetic-faced millionaire and his friends handle the bonding business?

Agreed.

The third contributor and his friends spoke up for insurance.

Also agreed.

This tableau of primitive cash-and-carry politics has remained a secret until its disclosure here. Two of the actors in it, Louis E. Wolfson, industrialist, and C. V. Griffin, citrus grower, later bowed out of politics without cashing in. For the third man, the session was a steppingstone. A man of two lives, one open and one secret, he became—in his hidden role—a political powerhouse with a hand in the multimillion road-building and supply contracts of Florida. An intimate of the governor, he became a clandestine job dispenser; the man to be seen—in secret of course—about bookie or racing wire-service legislation, about race-track matters. He became a man to be feared and resented.

This man of two lives is William H. J. Johnston, operator of four dog tracks—two at Jacksonville, one at Tampa and one at Miami—and a horse track, Sportsmen's Park, at Cicero, outside Chicago. Put together, the two lives of William Johnston add up to something new and significant in American success stories: a career built on managing the enterprises of underworld big shots.

For such a career, you must have *(Continued on page 68)*

The Screen Door

By HAMLEN HUNT

It was I who came between them and kept them apart. And, strangely, it was I who finally brought them together

THE summer I was nine years old was, perhaps, the most important of my life. Everything changed after it, not only for myself, but for Vincent and my aunt, Veronica. The illness was mine, but it became theirs, too, when they dropped all their own lives to take care of me. If I was altered by it, so were they: the crisis in their lives was as great as the crisis in mine.

Of course, I could not know what went on downstairs during those long weeks. I was shut away upstairs, and confused by illness, and anyway would have been too young to understand. But now that I am grown, now that I have loved and have had to make those decisions that are never made without pain, I can look back and put together things I remember, and things I knew, and things I have guessed at, or been told as true. So I think now that this is how it must have been. . . .

In those days there were long, slow summers in Olneyville, a section of Providence, Rhode Island, where good times and bad depended on the operations of the big, slate-colored woolen mills. In the hot weather, nobody went away and there was an air of countryside about the shaggy back yards and the wooden fences overgrown with rambler roses. Weeds flourished around the uneven paving of the sidewalk, and there were rank, blank spaces of land between houses and at the end of uncertainly laid-out streets. Olneyville was almost like a big village.

I traveled all night on the Colonial Line to spend a month in Olneyville with my three unmarried aunts, Veronica, Mary and Margaret. Veronica met me early in the morning, in a fresh cotton dress, and she carried an embroidered white-linen parasol.

Many people turned to look at her, as though she were beautiful. She was very slender, and her head only seemed big because of the vast weight of her auburn hair. You know how some people seem all of a piece—neat and sure and never hurried and quiet—and everyone likes to look at them? Veronica was like that.

"Well, there, my dear," she said, kissing me. "How you've grown! And how are your mother and dad? And the new baby? Margaret and Mary are longing to see you, and so's Uncle Matt and all the cousins. We'll have lots of fun."

There were a few trees along the Olneyville sidewalks, not many. Now, at eight in the morning, the women in their print percale dresses were all beating rugs on the porch, or hanging up clothes on the lines in the yard, or sweeping the sidewalk with wet brooms to lay the dust. The houses were mostly plain wooden structures with front porches and tall back steps, but at the corner Uncle Matt had built two houses himself, by hand.

He had wanted to be a contractor, but his wife could never bear to face living without a pay envelope each week, so he stayed on as millwright for Steel & Steel. He took great pride in the brown-shingled house he had built for his three sisters, because it was single and stood in a double-sized yard. His own house, which he had built across the street, was a two-family house, to help carry the cost. He had five children.

A delivery wagon came down the street and "Uncle" Fred yelled, "Hello, there, Francie. Going to ride with me?"

"Tomorrow," I said, and summer had begun. I saw that Brownie, the horse, who was as good as a cousin, wore her summer fringe and net, and her straw hat with holes for her ears.

The house was just the same, taking a pride in itself, like Veronica, but still not above itself. The neighbors only admired and did not deride Uncle Matt's innovations—the light over the door, and the screen door to keep out the flies, and the slide between dining room and pantry that saved the aunts so many steps.

MARY ran down the highly varnished stairs, fresh from the complete upstairs bathroom. There was part of a bathroom near the kitchen. "Welcome, Francie," she said. "Going to come to work with me one day?"

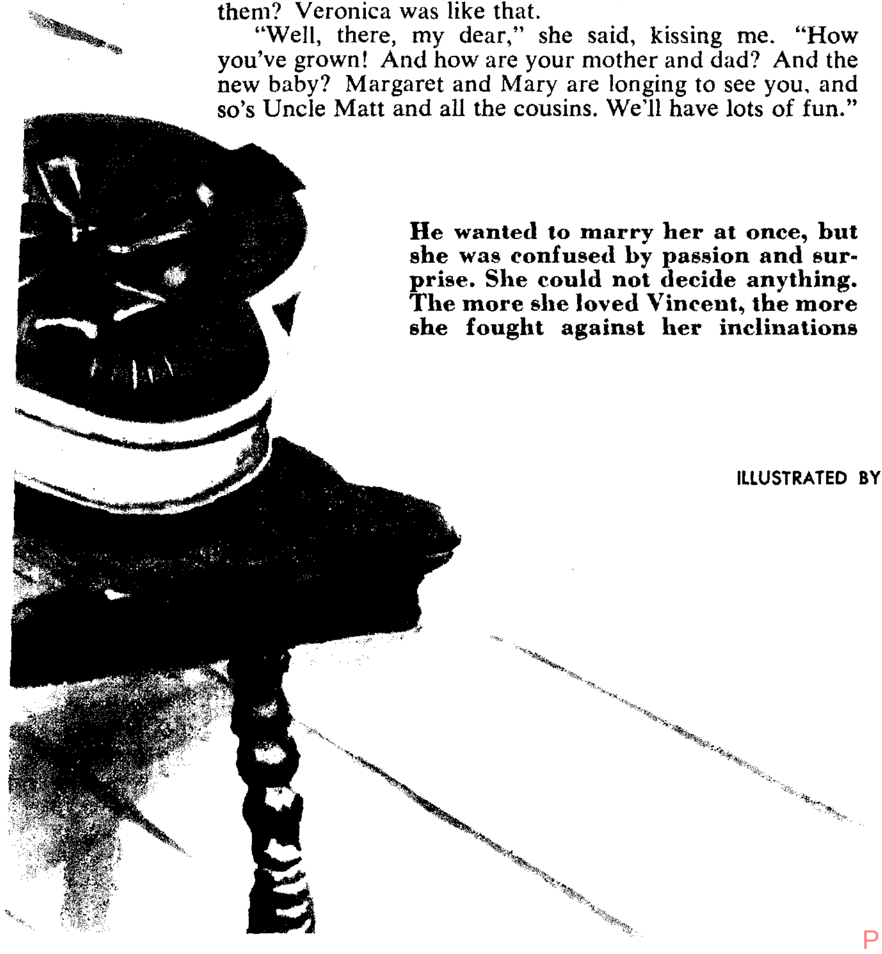
"Yes," I said. Mary was bookkeeper at Steel & Steel and always made me paper cuffs like her own when I went to visit.

Now Margaret came out of the kitchen with hot biscuits, and little flutters of greeting for me. She was the one who had always kept house.

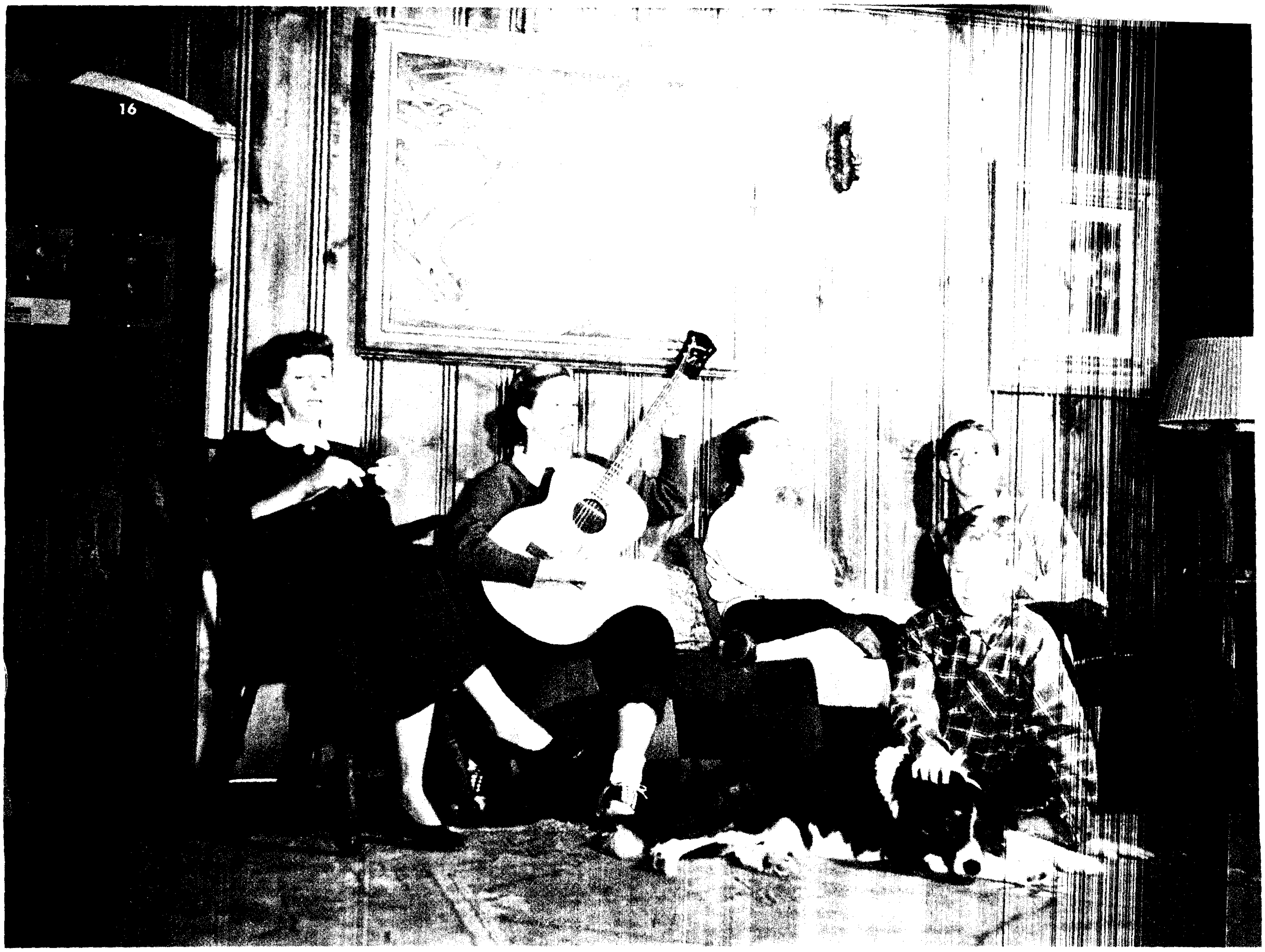
"It's late!" cried Mary, and she rushed off down the street, her sandy hair already out of order and her heavy white skirt a little crooked. "See you later, girls!"

Then Veronica left for her dressmaking establishment, where she did embroidery and fine sewing and made whole trousseaux to order. Half a dozen women worked for her at times. She left in composure, with a straw sailor hat on her hair, and her white-linen parasol up again to keep the sunlight where it belonged. It fell heavily, almost in layers, on the wooden houses and the dusty street; and already the children sounded a little muffled by the heat. At the corner, Veronica turned and came back. *(Continued on page 48)*

He wanted to marry her at once, but she was confused by passion and surprise. She could not decide anything. The more she loved Vincent, the more she fought against her inclinations



ILLUSTRATED BY STAN KLIMLEY



Informal song fest at the Mechau home in Carbondale, Colorado: (l. to r.) Paula Mechau, Vanni, Duna, Dorik and Mike, the youngest, seated on floor with another member of the family, Lil Abner, the dog. Above their heads hangs painting by famed Frank Mechau, who died five years ago

In the local general store, year-around residents and vacationists listen to impromptu entertainment offered by ever-obliging Mechaus

Paula teaches class of Becky Abbott, Tommy Heuschkel, Jane Abbott, Tammi Pabst, Howie and Alice Hackbarth, Bobby Davis, Nancy Perry

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HOWARD OSBORNE AND LOEY RINGQUIST

The SINGINGEST FAMILY *in America*

Faced with adversity, Paula Mechau and her children found a livelihood and a way of life in the ballads America sang and forgot years ago. They've saved a rich heritage for you

By HELEN WORDEN

"I ain't got no use for the wimmen.
A true one may seldom be found . . ."

THE sweet, untutored voices of Paula Mechau and her four children—Vanni, nineteen; Dorik, seventeen; Duna, fifteen; and Mike, thirteen—carried the early Western mining-camp folk song* to the farthest corner of the Colorado rural schoolhouse.

". . . They use a man for his money.
When it's gone they'll turn him down . . ."

Men in the audience nodded, clapped hands and stamped feet. Women smiled and shushed babies.

"It's hard, ain't it hard—"

Everybody joined in the chorus. Vanni Mechau's guitar plaintively beat time. Dogs barked outside. Babies howled inside. It was a typical Mechau evening. Presently supper was served; roast turkey, baked ham, hot biscuits, and fresh apple pie.

Then the ballad singers swung into Go Tell Aunt Rhody.

"Go tell Aunt Rhody the old gray goose is dead.
The one she's been savin' to make a feather bed."

Many of those sitting around the long tables hadn't thought of that tune since they were children. They called for songs with which their mothers had lullabied them to sleep back in Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, Ohio and Maine—Sierry Peaks, Great Granddad, Johnny Has Gone for a Soldier. An old couple remembered a verse from Lavender Cowboy. Did the Mechaus know the rest?

No sooner had they sung it than somebody broke in with Common Bill. The Mechaus listened attentively to this new version of the Southern mountain folk song. Their folk-song barnstorming has a dual purpose. They are bringing back folk ballads to the people whose ancestors composed and sang them in the first place, and they are tracking down the lost folk songs of America, especially of the early West.

And, because of this ballad business, the Mechaus are the richer by a Bennington scholarship for Vanni; the offer of a Harvard scholarship for Dorik; a steady folk-song teaching job for Mrs. Mechau (pronounced *Mee-Shów);* and a winter cabin for the whole family in Colorado's high mountain country.

Best of all, the frontier philosophy of those old songs has given the Mechaus a faith to live by. Paula puts it this way: "So many people seem to have lost deep human values in this modern, commercial civilization. We sing these songs because they express emotions and ideas of great depth and feeling."

It's a far cry from Western ballads to the cafeteria of a New York department store, but that is where the Mechau story began. On a rainy day in December, 1925, Paula Ralska and Frank Mechau happened to sit at a table for two in the employees' cafeteria of Lord & Taylor. She was eighteen; he was twenty-one. They introduced themselves. She told him she wrote advertising copy. He said he clerked in the book department. She dreamed of becoming a great actress. He hoped to paint great pictures. It was love at sight.

An unexpected offer of a part with a road company gave Paula time to think. If Frank were to paint great pictures, he must be free from worry. Outside Denver (her first glimpse of Colorado) the railroad car in which the cast rode was wrecked. None was seriously injured; but Paula, with the rest, received a substantial accident compensation. She married Frank and they sailed for Paris on a one-way ticket paid for with her unexpected dowry. What money was left saw them through a summer's tour of Europe's art galleries.

The day they broke their last thousand-franc note she landed a job as advertising director of Dorothy Gray's Paris salon.

Their first child was born at the American hospital in Paris in 1932. They were going to name it Vaughn, after Frank's brother. But when the baby turned out to be a girl they called her Vanni. She was her father's daughter.

Frank looked like exactly what he was—a true Bohemian with thick, curly blond hair and beard, laughing eyes and an addiction to casual dress. Not by the wildest stretch of imagination could one think of him as domesticated, certainly not the sort of father who would ride the baby on his knee or floor-pace her at night. Yet that was what he did. And he found he could put Vanni to sleep with a folk song his mother had used with effect on him when he was a baby in Colorado.

At breakfast one morning, Paula asked Frank to write down the words. Later she read Frank's scrawl aloud:

"Oh, don't you remember, a long time ago
When two little babes, their names I don't know,
Were stolen away on a bright summer's day
And lost in the woods, so I've heard people say . . ."

That evening she rocked Vanni to sleep with the song while Frank worked. "I like this," he said. "It sets the mood for my painting."

A Western Ghost Mining Town

In 1934 commissions from the PWAP—the federal government's Public Works of Art Project—for a series of post-office murals depicting the early West took the Mechaus to Colorado. As a boy, Frank had often ridden horseback from Glenwood Springs, his home, to Redstone, a ghost mining town originally built by J. C. Osgood, of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Corporation.

In addition to constructing model cottages in candy colors for his miners, Osgood had built himself a couple of fabulous mansions; one famous for its unique wine cellar, the other, a 40-room house with solid silver plumbing. Here Osgood had given parties for cronies like J. Pierpont Morgan and John D. Rockefeller. On his death, his widow had inherited the entire town; mines and coke ovens had closed and the people had gone. Gophers, whistle pigs (woodchucks) and a couple of caretakers were now the only inhabitants.

Frank and Paula coaxed Mrs. Osgood to let them buy the superintendent's house on the hilltop estate and the firehouse, an ornate stone building topped by a handsome bell. They managed the deal on a $2,000 federal home loan. In that firehouse-studio Frank painted Horses at Night for the Denver Fine Arts Library; Pony Express and Dangers of the Mail for the Washington, D.C., post office; and murals of roundups, runaway mustangs and wild cowboys for five other federal post-office buildings—at Glenwood Springs and Colorado Springs, Colorado; Fort Worth and Brownfield, Texas; and Ogallala, Nebraska. He also produced there those of his paintings which now hang in the Metropolitan and Cincinnati art museums, the Detroit Institute of Art and the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

Edward Bruce, director of the arts project, later commented: "Frank Mechau's paintings alone would have justified the entire PWAP program."

The Girl in the Saloon Doorway

The Mechau children arrived at two-year intervals: after Vanni, Dorik; then Duna, and finally Mike. Singing the old songs became part of their lives. Neighbors, hearing them, would recall others. Soon Paula had a collection of 50. One, Sierry Peaks, inspired Frank to paint Saturday P.M., which many consider his greatest work. The galloping horses, the cowboys and the girl hesitating before the swinging doors of a false-front saloon have the rhythmic quality characteristic of folk songs. Frank claimed that the girl was Paula, wondering whether to drop in for a drink with him at the saloon or hurry on to the bank to ask for another loan.

Three Guggenheim Fellowships—something of a record for any artist—enabled Frank to carry on his painting and, in 1939, he was made a professor in the Fine Arts Department at Columbia University. He and Paula moved from their mountain home to a New York flat.

To their Western-bred children, the six years spent away from Colorado were sheer cumulative misery. But one day, during the 1943 Christmas holidays, Frank suggested a ride downtown on the subway. He had heard that the Almanac Singers Woody Guthrie, Cisco Houston, Peter Seeger and Lead Belly—top ballad singers—were throwing a folk-song fest in Greenwich Village and he had bought seats in the front row. Mike was five, Duna seven, Dorik nine, and Vanni eleven. They trooped backstage to meet the singers. It was a big moment. Presently, Woody Guthrie strolled onto the platform.

"Friends," he began, "there are four jailbirds here from Colorado who'll do a turn themselves."

He beckoned to the *(Continued on page 74)*

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*Copyright 1937 by Bob Miller, Inc.

White Musky

By SCOTT YOUNG

Once or twice before, Black Ab had caught a glimpse of her. But somehow he had never believed he'd find her in his nets

ON THE last Tuesday in April, Black Ab Magee was sawing wood behind the house when he heard a car coming in low gear through the mud of his lane. The day was raw, with low fast clouds, but Black Ab had laid aside his sweater while he sawed. Now he put the sweater back on and walked around the house. He was pretty sure he knew who had come, and he was right. The truck from the government muskellunge hatchery was standing by the front gate, and John McManus was getting out of the driver's seat.

Black Ab's big boots squished in the waterlogged soil as he walked, and his overalls flapped against his thin legs. John McManus, long-nosed, smiling, taller than Black Ab and almost as thin, waited for him at the truck. The two men shook hands warmly.

"How've you wintered, Ab?" John asked.

"Not bad, John. How about you?"

"Gets worse every year. The more money I get, the more desk work I have to do. Sure glad it's spawning time."

Black Ab had worked with John for twenty-two years—ever since John had come here, a rawboned, diffident young man, to organize the first milking of the great muskellunge in Irishman's Lake—yet they had little more than that to say to each other. Perhaps it was because they knew that when men are friends there's no use jawing about it.

It was different, though, when the company came. News of a strange car travels fast on those rolling back roads, and these farmers, whose forebears a hundred years ago had fled an Irish famine to the Kawartha country of hills and lakes in central Ontario, knew the hatchery truck from years past and liked to listen to the kind of talk it brought.

Red Ab Magee, Black Ab's cousin, skirted the new green of his winter-rye field, climbed a couple of cedar-rail fences, and got there in time for the after-dinner tea. Fat and thin, bearded and shaven, young men and old, O'Connells and Fees and Deyells and McQuades came, too. They all crowded into Black Ab's kitchen, sitting on the rocking chairs and the black-leather settee and the floor, and some stood against the wall. Black Ab's three boys, home from school for the noon meal, sat in the wood box by the kitchen range, and his littlest girl sat on Black Ab's knee.

Prompted by a question here, or a comment there, Black Ab and John told stories then of the forty- and fifty-pounders they'd milked of spawn in other years. They talked of the battle scars they'd found on these ferocious fish, of the musky that had been starving until they removed the sucker stuck in its throat, of net-smashing monsters they hadn't been able to milk because they couldn't subdue them without hurting them.

When Black Ab was telling of a five-foot fish, he rubbed his whiskery chin and chuckled and said, "Wonder where that old lady keeps herself in the summertime. Some of those Yanks I guide would sure like to know, and for that matter so would I, so I could take 'em there and see the fun."

From his tone of voice, you knew he was really on the side of the fish like a fight manager who will send his boy against anybody in the world and never figure on his losing. Red Ab Magee, in a rare moment of perception, put his finger on that.

"You'd think them fish was personal friends of yours, Black Ab."

"All my friends is fish," said Black Ab, "and some of my cousins, too."

There was general laughter at that, a single soprano from Black Ab's large and comfortable wife, Minnie, a high giggle from the little girl on Black Ab's knee; and one of the Deyells said, "Wonder what you'll find down there this year, Black Ab?"

"Something interesting. We always do, eh, John?"

John smiled and nodded and there was a thoughtful silence, because everyone there understood the feeling that Black Ab Magee and John McManus had for these fish, from twenty-two years of guarding their birth and babyhood.

About two o'clock Black Ab and John got up, and the neighbor men got ready to go. Black Ab rolled up his oilskins and kissed Minnie and got in the truck beside John. They waved good-by and drove a couple of miles to pick up Lanny O'Connell. Young Lanny's wife didn't look too happy about it, but Lanny had known they'd be coming any day, and he was ready. From Lanny's they drove seven miles to the Duke of Bedford Tourist Camp on the north shore of Irishman's Lake.

John had the keys to one of the cabins and to the camp kitchen, and by midafternoon the men had unloaded the truck and were checking and mending nets in the sun on the grassy hillside. Lanny went back into the bush to cut some poles which would be pounded into the soft lake bottom to hold the nets. There was no one else around. The owner of this camp never came out from the city until the middle of May. The musky-milkers always had the place to themselves for the weeks they were here.

ON THE second morning, in a hard cold rain, they set out to stake nets. Black Ab, sitting in the stern of a skiff, handling the five-horse outboard which towed a punt full of nets, pointed at a huge snapping turtle climbing a gravel cliff on shore to lay her eggs. An early loon flew high overhead, cackling madly, and Lanny exclaimed, "Listen to that darn' loon laugh!"

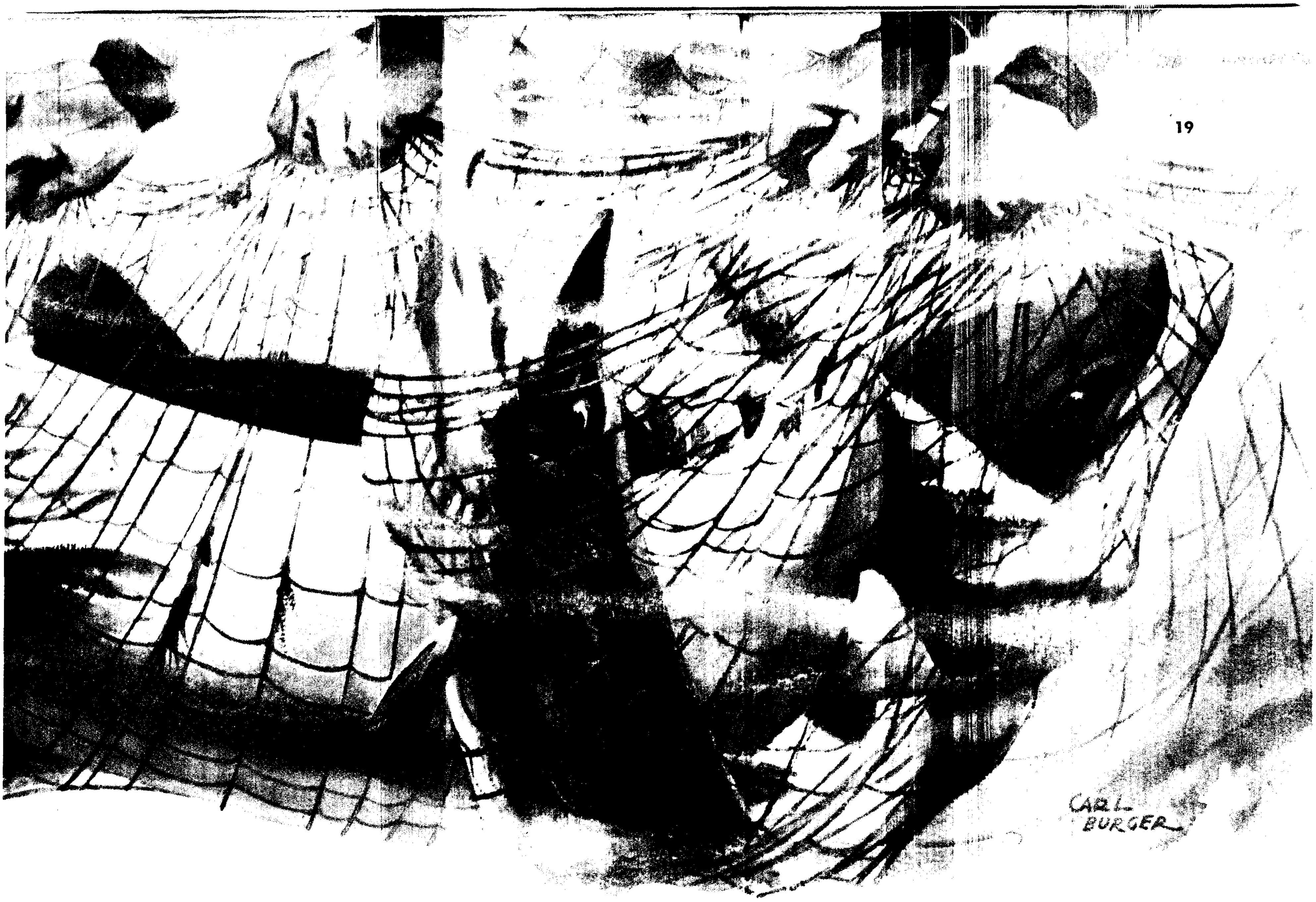
"That loon ain't laughing," Black Ab said. "He's serious!" The three of them laughed hard at the old joke, and Black Ab had the feeling that always came with springtime and musky-milking and the awakening of the world again—the feeling that made him tell jokes, and laugh hard at others' jokes, and feel good. He felt good now, and the rain beat down on their oilskins and soaked the cotton gloves that would have been soaked soon anyway, and finally Black Ab nosed in to where they'd stake out the first net.

They worked with the precision of a gun crew. Black Ab and John placed the first stake and held it while Lanny pounded with the mallet; then they unrolled more net until they came to another stake to pound, and still another, until a single net like a fence stretched fifty feet out from the shore. That was the lead net. The heart net was easier. They set the stakes in a rough square with the nets strung between them. It was open at the entrance from the lead net and had a funnel-shaped passage leading to the final net, the pound net.

The big fish, nosing into the shallows to seek spawning places, would hit the lead net and turn out to go around it. They'd hit the heart net and circle it, looking for a way out, and the first outlet they'd come to would lead them along an underwater funnel and in through the bottom of the pound net. Fish being what they were, they circled there until the spawners came, seldom going back to the depths to find the small hole through which they had entered.

The three men staked out one net that morning, another that afternoon, the remaining two the following day. Lanny drove the truck to town for groceries and also brought back some beer, and they played three-handed cribbage that night in the cookhouse, stopping occasionally to throw more wood into the roaring kitchen range, uncapping beer as they needed it. They quit at ten and went to bed in cots right there in the kitchen because it was too cold to go to the cabins. The next morning at eight o'clock, after John had telephoned his hatchery to send a truck at noon for the first spawn, they set out to milk the muskies.

Black Ab, as usual, handled the skiff and Lanny bailed. The boats had been in water only these three days and were not yet watertight. John sat in the punt, towed behind the skiff over the choppy, gray water, which on this morning's reading was



The white musky, splashing and thrashing, was the largest fish in the net. Black Ab's expert eye estimated it at twenty-five pounds

nine degrees warmer than freezing. It was in the first net, that first day of milking, that they found the albino muskellunge.

Black Ab saw her first. Looking ahead to the string of nets stretching out from the shore, gauging his wind and drift, he saw the long, rolling flash of white, and immediately he thought it might be the albino. In the instant it takes a man's mind to call up the possibilities, he thought of the times he had seen her before, the crashing, bait-smashing fight of her, and how he had kept silent to protect her from men who would want to boat such a sensational freak. He said nothing to these others who had never seen her or heard of her, because maybe it had not been the albino at all, maybe just the white belly of another large fish.

He brought the skiff quickly alongside the pound net and grabbed one of the stakes and stood up to look down into the ten-foot-square enclosure. He saw her clearly.

"Look in there, John," he said. "See it?"

The white shape swirled near the surface again, and they all saw the murderous undershot jaw.

"By the Lord Harry!" Lanny burst out. "It's a white musky!"

Black Ab jerked on the punt's towrope and clambered into the punt beside John. He pulled the punt into the passageway between the heart net and the pound net and flipped off the lines that lashed one corner of the pound net to a stake. He and John hauled on the heavy black nets.

Their gloves were soaked immediately, and the punt heeled far over with the weight of the net. They pulled it in until the bottom of it was only about eighteen inches under water. The white musky, splashing and threshing, was the largest fish in the net. Black Ab's expert eye estimated it at twenty-five pounds as it plunged furiously among the hundreds of other fish.

"It's the damnedest queerest-looking fish!" Lanny burst out.

"I never saw one before," John said, turning. "Have you, Ab?"

Black Ab nodded his head in quick jerks, but he said nothing. He was angry that this fish should be caught in a simple net and he cursed himself for being angry because, after all, she wasn't hurt and she could be released when her purpose was served. And yet he felt apprehensive and tense.

He picked up a large landing net, and John did the same. With quick selective sweeps through the dashing fish, they scooped out the unwanted varieties, flipping bass and sunfish and perch back into the water. The egg-eating carp were tossed to the floor of the skiff and the mud cats to the floor of the punt. After two or three minutes of fast work, only muskellunge were left in the nets.

"Let's get a look at her first," John said. "You bring her, Ab." He reached for the pile of enameled dishpans in the punt, placing one to his left in the stern.

BLACK AB dipped his landing net into the water and moved it gently until it enclosed the head half of the albino; then he got his free hand under her belly and lifted her into the punt.

John took her flailing tail in his left hand, and clasped her to him with his right elbow, the way a man would hold a banjo. She struggled, and the men grunted and held hard, and her tail whacked the side of John's face.

"Steady, baby," said Black Ab gently.

The struggle ceased for a few seconds and John cupped his right hand under her belly and pressed slowly toward her tail, forcing the first thousands of eggs into the pan. They were the normal golden yellow. He pressed again and again, pausing occasionally to hold on hard when the albino rioted in his arms, while Black Ab struggled to keep her head in the enclosing net. The level of the eggs in the pan rose until the stream lessened and finally stopped.

The two men still held the big white fish in their arms. Usually when a fish had been stripped it was released. The only ones put back in the trap were females not quite ready to spawn, or males not yet needed for their fertilizing sperm.

"I think we should put her back in the trap," John said.

"We've got her eggs," Black Ab said. "Don't need nothing more."

John said, "If we let her go, sure as hell somebody is going to say why didn't we keep her."

"You mean for a zoo, or something?"

"Something like that."

Black Ab's anger at the albino came back. Maybe John sensed the way he felt.

"I've got to remember I'm working for the department," John said. "I wouldn't be doing my job if I didn't hold this one at least until someone told me to let her go."

John moved his end of the albino out over the side of the punt and, after a second's pause, Black Ab upended the landing net. The albino slid back into the water and lay sluggish with shock. Then she moved slowly against one side of the net, a few inches under water.

With the eggs waiting in the pan, there was no time for talk. Black Ab dipped the net again and came up with one of the males. He was almost as hard to hold as the albino. The forcing process was the same, and when this fish had contributed his fertility to the eggs of the albino he was released gently in the open lake. Black Ab had another male ready, and then another, until John said that should do it. Black Ab dipped water from the lake and poured it carefully against the sides of the dishpan, so as to cause a minimum of disturbance among the eggs as it settled around and over them, reproducing as closely as possible the conditions of a normal nesting place.

John moved the half-full dishpan up under the punt's short deck and said he'd take over the hoisting while Black Ab did the

(Continued on page 62)

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL BURGER

USSIA could hurt us badly in the opening minutes of a war. Guided missiles launched from submarines might destroy parts of some coastal cities, and bombs might cripple a number of our inland centers.

But we could immediately hit Russia hard, too. Her transport system is vulnerable to bombing, and so is her industry, which despite recent efforts to decentralize it, is still largely concentrated. Especially vulnerable is the great Baku oil center, lying within striking distance of Middle East bases—and Russia's petroleum problem is serious.

Unless deadlier weapons than any now in sight are developed, however, neither side would be likely to win quickly. After the first lightning blows, the war would almost certainly settle into a long, grim struggle dependent on the relative strength of the American and Soviet economies.

It is all-important, therefore, for us to know the real truth about Russia's economy—not the expansive claims put out by Soviet propagandists, but the plain, hard facts. Russia has been able successfully to hide all facts which might be used to compare the size of her armament output with that of other nations. But figures on arms production are far from the whole story, and there are other vital economic facts which the Soviet government either hasn't cared to conceal or hasn't been able to. These we must know if we are to size up Russia's potential.

The sum total of such facts shows that—war or no war—not until 1970 or after can Russia expect even to equal our *present* production of such basic materials as steel, electric power and petroleum. This would give us an enormous initial advantage in a long struggle, an advantage which would grow as the war continued if the Soviet could be kept from hitching Western Europe's industries to its own. And, of course, Russia this time would not have the large assist she had during the last war through American Lend-Lease aid.

Aside from these initial considerations, what are the facts we need to know about Russia's economy?

When World War I began, Russia ranked only fifth as a world industrial power. Since then she has outstripped all other nations except the United States, and now stands as the second most powerful nation in the world. From 1913 to the end of 1950, for example, she increased her output of petroleum four times, of pig iron five times, of steel seven times, of coal nine times and of electric power more than 45 times. With the help of these vital commodities, she has developed vast chemical and machine-building industries.

Much of this impressive progress was spurred by Russian fears of the outside world, which caused her to look upon industrial capacity as a weapon. "To slacken the tempo would mean falling behind," Stalin told a group of Russian executives in 1931, "and those who fall behind get beaten. One feature of the history of old Russia was the continual beatings she suffered for falling behind, for her backwardness."

As a result of this viewpoint, Russia, unlike the United States, has been far more concerned with using her economy to build up military strength than to make life more agreeable for her people. Last year the Soviet Union apportioned steel for only 400,000 motor vehicles; the U.S., with a population only three fourths as large, made more than 7,000,000 cars and trucks. Early in 1950, there were no more than 150,000 television sets in the U.S.S.R. as compared with considerably more than 3,000,000 here. Production of Russian radios is so low that the average Russian has never had a set of his own; he has to use a loud-speaker wired to a central listening station. Nor has he ever owned a refrigerator or washing machine.

Last year, Russia produced 197,000,000 pairs of leather shoes, or not quite enough to give every person just one pair; in 1948 the U.S. made 3.15 pairs a person. Likewise, the Russian production of hosiery averaged just over two pairs apiece; whereas in the U.S. it was 12.

Because Russian industry has been far more absorbed all along in developing the nation's military power, if war came, the U.S.S.R. would need less time than the U.S. to convert to full war production.

On the other hand, the U.S. would have the advantage of more slack to take up, since our work week is much shorter than Russia's. Also, there are relatively more American women who could be called from homes into factories. Proportionately, then, America could increase her output more if war came.

Of greater importance, if the two countries switched completely to military production, the armaments race should go to the U.S. in the long run because its industrial capacity is much larger. These figures tell the story:

In 1950, Russia's estimated total output was greater than ever before. Yet in 1949 America actually produced almost 75 per cent more coal than Russia did in 1950, 145 per cent more pig iron, 160 per cent more steel, almost 300 per cent more electric power and 570 per cent more oil. These are the commodities that provide the sinews of modern war.

Industrially, therefore, while Russia ranks second to the U.S., she ranks only a poor second. The over-all goal she has set herself to reach 10 or 15 years from now is no better than the one we reached a decade ago. The U.S.S.R. may meet her goal, if there is peace. Even if she does, though, her per capita production in 1960 or 1965 will be less than ours in 1929, since she has more people.

Lest all this bring smugness to Americans, however, we should consider one other fact. The industrial power of Western Europe, including that of Great Britain, is substantially more than that of Russia, Russia's satellites and China put together. If Russia could add Western Europe and Britain to what she now controls, most of our present economic advantage would be canceled. Furthermore, Russia, whose fleet is now weak except in submarines, would get some of the world's best shipbuilding facilities.

The Soviet Union now lags behind us partly because one Russian worker can't turn out as much as one American. Soviet economists have calculated that in 1937 their average industrial worker was 3 per cent more productive than the British worker and 3 per cent less productive than the German, but 60 per cent less productive than the American.

The Russians have gained since then; by the end of 1950 the average Soviet worker was estimated to be 36 per cent more productive than he was in 1937. But there have been gains in the U.S., too, and the average American industrial worker still probably produces about twice as much as his Russian counterpart. Yet the average Russian is certainly neither less dexterous nor lazier than the average American. In fact, he works like a slave by comparison. One sign of lower Russian productivity is the greater number of workers a Russian plant requires. For example, in one year when one steel company in this country employed 9,200 people to turn out 1,500,000 tons of steel, the Soviet Dzerzhinsky plant employed 20,000 to produce 1,200,000 tons.

Poor organization is one of the reasons why Russian plants have to employ more workers. Another reason is the need to put people to work before they've been adequately trained. A third reason is red tape; the Kizelugol Trust in the Urals produced only a third as much coal one year as a certain American company, but needed eight times as many office workers and 11 times as many supervisors.

Lower Russian productivity can also be traced to shortages of automatic equipment, repair tools, extra parts and control instruments. Frequently, too, a Soviet factory or an administrative district will ignore orders from another factory or district, with the result that an assembly plant, for example, may have to manufacture its own vital parts—in a primitive manner and at high cost. Last May a Leningrad plant director complained bitterly that his factory had to produce its own optical instruments, steel forgings, and electric lamps, motors and transformers, even though the city had specialized factories for those items and they weren't always working at capacity.

Despite such large drawbacks the Soviet regime has continued to make headway, economically. During the Second Five-Year Plan, 1933-'37, for example, Russia produced only 200 types and sizes of machine tools. But by 1940 she was producing 500, and for 1950 the stated goal was 2,300. To provide more skilled workers, the Russian government annually drafts hundreds of thousands of Soviet youngsters—beginning at the age of fourteen for boys and fifteen for girls—for training in vocations selected by the state. Afterward, trainees must work where the government puts them.

To spur workers to increased production, the Russian government practices a system of rewards and punishments which might be called a "carrot-and-stick" policy; that is, it carries a stick in one hand and with the other dangles a carrot in front of the worker's nose. For example, a person who is more than 20 minutes late for work three times in one month, or four times in two months, is considered guilty of absenteeism. The penalty for that is compulsory work in the same enterprise for up to six months with 25 per cent deducted from one's wages.

The penalty originally was dismissal, but that made it too easy for a person to change jobs, and in the Soviet Union the man who does that without permission faces jail. On the other hand, a technician or a skilled worker is subject to be sent anywhere the government wants, regardless of his wishes. These regulations date back to the days shortly before World War II, but they have all been retained in the postwar era.

Furthermore, the backward Russian worker is likely to find his name posted on the plant bulletin board, will fare worst in housing and, when times are worse than usual, is likely to lose out in the distribution of food and consumers' goods.

The Russian with the strength and skill to break production records, however, finds himself acclaimed a Hero of Labor. He gets housing priorities and is more likely than the man who merely fulfills his quota to be permitted to vacation in some resort area like the Crimea.

Postwar years in the U.S.S.R. have seen an endless round of contests among factories or units of factories—to produce the most goods, or the best, or the lowest-cost. Such competitions are launched for almost every conceivable pretext, including May Day, Stalin's birthday, the Korean war and the anniversary of the Bolshevik revolution. During 1949, the regime awarded contest winners 1,000 Red Banners and 2,500 cash prizes every three months.

The newspaper Trud recently printed an interesting account of a competition at a textile plant in Ivanovo. Trade-union leaders had boasted that this factory would improve output and quality. Yet when a reporter checked up, he found things going along about as usual. The workers themselves had paid little attention to the contest, and less than half had met their quotas.

Other publications have printed similar accounts, and when Pravda boasts that factory competitions reveal "high labor enthusiasm" everywhere, these claims are contradicted by stories in Pravda's own columns, which complain about the workers' lack of interest. Even more significantly, Pravda doesn't explain why, if there is such enthusiasm among Russian workers, interest in their jobs has to be constantly whipped up by contests.

Finding the Needle

Dr. Harry Schwartz, coauthor of the accompanying article, is an economist and a long-time student of Russia. In 1944 and 1945 he served with the Office of Strategic Services (O.S.S.) and the State Department as a specialist on Soviet affairs, analyzing intelligence on the U.S.S.R. and interviewing people who had been there. In 1946 he joined the economics department of Syracuse University, from which he is now on leave to serve as a specialist on Soviet affairs for the New York Times.

For years he has been piecing together details of the Soviet economy—like a man working on a gigantic puzzle. He reads regularly 25 to 30 Russian newspapers and magazines, and has read Pravda, the Kremlin's mouthpiece, every day for the past seven years. Through careful study and note-taking, Dr. Schwartz has been able to relate one statement in the Russian press to another, to draw deductions, to spot "facts" that cannot be trusted. "If you know what to look for," he says, "you *can* find the needles in the haystack."

The accompanying article, written in collaboration with Herbert Yahraes, a frequent contributor to Collier's, is based on a book by Dr. Schwartz called Russia's Soviet Economy recently published by Prentice-Hall. It was his fourth book, and his third on Russia. —THE EDITORS

The conclusion is inescapable that Russia's remarkable industrial gains have been made at other costs besides that of freedom. The long preparation for what became World War II, the struggle for survival during the war years, and since then the continuous effort—under almost military discipline—to match the West industrially have taken something out of the average Soviet citizen. He's tired. During the late 1920s and the 1930s, the regime could draw on a great fund of enthusiasm. This has lessened considerably.

The Soviet worker has paid in yet another way—in a standard of living far below the Western World's. In medical service and in education the U.S.S.R. has made gains comparable to those she has made in heavy industry. But those two fields are directly related to a worker's—and a modern soldier's—efficiency, and they are exceptions. On the whole, when the Soviet government has had to sacrifice anywhere, guns have taken precedence over butter, and factories over homes.

In 1926, the families of about 75 per cent of all Russian factory workers had less than six square meters of living space per person. That's equivalent to one room about nine feet by six. The government devised ambitious housing plans but cut them rather than divert resources from heavy industry. By 1938, the average city dweller occupied only four and a half square meters of housing space.

Then came the war, and half the housing in German-occupied towns and cities was destroyed or damaged. The government has made considerable progress toward replacing it and building new housing elsewhere, but last year the average housing space in the U.S.S.R. was still well under that in 1926, and in Moscow it was only 3.65 square meters. A family of several persons lives in one room in an apartment containing several other families, all sharing the kitchen and bathroom, if any.

No other field is as bad as housing, but the Russian consumer has paid elsewhere, too, for the progress in heavy industry.

At the end of 1949 Russia had only 85 per cent as many food and other retail stores as before the war, and before the war she had less than 20 per cent as many as the U.S.

The Soviet consumer takes what he can get—in stores that are often poorly managed and stocked. In the spring, he may find only winter clothing on sale, and in the winter only lightweight stuff. To judge from Soviet newspaper complaints, even the state mail-order organization operates poorly; so that customers often cannot buy goods that are advertised, often get products they did not order, and often have to wait a long time for delivery.

As for such personal services as shoe repairing, laundering and dry cleaning, a Politburo member, A. I. Mikoyan, characterized them last year as "still a virgin field of work." Izvestia in 1948 printed a letter from a group of scientists, writers and other intellectuals complaining there was no place to take automobiles for repairs, so that once a car broke down, it stayed broken down. Early last year, Leningrad, with more than 3,000,000 people, had only two auto service stations for private citizens.

By American standards the Russian family has a poor diet. Rationing was abolished in 1947 with the official explanation that since it treated everybody alike, people had no incentive to work harder. But the general nature of the Russian diet can be judged from the Moscow ration list for January of that year.

A clerical worker, for example, was rationed plenty of bread—30 pounds a month—and a sizable quantity of grits—three and a third pounds. But he was allotted only a little more than two and a half pounds of meat and fish a month, and less than a pound of fats. His dependents, unless they held jobs, got less.

He could supplement this with food bought outside the ration system, or raised by himself. He could also get some of his meals where he worked. All in all, he had enough to keep body and soul together, but it was drab fare.

In the relatively good years just preceding the war, the average Soviet citizen got 2,800 calories a day, compared with 3,200 for the average American. In the Russian's case, two thirds of the calories were supplied by bread and other grain foods.

Russian grain production during the past two years, according to official figures which seem inflated, exceeded the peak output reached in 1937. But the average Russian's diet may well be even poorer than in prewar days, because the country has 30,000,000 more mouths to feed.

The government is trying strenuously to boost food production, both by spurring on the peasantry and by campaigning on an awesome scale against nature. To combat the drought that affects many of Russia's chief farming lands, it began a shelter-belt program in 1949 over an area—south of a line connecting Kiev, Moscow and Magnitogorsk—that ranges from the western borders of the U.S.S.R. to the Ural Mountains.

This region is as large as *(Continued on page 72)*

DAN WEINER

Strange viruses found in animals abroad are studied in Rockefeller New York lab by Dr. R. M. Taylor (l.) aided by H. L. Freese

Continuing THE ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION STORY

BATTLING DISEASES

By WILLIAM S. DUTTON

As the late John D. Rockefeller's oil empire expanded, his profits began piling up faster than he could give them away by conventional methods. The usual kind of philanthropy did not particularly interest him, anyway, for he had set a much more ambitious program—a vast campaign to wipe out poverty, disease and wars. In the opening installment of this series last week, the author told of the founding of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, the General Education Board, and the Foundation. More than $800,000,000 has been spent so far in the name of Rockefeller for the well-being of man. As much may be spent in this generation

II

THE Rockefeller Foundation, with offices and research stations in New York and 17 nations, is the largest and most all-encompassing of the huge philanthropic trusts set up by the late John D. Rockefeller for the well-being of mankind. Its International Health Division is, and has been for nearly 40 years, the world's foremost spearhead of attack against plagues—malaria, yellow fever, typhus, and hookworm disease, among others—that have caused more poverty, ignorance, disease and death than all mankind's wars combined.

Rockefeller's goal of eliminating plagues has been largely realized in the two Americas. The World Health Organization of the United Nations—a common front established by 75 nations to end the inroads of all preventable disease—is a vast dream come true for which the Rockefeller Foundation has worked since 1913. (Without explanation, Russia and eight satellites recently resigned from the group.)

The story of the massive Rockefeller assault on disease begins in our own South with a killer worm—*Necator americanus,* the American Murderer, or hookworm.

It was 1902. We had little of our present passion for sanitation. "Swat the Fly!" was a slogan yet to be cried. The idea of health insurance had not been hatched. There wasn't a school of public health worthy of the name outside Germany.

But the U.S. government did have a public-health service, and there, for six years, an obscure physician named Dr. Charles W. Stiles had been trying to get somebody to listen to his claim that the hookworm was doing more to cripple the South than had been done by the Union Armies in the Civil War. The hookworm larvae, he said, throve in the soil of the warm, humid climate. It attached itself to any passing bare foot, wriggling through the skin into the blood, gradually worked its way into the intestines, and multiplied. Most youngsters and a lot of grownups in the South went barefoot.

"Those you call lazy Southerners," said Stiles, "aren't any lazier than you are. They're sick."

Most doctors sniffed at the theory. But one dull news day that year a New York reporter wrote a story about Stiles's worm. It was headlined, GERM OF LAZINESS FOUND? Overnight the hookworm became our most talked-about parasite and biggest joke. Cartoonists drew pictures of it. Rhymesters wrote jingles. All the nation laughed, except the South.

The physical and mental anemia that was sapping thousands in the South was no joke. Many thought it was caused by a form of malaria. Whatever it was, the disease struck all classes. Children were stunted by it, became backward in school, the easy victims of tuberculosis and other ailments. The blight extended over 11 states from Virginia to Texas.

One day, years later, on a Southern railway train, Stiles pointed out to another traveler a listless, yellowishly pale, scrawny wreck of a man lounging on the platform.

"He's a victim of hookworm," said Stiles, as he had told countless others. "Fifty cents' worth of drugs would make him a useful man in a few weeks.

A few million dollars in the right hands could revive the South."

This time his listener did not laugh. In Walter Hines Page, editor, later ambassador to England and member of Rockefeller's General Education Board, Stiles had found his man. Page kept him talking about hookworm all the way back to New York City and into the office of Fred T. Gates, Rockefeller's adviser on philanthropies.

There, feet on desk, chewing a cigar, Gates listened for 40 minutes. Another listener was Dr. Simon Flexner, head of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. Suddenly Gates rang for Starr J. Murphy, their legal adviser.

"Listen," said Gates, "this is the biggest proposition ever put up to the Rockefeller office."

Experts were dispatched to get facts. Their reports showed the debilitation that Stiles blamed on hookworm existed everywhere in the South. Victims were estimated at millions. Flexner confirmed the Stiles belief that a mass cure could be effected.

Visions of a Reborn South

Excitement mounted at 26 Broadway, then Rockefeller headquarters. Wipe out hookworm in the South and you might inspire the rebirth of a great region. That was not all. Stiles insisted that hookworm infested one third of the human race, that conditions in the South mirrored those in much of the world.

"Why stop with the South?" asked Gates.

"Or with hookworm?" asked Flexner.

The Rockefeller Sanitary Commission opened offices in Washington in 1909. Its field marshal was Wickliffe Rose, a distinguished Tennessee educator. He launched the most remarkable campaign ever waged for public health in America. With good practical sense, he kept Rockefeller's name in the background and induced skeptical state health boards to sponsor the antihookworm fight. His rule was to enter no state—later, no nation—without an official invitation.

Each state board named a sanitary commissioner. Under him were enlisted squads of field men to organize each county. As Rockefeller money paid most or all of the expenses during this inceptive stage, Rose soon had in each state a high-spirited army of native sons completely free of politics. Stiles was made scientific director. The U.S. Marine Hospital lent its laboratory and staff at Wilmington, North Carolina. State laboratories were also established, along with free field dispensaries and local clinics.

The campaign got off amid understandable confusion. The bulk of the 25,000 doctors in the South were yet to be convinced that Stiles wasn't a fraud. The press wasn't sure if the South was being kidded, insulted, or exploited. Labor smelled a plot to get more work out of the poor. Society was shocked, for Stiles used ugly words.

Pollution of the soil by human excrement, he said, was the one source of hookworm disease, and a common source of dysentery, typhoid and other intestinal ills—and the South lacked enough good privies. He quoted the Scriptures on cleanliness, and filled the schools with instructions for building flyproof backhouses. Teachers were handed tracts on hookworm, with the note: "Human life is at stake, and in preparing this circular we must state facts in plain English." One plain fact was that specimens of the bowel excreta of everybody, high and low alike, would have to be brought to the clinics for microscopic analysis, if hookworm was to be exterminated.

The press was still doubtful, the church hesitating, the medical profession aloof, when an undertow of belief swelled to the surface. School children took Stiles's circulars home. Parents with dull-eyed, puny youngsters read —and felt a surge of hope. Timidly at first, then in droves they moved on the clinics. Stiles's workers let them look through microscopes and see the enemy with their own eyes. Miracles began to happen. The sick were treated and became whole.

Probably no cause ever had better missionaries. By 1913, a half million cured people were testimonials to the rightness of Stiles's prophecy. An aroused press, not in the South alone but over the nation, *(Continued on page 64)*

Around the World

Fighters in the antimosquito war that ended the curse of malaria in Sardinia

Wickliffe Rose led fight, beginning in 1909, which rid the South of hookworm

Seven who gave their lives to conquer yellow fever

Gen. William Gorgas headed African group, died in 1920

Mexico gave Dr. H. B. Cross a military funeral in 1921

Adrian Stokes, pathologist, was a 1927 victim of virus

In 1928, famed yellow-jack expert Hideyo Noguchi died

Victim No. 5, in 1928, was a Britisher, Dr. W. A. Young

"Jungle yellow fever" took life of Paul Lewis in 1929

Casualties ceased in 1930, with death of Dr. T. B. Hayne

A SHOT in the DARK

By RICHARD POWELL

Johnny had learned one thing: the murder trail led straight to Fort Myers. And the only person who could help him there was Tim McCarter—the brother of the girl he'd treated so badly

The Story: Five months ago, JOHNNY EDWARDS had had nothing more important than pleasure on his mind. Now he was concerned with something very different —finding and killing the man who'd shot his friend, Tony Mendoza.

Tony had been murdered in Havana by someone in the alien-smuggling racket. Johnny's first attempts to find the killer in Havana had got nowhere, so he'd joined the United States Border Patrol to learn more about illegal immigration. He went back to Havana, off duty, and started again. He had a description of the finger man in Tony's murder—"a man no one would notice." He'd advertised a reward for information about the murder and said he'd be sitting in the Plaza on a certain date, hoping someone from the gang would turn up to look him over.

But the only person to turn up was a cute, brown-eyed girl named SALLY MCCARTER. She was the sister of TIM MCCARTER of the Border Patrol, and Johnny had met her once before. She was thrilled at running into him and Johnny's icy manner didn't discourage her. Besides ruining his plans, Johnny thought she might have put herself in danger, so he walked her back to her hotel and arranged to see her that evening.

Then he went to see WILSON, the Havana Border Patrol agent. Wilson knew there was a well-organized alien-smuggling racket in Havana but he had no idea who ran it. The little information he could get came from a stool pigeon named RANKOSCI. Just then, Rankosci came in, and Johnny realized he could be the man no one would notice. On a hunch, he trailed Rankosci from Wilson's office until he realized he was being led into a lonely, dangerous part of town. He grabbed Rankosci by the collar to twist him around, but at the same moment he saw Rankosci's hand dart out and saw a knife driving in toward his chest.

"You can go," Tate said. "You can make a real apology to Miss McCarter and then you can get down on your hands and knees and crawl out"

II

BECAUSE Johnny was so keyed up, everything seemed to him to be happening in slow motion. The knife floated toward his chest. His left arm straightened lazily in an effort to shove Rankosci back. His body began a ponderous turn out and away from the blade. None of his actions meant anything. He was much too late.

Something tapped his chest lightly. His brain waited for pain to flash through him, but nothing happened. Then his body completed its slow-motion spin away from the knife, and his right arm moved without orders and locked a hand on Rankosci's wrist. His left arm dropped and came up under Rankosci's arm, and his hands played a clever little game of leverage.

All of a sudden there was Rankosci backed up against his chest and the knife was clinking on the paving stones at his feet. Somebody was starting to scream in pain. The wrong guy. It was Rankosci screaming. How unreal could things get? Johnny studied the situation and found that he was twisting Rankosci's arm behind his back. His left hand and arm were applying the leverage and his right hand was free to grope inside his shirt and find out what went on.

His fingers touched a broad band of leather. A thin cut started in the leather over his heart and sliced toward his side and stopped abruptly where the revolver bulged outward. That was a big relief. Now he could stop worrying about falling over dead. There was nothing like quick thinking and fast reactions and a .38-caliber breastplate for avoiding a knife thrust at the heart.

It was certainly nice that he wasn't fast on the draw.

"Shut up," he said to Rankosci.

The thin scream choked off into a moan. Johnny relaxed his hold on Rankosci's arm. Now that things had worked out this way, he felt rather kindly toward Rankosci. The guy had come through well. Johnny didn't need any more proof that Rankosci was the man nobody could describe. In the silence after the moan faded he heard a rustle of feet at the mouth of the alley and saw a shadow flutter across the opening. He jerked back against the wall, shielding himself with Rankosci's body, and yanked out the .38.

"Rankosci," he said, "you're going to lose a pal. Unless you want to call him off."

The man locked against him took a deep breath and let out a gabble of words. It took Johnny a few seconds to realize he couldn't understand what was being said. He had expected English or Spanish, but Rankosci was jabbering one of his other languages. That wasn't good. He cut off the words with a twist of his arm. It was like turning off a faucet.

"Talk to him in Spanish," he snapped. "Tell him to stay clear or you'll both get shot."

Rankosci obeyed. The shadow whisked back across the mouth of the alley and footsteps rattled away into the distance. That was better. But of course he still had no idea what Rankosci had told his pal in the strange language. He marched Rankosci to the corner and applied enough pressure to force Rankosci's head out past the building. Nobody blackjacked it. He stuck his own head out. The street was empty.

He ordered Rankosci to head back to the tourist section, and kept the grip on his arm as they walked. It turned out that it was only two blocks away. The section was in business now, throbbing with rumba music and filled with raw chunks of neon color. As they reached the lighted area, Rankosci cringed and began flopping along like a rag doll. It was queer how he hated the light. Johnny couldn't imagine him pulling a knife or doing anything to attract attention where people could see him.

"You know what?" Johnny said. "We're going to be pals tonight. It might look odd for old pals to saunter down a street, one twisting the other's arm. So I'm turning you loose. Maybe you think you can outrun a bullet?"

RANKOSCI twisted his head around. "Please," he gasped. "This has all been a horrible mistake. I do not understand what came over me back there. I do not even recall what you said that made me do such a terrible thing. Naturally I will not try to run away."

"Good. Now let's find a quiet place to talk."

"I will be glad to apologize most humbly," Rankosci chattered. "Otherwise I do not know what to talk about."

"That's all right. I'm good at making conversation. Which is the best bar up here?"

"Need we go into one of these places? They are very public. As I explained, it can be dangerous for me to be seen in public with an American."

"You walked me through here on your own. Why get scared now?"

"I—I took a chance. You see, I did not know why you were following, and sometimes an acquaintance of mine can be found here, and I thought perhaps he might help me get away. Besides, it was early in the evening and few people were around. Some very unpleasant people may be here now. Some of them have warped minds. The tiniest thing can make them suspicious."

"Did you ever hear that expression, 'Into each life some rain must fall?' Well, you just got caught in a cloudburst. I like the looks of this café across the street."

"I am sure," Rankosci said, sweating, "you will not shoot me if I refuse to enter."

"I don't have to shoot you. All I have to do is start raising my voice louder and louder, like this, and talk about Border Patrol."

He spoke the last two words quite loudly. He might just as well have shot Rankosci. The man went pale, and sagged. Johnny gripped his arm tightly and led him across the street to a café with the gaudiest neon sign in *(Continued on page 54)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKETT

“KEEP THE PEOPLE

By DAVID CHANDLER

JOE PASTERNAK is one of Hollywood's foremost exponents of the happy ending. It is Producer Pasternak's belief that all people are essentially kind and gentle, and his pictures consistently reflect that philosophy. They glow with sweetness and light, they are almost entirely lacking in evil motivations—and they are fabulous moneymakers.

This last fact is a source of great pleasure to Pasternak, not only for all the obvious reasons, but also because it has enabled him to point to his own life as a wonderful example of his everything-will-be-all-right doctrine. Pasternak arrived in this country 30 years ago as a penniless immigrant from Hungary; within two years he was well launched on a motion-picture career that was to prove enormously successful.

Naturally, the incident which set him on the road to riches had many of the ingredients of a Hans Christian Andersen fairy tale, with large components straight out of Horatio Alger. The main character in the story, besides our hero, was a movie bigwig named Allan Dwan.

Back in 1923, Dwan was a director at Paramount's Eastern studios on Long Island, New York, and, as befitted a man of his standing, he went to lunch at the commissary every day surrounded by a retinue. Dwan demanded his service smooth and effortless, and he didn't like to be kept waiting. One day a major crisis developed as he took his usual chair and reached for the bread basket. The Russian rye, of which he was inordinately fond, was not there.

Dwan called for the waiter and petulantly waved his hand over the table. “The bread,” he muttered.

The waiter studied a mound of assorted baked goods, white, whole wheat, pumpernickel, Swedish rye, rolls of various shapes and consistencies. He held up the basket. “Here, sir.”

“Bah!” thundered Dwan. “I said *bread.* Real rye bread.”

“But this is all we ever have, sir,” the waiter said timorously.

“Nonsense!” the director bellowed. “I've been having it in this very place at this very table every single day for the last six months. Why isn't it here today?”

A hurried conference ensued among the members of the commissary staff. Finally the waiter stepped forward. “It's the bus boy, sir,” he explained. “He's home sick . . .”

“I'm not interested in that,” Dwan retorted with mounting irritation. “I just want the same bread I've been having every day at lunch.”

“But, sir, the bus boy heard you call our bread tasteless once and he's been stopping at a delicatessen on his way to work every day to bring in a Russian rye for you.”

“He has?” Dwan suddenly grew quiet. “Who's been paying for it?”

“I guess the kid himself.”

“This,” said Dwan, “is a boy I have got to meet.”

A week later, a smallish, scarecrow-thin youth who looked younger than his twenty-two years was ushered into Dwan's presence. The director did not know it, but tea with President Coolidge could not have been more impressive to the bus boy. In the lad's book, film luminaries rated second to none.

“Is it true,” Dwan asked, “that you've been

Outside the studio, Joe's best production is Chicken Pasternak, a Hungarian dish with a sauce of his own creation. Here he serves his young and pretty wife, Dorothy, and their sons, Michael, 8, and Geoffrey, 5. Pasternaks also have infant son, Peter

JOHN FLOREA

NICE"

Producer Joe Pasternak entered the U.S. in 1921 and found folks so obliging that now he can't bear villains in his pictures. It has paid off in the millions

bringing bread just for me and paying for it out of your own pocket?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"Because I heard you complain about the bread here. The whole loaf costs only six cents and I believe everybody should be happy. If a little thing like a piece of bread is going to make you happy, it makes me happy to bring it to you."

"Young man," said Dwan after a pause, "you are no longer a bus boy. From now on, you are an assistant director."

There is some question whether this event marked the real inception of Joe Pasternak's basic philosophy, or whether it served merely to bear out a belief he had long held in the ultimate efficacy of humble good works. In any case, it has been possible to detect elements of this incident in a great many of the films for which Pasternak has since been responsible.

Just as in real life Dwan rewarded the young bus boy, so, in the former bus boy's pictures, such lustrous personalities as the Messrs. Leopold Stokowski, José Iturbi and Lauritz Melchior have invariably succumbed to the naïve good faith of Deanna Durbin, Judy Garland, Kathryn Grayson or Jane Powell. With only minor exceptions, this is the sentimental theme Pasternak has been plugging ever since he produced his first picture in this country 15 years ago, after a period of apprenticeship in Europe.

More worldly and cynical people have tried in vain to persuade him that Iturbi, broached by kids to give a concert to save their swimming hole or whatever, might have to plead a previous engagement, a headache, or contractual obligations which would make such an appearance impossible. Pasternak knows better. It all happened to him.

In keeping with this cheerful pattern, no villain has ever been slugged, horsewhipped or garroted in a Pasternak opus. In fact, except for a Western he once made, Destry Rides Again, where it was inescapable, Joe has never even had a real villain in his pictures. He likes everybody to be "nice" in his films. "Keep the people nice," he urges his writers. Where other producers prefer to pepper their product with violent emotions, Pasternak stories involve pleasant families with well-adjusted, photogenic kids who don't mind helping with the dishes and who wouldn't know a buckshot sap from a pair of brass knuckles.

Movies Boost Iturbi's Popularity

A second hallmark of Pasternak films has been their unabashed use of classical music and concert virtuosi. Many critics feel that his films have helped make serious music as popular as it is today in this country. They point out, for example, that until he began appearing in Pasternak pictures, the pianist José Iturbi was a popular recitalist and recording artist, but that his pre-eminent position as a concert box-office draw and his phenomenal record sales date from his movie debut.

Pasternak's motive, in using serious music as an integral part of his films, was typical of the man. Some years before, in Europe, he had been irked by snobs who had sniffed when he mentioned America's interest in opera and classical music.

"I couldn't blame them," he now says. "The papers told them about a guy named Capone in Chicago, but not about the opera there. They felt the same way about Hollywood pictures—always gangsters, gun molls and rubbing out. I made up my mind I was going to make pictures which showed that not all Americans were gangsters."

Joe had to approach Iturbi three times before he could persuade the pianist he meant business about his appearance in films. "What I make my living playing," Iturbi insisted, "your audiences wouldn't want to hear. Besides, in no time at all you'll want me to play boogiewoogie and I'm not as good as Meade Lux Lewis." Furthermore, he said, he didn't need the movies for his career. "I've played all over the world. I should say 5,000,000 people have come to hear me."

Pasternak polished his fingernails on his lapel in a classic gesture of disdain. "That many people will hear you the first week my picture is out," he declared.

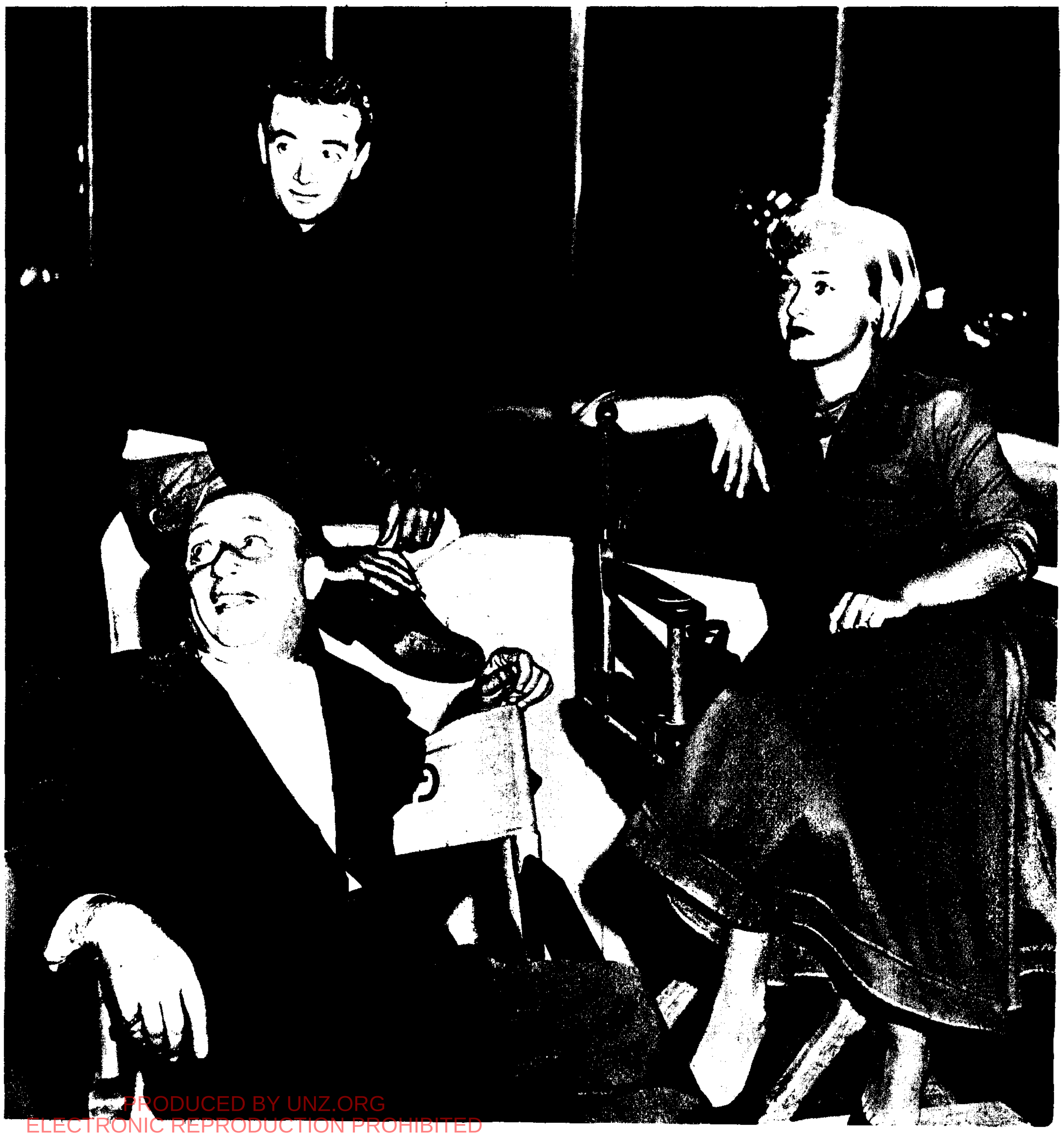
"When do I start?" Iturbi asked. Since then, he not only has worked in several Pasternak pictures but has shown that he can play boogiewoogie, too.

With Lauritz Melchior, the Wagnerian *Heldentenor,* Joe took a different tack. Both Mr. and Mrs. Pasternak had seen a photograph of Melchior and decided that this enormous man would be very "cute"—Joe's word—if they could get him to play opposite someone as tiny as Jane Powell. Joe sold Melchior by trading on the artist's known weakness for doing anything that would bring enjoyment to people.

In addition to "discovering," for film purposes, many of the great performers of classical music, Joe has earned a powerful reputation in the film capital as a star-maker. Beginning with Deanna Durbin, he is credited with having sponsored the screen careers of a long list of people, including Jane Powell, Kathryn Grayson, June Allyson, Esther Williams and Mario Lanza—in some cases against the considered judgment of his bosses. (Lanza, incidentally, is currently rated as one of Hollywood's fastest-rising newcomers. A young man who is considered to have a truly fine voice, he was carefully groomed for the films by Pasternak after scoring a great critical success at the Hollywood Bowl. "First time I ever saw such a voice with such a face," Pasternak says with deep satisfaction.)

Joe has made his belief in his "finds"—and in the innate goodness of people—pay off. Other producers have turned out individual pictures which have grossed more. But, except for two missteps—pictures, interestingly enough, in which Joe departed from his wonted way—Pasternak films have consistently returned their investment, plus an average 100 per cent profit. Thus, a million-dollar Pasternak picture will bring back to Joe's employers—since 1941, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—their invested million and another million in the clear; and two of Joe's *(Continued on page 38)*

On the set of Rich, Young and Pretty with Vic Damone, Jane Powell. Miss Powell is a Pasternak "discovery"—one of many who have gained him a reputation as a "star-maker"



Missouri mud squirms like a living thing along riverbanks, where it can get to be knee-deep to a tall boy

Old-timers like Uncle Bob Dairyberry and his family slog through spring mud to sell baskets in town. For Uncle Bob, 91, his wife and daughter, trek is annual

Missouri MUD

MOST everywhere else in the U.S., mud is a sometime thing, puny, thin and undistinguished. But in the state of Missouri, mud in the springtime is a lusty manifestation of nature—a phenomenon in its own way as deserving of celebration as the falls of Niagara. Missouri mud is rich, muscular and ubiquitous. Depending on who you are, how you feel about it, or where you're standing, it can be ornery as a cat with the chills, welcome as a bonus check, or as bodaciously beautiful as corn tassels blowing in the wind.

Upstate Missouri is where the mud lies thickest in the spring. North of Kansas City in the west, and St. Louis in the east, the land between the Mississippi and the Missouri Rivers is seemingly bottomless topsoil. When the big rivers run over their banks, and the brooks and streams swell under thawing April and May sunshine, water seeps through the soil, wetting it to saturation. The rains pour down on it, making puddles and ponds and pools on roads and farm lots. The rich soil, loamy and deep, thickens into a batter rich as butterfat. Children revel in it. Horses slip and falter in it. Cars are trapped in it. And farmers do their best to ignore it until the soil is dry and firm enough for planting.

But Missouri mud isn't confined to the north end of the state. It is virtually everywhere—east, west, north and south. And, wherever it is, it makes fabulously fertile soil for farming. In the hill country, farmers will tell you: "If you plant tenpenny nails at sundown, hit'll sprout crowbars by mornin'." More sober-minded Missourians might allow as how that could be a statement that needs a particle of taking down, but on the whole it's got some truth to it. For the plain fact is that Missouri's richest natural resource is its soil.

Missourians are proud enough of what their muddy, rich soil means to the state economically; but come right down to it, the mud can be a mite pesky, littering up Maw's clean kitchen floor and messing up back-country roads as it does.

You can ask a Missourian about mud, but like as not he'll show an inclination to disremember any such thing. North of Kansas City, folks scratch their heads when asked about the mud. "Well," they say, "there used to be mud in Missouri, but not any more. You look at Kansas now—I tell you that is one muddy state."

Maybe so. But a traveling man can still dirty his boots some, walking in Missouri in the spring. THE END

Youngsters like Kappa Alpha brothers from William Jewell College dare the mud on spring picnics. On really thick roads even their trusty Model-T bogs down

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROLAND PATTERSON

In Kansas City's big, bustling stockyards mud often seeps up through brick-lined roads. Horses, hauling hay to feed cattle, slither and slide along runways en route to the pens

Orphaned, this little lamb got stuck in the mud, and had to be saved by farmer C. H. Woods

Tuckered out, midwife Alice Correll plods homeward after night-long battle with stork

Whatever it is to grownups, mud is buckets of joy to Missouri kids. Here Paula Massie, four, of Ellington, squeals delightedly as she shows Dixie Heiskell her nice mud mittens

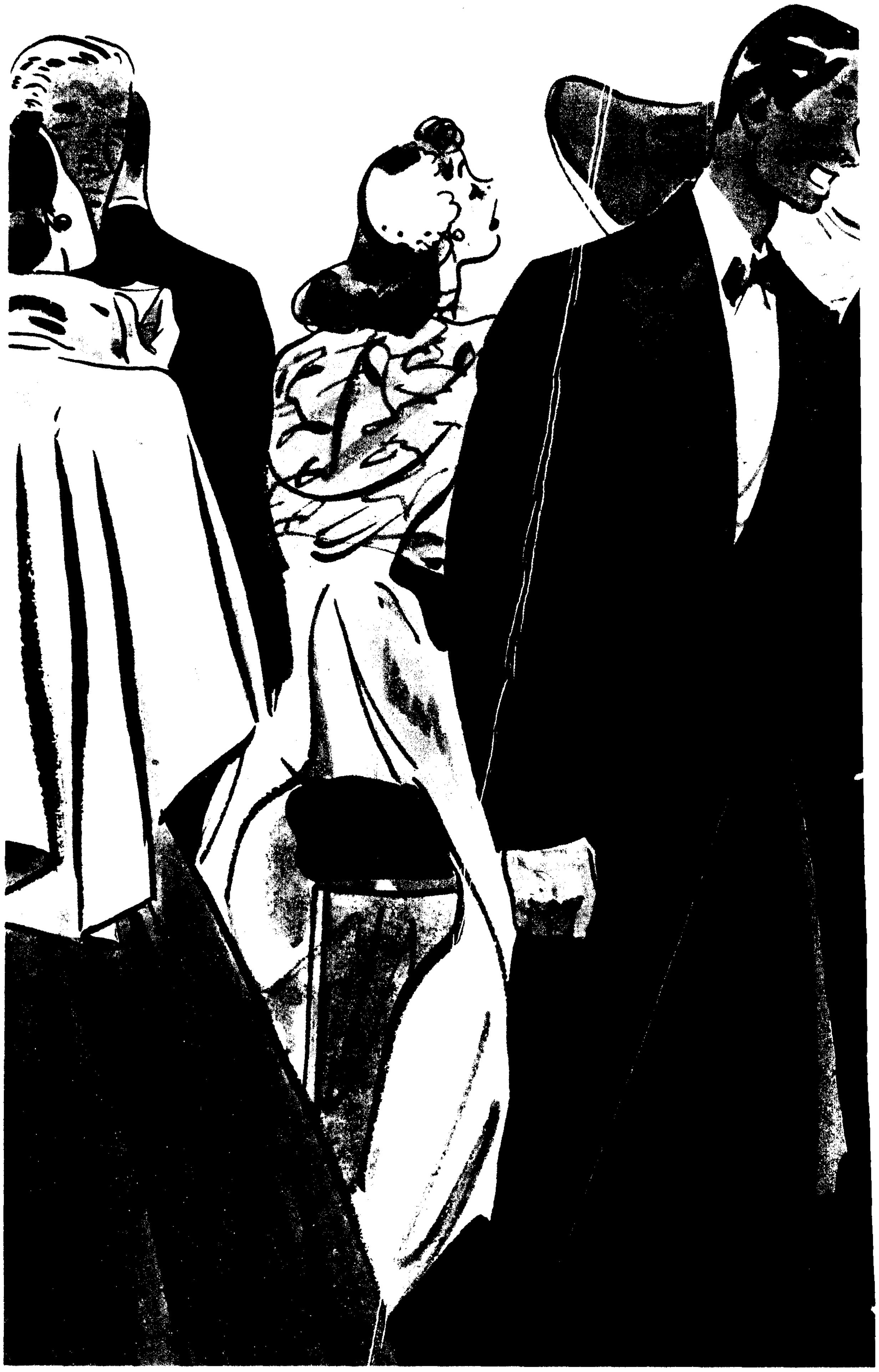
Trapped, Gene Fair, 11, had to retrieve his muddy overshoe, before getting on to school

Discomfited, Rosalee Rayfield leaves church on a Sunday morning and plunks into the mud

The BIG IDEA

By JOHN D. WEAVER

Wilson was a bright young man with big ideas—and they all backfired. Doris was just a pretty little thing, but her idea was the biggest of all



"Mr. Hollowell's been asking for you," she said, and although it sounded

BEFORE young Wilson's transfer from the Phoenix office, no one had ever questioned, certainly never challenged, the established order in the West Coast branch of Hollowell Enterprises. Mr. Griggs, as office manager, operated on the lofty level policy, and Miss Bagley, as head of Administration & Personnel, served as his prime minister. She had charge of stamps, petty cash, sick leave and annual vacations, each of which helped sustain her power, which was reflected in the deference of other department heads, who looked to her for new office furniture, and in the subservience of the stenographic pool, who depended upon her good will for promotions and petty favors.

"He won't get far," the wiseacres predicted when Wilson appeared on the scene as Mr. Griggs's executive assistant, but the young man had not been in the office a week before he had quietly reorganized Miss Bagley's system of mail routing, then diverted the dispensing of petty cash from her hands to his. He introduced the time sheet and a new production chart, and, striking his most telling blow at the Bagley ministry, he rewrote her personnel interview form.

"I'm going to resign," Miss Bagley kept saying, but she didn't.

Mr. Griggs sent Wilson's revised 487-A to the Home Office in New York, and it was adopted for use in all the Hollowell Enterprises branches. Wilson even received a personal letter of commendation from the president, Mr. Hollowell.

"He'd better be careful," Miss Bagley began to say, trying to stem the rising spirit of revolution which gripped the office. "I've been here a long time. I've seen them come, and I've seen them go."

Wilson was moved to larger quarters and given a set of office keys, the badge of an H. E. executive. "You're helping pull your share of the load, son," Mr. Griggs said, and suggested a round of golf some afternoon. The department heads, to the delight of their wives, who found the young man most attractive, invited Wilson out to their houses for dinner, and Mr. Hendrix, who was in charge of Claims & Adjustments, put him up for membership in the University Club.

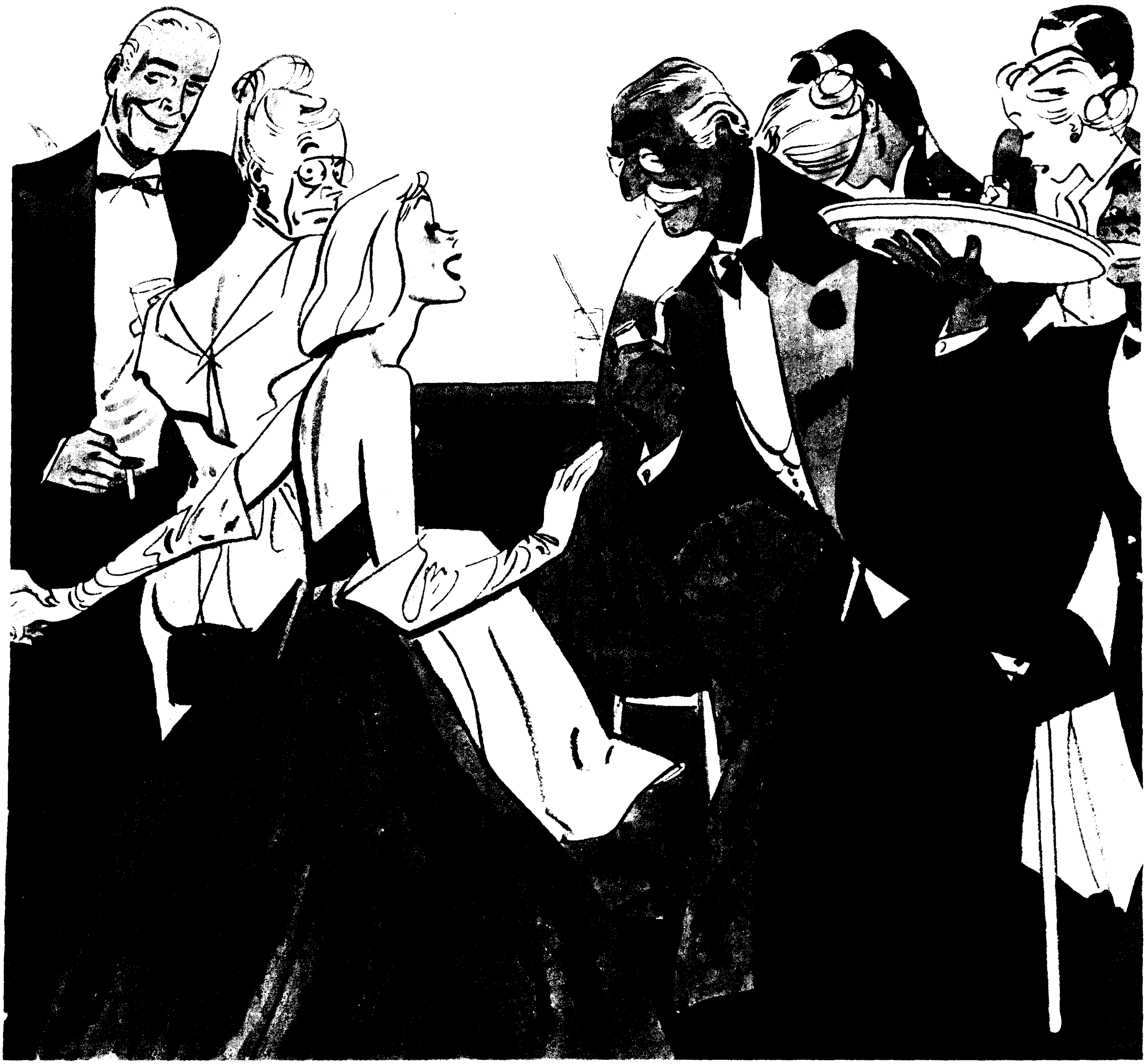
"I was nearly twice your age before I got my office keys," Mr. Hendrix said, with wonder and admiration.

Miss Bagley developed a distressing stomach condition, and the unmarried girls in the stenographic pool noted, with disappointment, that young Wilson had eyes for no one except Miss Doris Trinkle, the junior secretary in Legal. His relations with Miss Trinkle were quite formal, almost too formal, but the stenographers, versed in the minutiae of office romance, caught the meaning of his absent glances toward Legal.

"I just don't have time to write every day," Wilson complained in one of his now infrequent letters to Selma Boyce of the Phoenix office. Like most men who survive unmarried into their late twenties, Wilson had developed a certain wariness toward young women who seemed aggressively bent on marriage, and Selma, now that he could look back objectively, had been rather forward, particularly during his last week in Phoenix. Miss Trinkle, on the other hand, seemed shy, not at all pushy, and although she never did, she could have worn Selma's skintight sweaters.

"I'm sorry you feel that way about it," Wilson wrote Selma one night, and next morning (Miss Trinkle was wearing that lovely green, knitted dress) he finished his fateful memorandum. He didn't consult anyone, especially not Miss Bagley, and when the memorandum had been typed in quadruplicate, he took it personally to Mr. Griggs and suggested it be forwarded to the Home Office.

"Glad to." Mr. Griggs shook Wilson's hand and told him, "New York's watching you, son. They've got an eye on you."



improbable, he let her lead him through the crowd to the bar, where Miss Bagley was hovering over Mr. Hollowell and old Mr. Pruitt

Miss Laidlaw, a stenographer with senior-secretary ambitions, sneaked a copy of the memorandum from the files and rushed it to Miss Bagley. "I figured it was something you oughta know about," Miss Laidlaw said, risking her future on Miss Bagley's return to power. Miss Bagley, after a few grateful words on loyalty, read the memorandum with rage and then, on reflection, reread it with delight. She leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes, seeing the memorandum as a noose which Wilson had carefully fitted around his neck.

The memorandum (Re: Telephone Savings) pointed out that much of the company's business was conducted through long-distance calls. Wilson suggested the mass purchase of Sav-O-Fones, small, clocklike devices which would be placed beside every Hollowell Enterprise telephone. The Sav-O-Fone would be turned on at the beginning of a long-distance call, its clicking sound a thrifty warning of the mounting cost, and at the end of a three-minute call a bell would ring.

Because Hollowell Enterprises had so many telephones, approximately twenty-five hundred throughout the country, the manufacturers had agreed to deliver the Sav-O-Fones at the special price of $1.87 per unit, as compared to the retail price of $3.95. "Savings in the first year alone," Wilson had concluded, "should more than pay for the units."

Mr. Hollowell, who, as president of a nationwide corporation, could not be expected to read memorandums, glanced over that part which dealt with the amount of money the company would save, then telephoned Mr. Griggs from New York and told him to go ahead with the plan. Mr. Hollowell said he wished every employee were as economy-minded as Wilson. "We could reduce our phone bills 30 per cent on the national level," Mr. Hollowell said, and Mr. Griggs agreed. Mr. Hollowell then asked about Mrs. Griggs, and Mr. Griggs asked about Mrs. Hollowell. Mr. Hollowell asked about the Griggs children, and Mr. Griggs asked about the Hollowell children.

"Discovered a new steak place in the Village last night," Mr. Hollowell said, *(Continued on page 44)*

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

Harvey Slocum Builds Our

This hard-bitten, hard-working, hard-cussing construction boss taught himself all he knows—and it's plenty. To the experts, he's the best dam man in the country

By BOOTON HERNDON

ONE day last spring, when the melting snows in the Washington State mountains were sending torrents of water down the mighty Columbia River, a little man walked out on the roof of the powerhouse that nestles under the mammoth Grand Coulee Dam. He gazed up at the massive wall to the tons of water roaring over the spillway—twice as much water as pours over Niagara Falls—and he shook his head in wonderment. Then he exploded. "The tomfool temerity of man, even to think of puttin' up a thing like that! Who the hell do we think we are, anyway?"

The speaker could be considered an expert on tomfool temerity. He was Harvey Slocum, the man who built the Grand Coulee Dam.

Mankind, according to Slocum, is the most ornery critter in the world. "He comes to a mountain, and he says, *'You can't stop me,'* and he drives a tunnel through it. He comes to a deep gorge, and he says, *'I'll step over you!'* and he throws a bridge across it. He comes to a great ugly river, and he says, *'You're dangerous and I'm gonna plug you up.'* An', by God, he does it!"

Dams are among the biggest things that man builds, and Slocum, a tough-talking, hard-driving man of sixty-three who could whip most men half his age, has built the biggest.

He estimated the cost of Grand Coulee and then, as general superintendent in complete charge of construction, he built it. He estimated the cost of California's Shasta, the world's second highest dam, with one hand figuratively tied behind his back: at the time, he was in a sanatorium getting over what he now refers to as the world's biggest drunk. He built Madden Dam in the Panama Canal Zone and Friant Dam in California, he's finishing up the big Bull Shoals Dam in Arkansas now, and his next job will probably be the colossal Bhakra Dam in India. He's the best dam man in the world, and he knows it. And still, under that cocksure confidence, Harvey Slocum is a man of great humility.

"Hell, I don't build a damn' thing," he says. "It's the stiffs with the picks and shovels who build 'em, and it's the big contractors who make 'em possible, by putting up millions of dollars of their own money on the say-so of an old beat-up stumble-bum like me. Those dams would be there if the world had never heard of Harvey Slocum."

Though he is solely and directly responsible for the execution of a $78,000,000 job, Slocum puts on about as much front as the proprietor of the general store in Paducah. With a khaki hat on the back of his head, he sits at a secondhand desk in one corner of a barren, concrete-floored office. In front of him is a dusty window looking out on nothing. On his right hand is the oil stove which heats the place, and behind him is his secretary. The phone is on her desk, but 9 times out of 10 he whirls around in his squeaking secondhand chair to answer it.

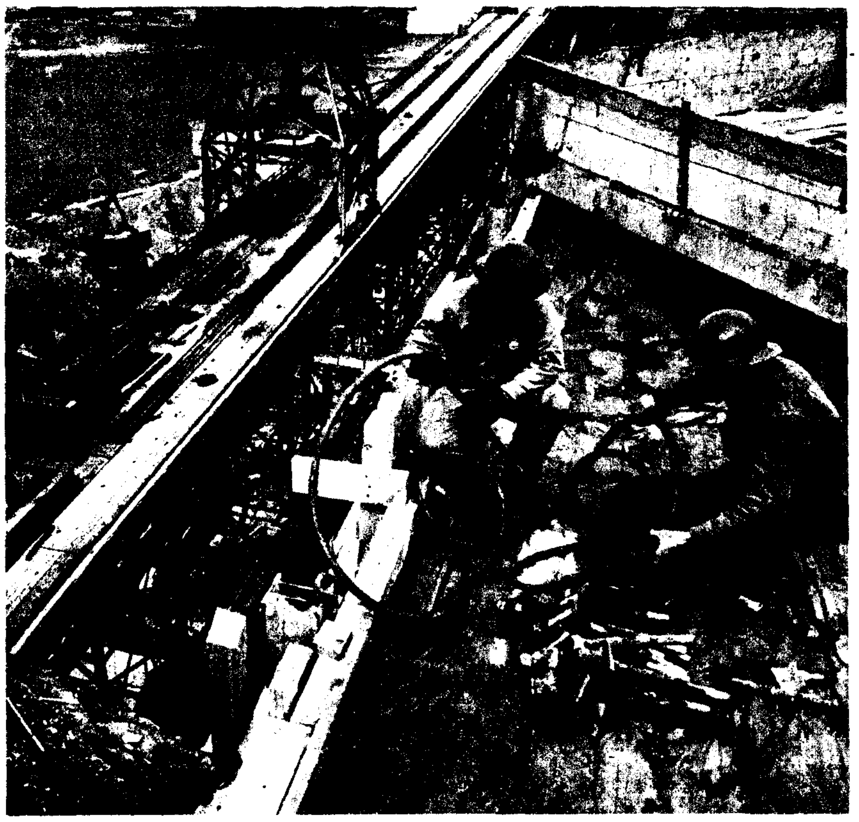
Slocum has two faces. When he's cussing somebody out, his jaw shoots forward, his little blue-gray eyes glare balefully, the lines on his face seem to deepen and he looks like what he is—a cantankerous old man getting a big job done. When the storm blows over, however, the lines on his face seem to disappear, his jaw drops back to normal, his eyes squint up with laughter, his shoulders shake and he's a warm little guy telling you about the time he and a whole passel of chorus girls got plastered in Panama.

That was back in the old days, before he won his greatest victory. Slocum has fought—and whipped—floods and storms, rivers and oceans, but the toughest opponent of them all was his own hard-drinking self.

"I've always been a goldanged fool," Slocum says. "I've done every silly, stupid thing a man could do. Any worth-while thing I've ever done has been in spite of myself."

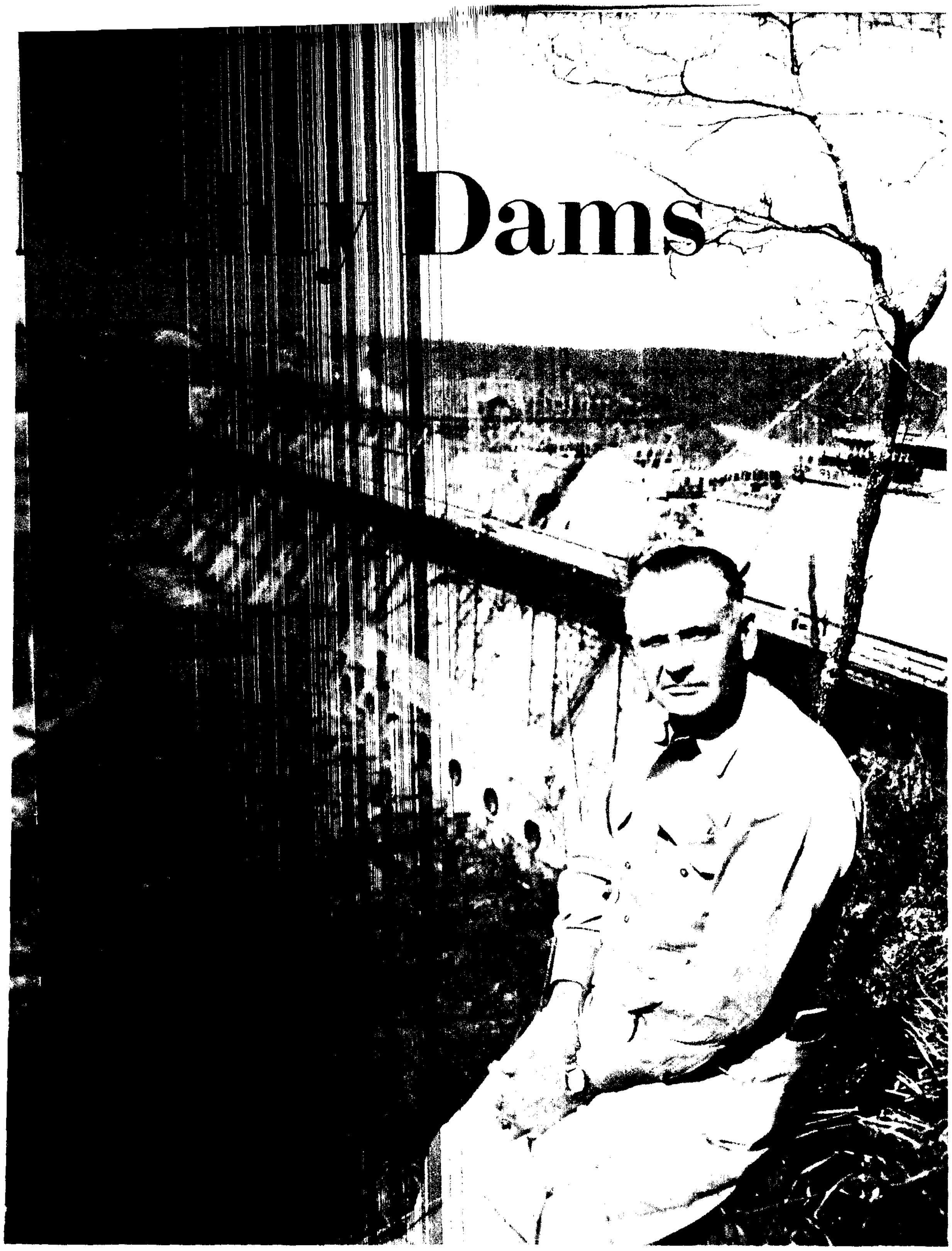
He has licked his personal problems so successfully that nowadays he goes out of his way to pick fights with himself. A couple of Christmases ago he looked at the pile of boxes of expensive cigars his friends had given him, said, "Oh, to hell with 'em," and hasn't smoked since. His charming wife would follow him anywhere, but he insists that she stay in their comfortable home in Los Angeles while he lives a monastic existence on the job. He cooks his own meals. One morning recently he broke his glass coffeepot, and got so mad at his own clumsiness that he quit drinking coffee for breakfast. "To hell with it," he explained.

Forced to go seven miles to get rock for Bull Shoals Dam, Slocum had monster conveyor belt erected. It moved whole mountain in two years



Workers atop Bull Shoals project, Mountain Home, Ark. Note the sign in background. Slocum has one of best safety records in the business

Dams



Slocum will complete work on the $78,000,000 Bull Shoals Dam this year. His next stop will probably be India, to construct massive Bhakra Dam, located "way up in the goldang mountains"

That's Harvey Slocum, the man the white-water rapids of the rampaging White River at Bull Shoals had been waiting for. The need for a dam there has been apparent since Henry Rowe Schoolcraft, one of the first white men to penetrate the Ozarks, got dunked trying to shoot the rapids in 1819. "Its abundant, undeveloped water power gives it a remarkable advantage for mills and other manufactures," he wrote then.

Shortly after 1900, Tom Shiras, the colorful editor of the Baxter Bulletin in Mountain Home, Arkansas, started his lifelong fight for a dam at Bull Shoals. He saw the need for controlling the floods that washed the fertile soil off the lowlands every spring. He saw hydroelectric power opening up mines and factories in the area. He saw electric lights replacing the oil lamps and the pine knots in the homes of north Arkansas, and he lived to see his dream fulfilled. When he died four years ago, the dam on the North Fork of the White River was complete, Norfork Lake and its ten-pound bass were bringing tourists and money to Mountain Home, and construction had begun on the bigger Bull Shoals project.

Today, Bull Shoals is in its final stages; the only things still to be completed are the construction of a 26-foot roadway across the top, demolition of the steel trestle used in building the dam, and some major work on the powerhouse. In a few months, there will be a quiet lake extending 87 miles north of the dam—7,340 flooded acres surrounded by 1,050 miles of shore line. By 1953, when the powerhouse is in operation, the controlled flow of water through the giant penstocks will be turning eight generators; the generators will feed enough power into the surrounding countryside to supply three cities the size of Little Rock, Springfield (Missouri), and Tulsa, all at once.

It's no wonder that the hydroelectric and flood-control project captured Harvey Slocum's imagination when he first heard of the government's plans to build it. He promptly headed for the site, scrabbling by foot over the rocky little mountains to look things over—just in case somebody might ask him to make an estimate on it. Much later, while Slocum was building a breakwater for the Navy in the South Pacific, somebody did ask him; he estimated the cost of Bull Shoals from a Quonset hut on Guam.

Slocum gave his figures to a group of nine big contractors who had banded themselves into an organization called the Ozark Dam Constructors. Their bid, based on Slocum's estimate, came to about $36,296,000, some $3,000,000 under that of their nearest competitor. The Army's Corps of Engineers, which is supervising the construction, gave Ozark the contract, and Slocum was asked to build the dam. (By the time it's completed, the structure will have cost about $78,000,000—an all-inclusive figure that includes the price paid for the land, post-construction beautification and the like.)

Building a great dam is a gigantic undertaking, but so is estimating one. It is the ability to do this which sets a general superintendent like Harvey Slocum apart from other men who may be asked to oversee construction after a bid has been submitted and accepted.

"The reason I'm good at it is that I know I'm stupid," Slocum says. "I don't know a goldang thing about mathematics or slipsticks. I just made me up a little book which lists everything I got to have to build a dam. Then I write everything down and add it up the hard way, like a darn' fool. I wouldn't sell that book for $50,000."

To build Bull Shoals Dam, Slocum had to have four cranes, each costing $175,000 and weighing far more than a big locomotive, and $500,000 worth of steel to build a trestle to hold them up. He had to operate a ferry over the river until he could build a bridge—which, completed, was bigger than most highway bridges. He had to construct, equip and operate a seven-mile railroad. He had to build more miles of road than you find in many small towns, and staff and equip a small hospital. He had to provide a restaurant and housing for hundreds.

He had to figure out how much all that would cost—and also how many paper clips the office would use, the salary of the man who'd sweep out the hospital and the cost of the broom he'd use to do it with, including depreciation. He had to set aside a definite sum of money for the local charities and congregations. Then, to get back to big stuff, he had to buy enough cement to make 2,100,000 cubic yards of concrete.

Comparing Empire State Building

The dimensions of the dam, when completed later this year, will be a half mile across the top, 283 feet high and 230 feet thick at the bottom. If you knocked the Empire State Building on its side, chopped the top off and filled the structure with concrete, you'd have just about one half of Bull Shoals Dam.

The main ingredient of all that concrete is rock, broken up in chunks as big as your head. The engineers told Slocum to get his rock from Lee Mountain, seven miles away.

"I could have built a highway and shuttled 30 trucks over it," he says. "Or I could have built a railroad and bought up some secondhand steam locomotives. But what I did do was call up and tell them I wanted me a belt conveyor. That's the way to move stuff."

So one of the longest belt conveyors the world has ever seen was pushed seven miles across the mountains. It became one of the major tourist attractions of Arkansas. (The only bigger conveyor, the experts say, was the 10-mile belt used for the Shasta Dam.) With this contraption a crew of only seven men moved Lee Mountain to Mohammed Slocum in a little more than two years.

"In the last few months of its operation this winter and spring," Slocum says, "people came from all over the world trying to buy the thing. You carry 4,000,000 tons of rock on something and still get a good price for it, you've got something."

Long before he installed the conveyor, though, Slocum had many preparations to make, for if ever anything is built backward, it's a dam. Here's the way he did it:

The White River runs directly south at Bull Shoals, hugging the right side of the valley. (You always look downstream in dam construction.) Slocum wanted to divert it to the left side, so he dug a channel there—so deep that the river wouldn't be able to resist it—and angled it into the regular channel. Before he blew out the last yard of dirt, however, he built, across the still-dry new channel, a dozen huge concrete structures side by side. Each was an enormous right triangle, 40 feet high, standing on end with the slanting side upstream. They were for use later, in turning the river back into its original bed. After the triangles were completed, Slocum called in his powder monkeys and blew out the last of the channel; the river entered it.

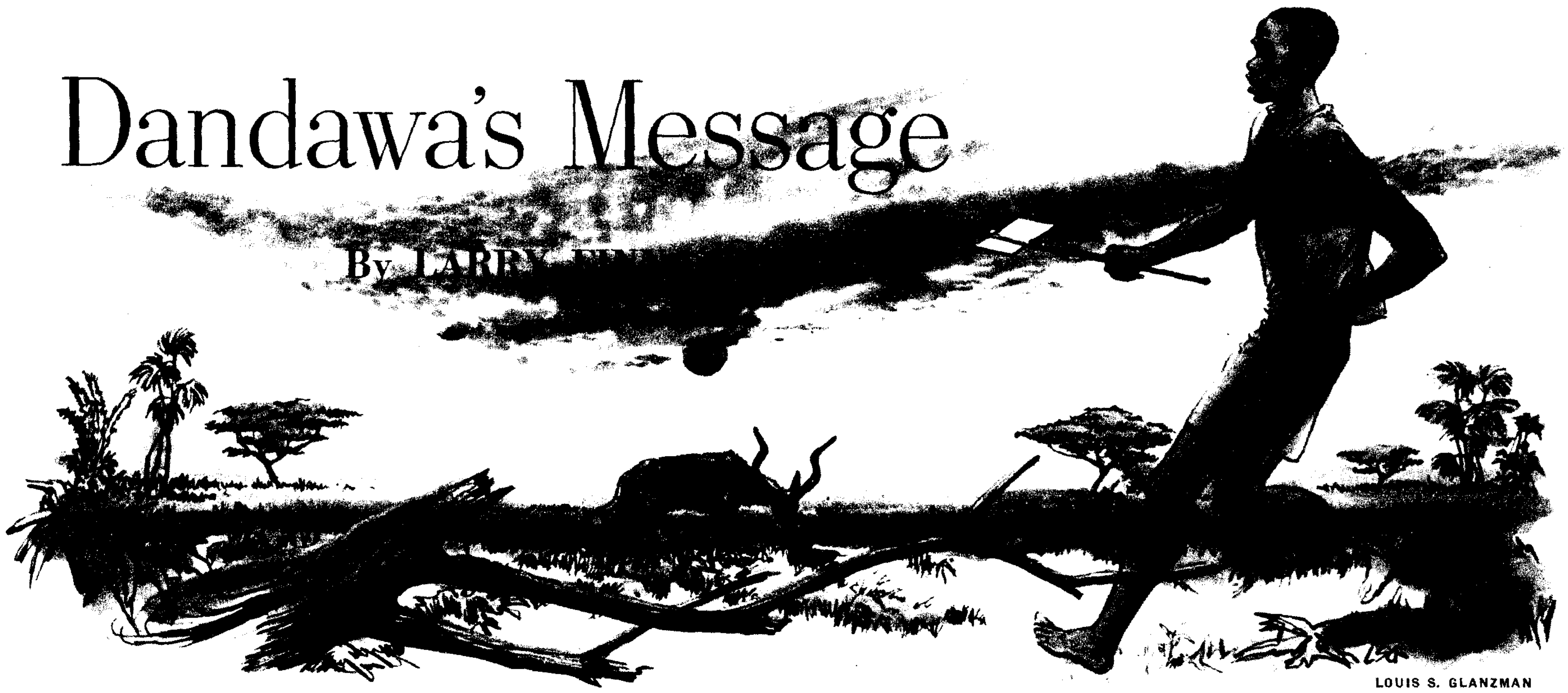
Now the original river bed was dry. Below the damsite, Slocum began digging out the stilling basin. Water will pour over

(Continued on page 51)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MORRIS GORDON

Dandawa's Message

By LARRY [illegible]



LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

Suddenly a bull kudu rose out of the grass in front of him and regarded him with wonder

THE Sebungwe is yet an untamed land. Settlers are few, and great expanses of bush separate the isolated homesteads. The scenery is quite attractive—stretches of tall grass, savanna, forest and leopard-infested granite hillocks, called *kopjes*. The Bazizulu are a fine tribe, cheerful and industrious. They are swift runners.

Dandawa regarded the letter in the cleft stick he was holding and shook his head sadly. He was afraid that he would never be able to understand the magic of these tiny ants which white men drew so beautifully on sheets of paper. He had heard that, in the mountains far to the south, these little insects ran along wires with the speed of Ingwi, without stopping, without tiring, without losing any of their magic. "Wa-ee!" he exclaimed. "Would that they had the wires in this land." And, he added thoughtfully, "with enough to spare to make bangles and bracelets for my sweetheart!"

Dandawa shook himself from his dreams, got up off his haunches and continued his journey across the wide, open veld.

He had set out from the farm early that morning. It was midday now and he had accomplished half of his journey without mishap. He was very tired and he reiterated this fact in a long, tiresome poem he had composed which he was still reciting to himself as he jogged along:

I am Dandawa,
My feet are the fleetest.
They are never tired.
Only my body is tired . . .

The herds of grazing impalas and sassabies paid little attention to the running native who zigzagged and went out of his way to avoid stampeding them. Only once, when an ostrich and her chicks got in his way, did Dandawa shout and caper about wildly as though he were a very fierce creature indeed; but his performance only served to infuriate the bird more and she gave chase.

Dandawa ran for his life, clutching at his stick and hoping that the piece of paper would not be blown off by the wind. For if it should, he would have to stop and retrieve it. What the ostrich would do to him would probably be much less painful than what his master would administer if he lost the letter, and this fear lent speed to his legs. When the distance between pursuer and pursued increased considerably, the great bird stopped suddenly and loped back to her chicks. Dandawa sat down on a rock to regain his breath. Quickly, he composed a short verse to add to his poem; and then he went on.

When he came to Chipende's kraal, he stopped only to drink some water and to reject a very tempting offer from Lobi, the chief's sorcerer. Lobi, who had seen the runner with a cleft stick passing his hut, approached Dandawa and greatly admired the written message which he knew was the white man's work and very powerful medicine. He asked if Dandawa would consider exchanging it for two hands of cloth. The sweating runner hesitated, but only for a moment. Visions of an angry master appeared before him, and his desire for brightly colored cloth was strangled at birth. Dandawa drank hastily from the gourd and sped through the village with the curses of the sorcerer ringing in his ears.

Once more he was out on the open plain and heading for the river which was the last great obstacle on his journey. The river was very shallow at the point he would cross it and was the recognized route for the white man's vehicles, but for anyone wading across, the dangers were great. Gnona, the crocodile, lurked everywhere, lying like a log and then moving like lightning to kill. Dandawa shivered and slackened his pace. He longed ardently for the comfort of his grass hut, with perhaps a pot of beer to drink and the arms of the fat Onesti around him. He had forgotten about his poem now.

Dandawa stood on the bank of the river and tossed rocks into the slow, burbling current, but nothing happened. He put one foot into the water and then quickly withdrew it. Wa-ee! His heart, which he had often likened to that of Shumba, the lion, had now shrunk to the size of a chicken's. But he must carry on. True, Gnona was terrible, but Dandawa's master was worse. Dandawa's master in anger was as thunder in a flea's ear, as the flame that melted iron, as the drought that ravaged the land. And there was no sign of Gnona. Calling on all the gods he knew, Dandawa splashed into the river and hurried toward the opposite bank.

HE WAS nearly across when the crocodile surfaced and reared up savagely in a swirl of foam. Dandawa screamed and almost dropped the stick, but he had the presence of mind to plunge forward and leap for the bank. Gnona, missing with his jaws, lashed out viciously with his powerful tail but the only damage that it inflicted was a shower of spray and balls of mud. Dandawa was out of reach. And he stood, at a safe distance from the water's edge, and hurled taunts and insults at the wicked head and malevolent eyes which protruded from the river. Feeling much better, he strode on and composed a verse about the stupidity of Gnona.

The sun was very low in the sky when Dandawa breasted the *kopje* that brought him in sight of his destination. A white bungalow and buildings showed up plainly against the burnt, brown grass and *marula* trees, and all that lay between him and the bungalow was four miles of rock-studded veld—and one large, scraggy-maned lion. Dandawa stiffened and the breath whistled through his teeth.

Shumba was prowling around at the foot of the *kopje*, entirely unaware of the frightened native who stood above him. Shumba peered across the plains occasionally, crouched, flexed his tawny body and then continued pacing up and down in the same compact area. As the sun dropped lower, game would appear. Shumba would choose a victim carefully, stalk and then kill. Meanwhile, Dandawa had to get his message to the bungalow.

The unhappy native seated himself on the slope and gave himself up to a fit of shivers. If the wind should change . . . Wa-ee! Dandawa nearly wept. Beside him, now slightly damp and flaked with mud, was the piece of paper that was responsible for his terrible predicament, and he took time off to scowl at it and bestow a curse. If he ever returned to his kraal, he thought glumly, he would run no more errands for his master. He would ask to be third garden boy, or fifth kitchen boy, or something else less perilous.

Dandawa pondered this for some time and then, when he came back to earth and looked around, he discovered that Shumba had gone.

Slowly, the native crept down the *kopje*, moving from rock to rock. His heart was fluttering like a honey bird, but his common sense told him that Shumba had left the vicinity for more important matters and that now nothing stood between him and his goal except a long, tiring run. He decided to chance it.

He started off quickly at first and then settled down to the rhythmical jog which was second nature to him and which could carry him easily to the ends of the earth. To know that he was on the last lap of his journey gave strength to his lungs and joy to his heart, and already his mind was two days ahead to the time when he would sit in the shade of his hut with a pot of Kaffir beer and with the arms of the fat Onesti around him.

Suddenly a bull kudu rose out of the grass in front of him and regarded him with wonder. Dandawa stopped, undecided. He and the antelope looked at each other for a moment. From quite near there was a coughing grunt and both Dandawa and the antelope seemed to take off simultaneously—and in the same direction. Behind them, Shumba came leaping in great bounds.

The antelope was ahead and rapidly pulling away from the fleeing native and it would be only a matter of seconds before the lion pounced, and yet the unpredictable happened. The kudu turned abruptly and streaked off to the left, and Shumba followed. Dandawa ran with his head thrown back, trying to get every ounce of speed out of his quaking body. He was still running when Shumba, standing over his kill, watched him curiously before getting down to his meal. The big cat had felt a vague mistrust of a white flapping object which the man had carried on a stick.

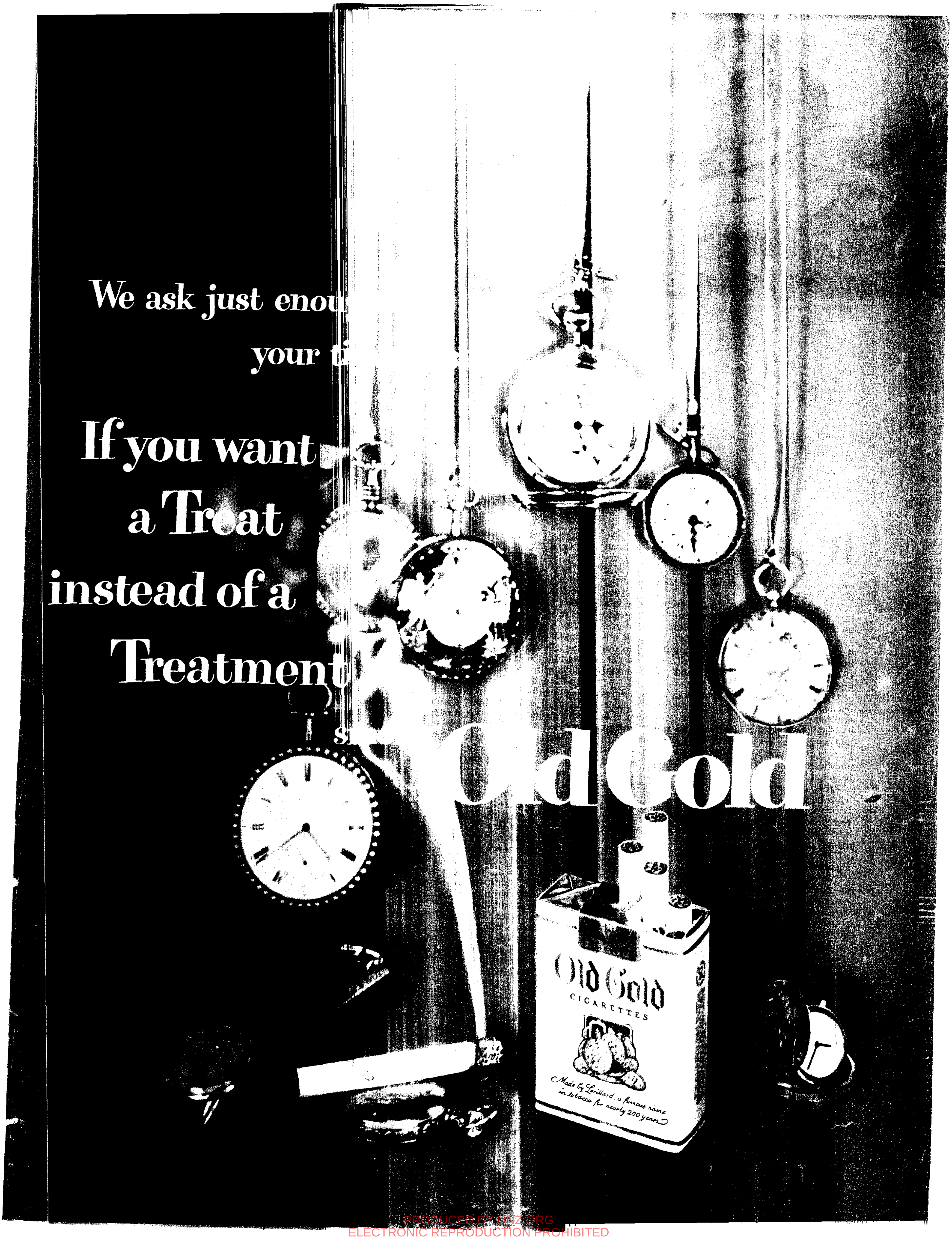
IT WAS a very tired messenger who stopped to pick thorns from his feet before entering the bungalow stockade. A rather pitiful sight to behold with his mud- and sweat-streaked body, Dandawa drew himself up and respectfully approached the *mem-sahib* who was cutting flowers in the garden. He handed her the letter and, as she read it in the fading light, a deep frown crossed her face.

"What is it, dear?" her husband called from the veranda.

"Oh, just a note from the Grahams. They want us to go to dinner Saturday."

"Blast!" the man exclaimed. "Make some excuse. Tell 'em we can't go." THE END

Collier's SHORT SHORT



We ask just enou
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If you want
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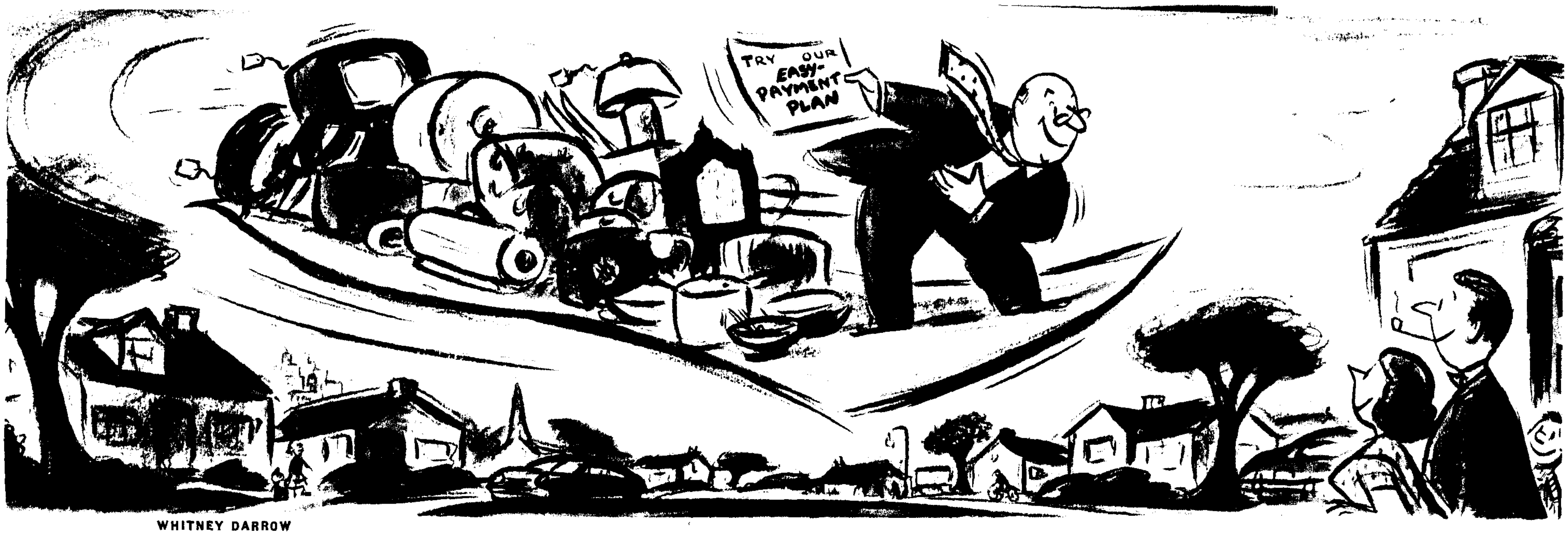
Old Gold

Old Gold
CIGARETTES
Made by Lorillard, a famous name in tobacco for nearly 200 years



WHITNEY DARROW

The card was tastefully engraved with the news that we were in good standing

Nothing Down and Wrapped to Go

By WILLIAM LAWTON MANER

BEING of sound mind, I for one am glad we've returned to the old wartime restrictions on charge accounts and credit buying. I remember too well what happened to me and my wife when the lid was lifted on this Pandora's box at the No. 2 War's end.

When I got out of that war, we went to live in a thriving city in the upper South and it didn't take us long to establish our credit in the retail stores. The home economists and the people who give advice all say it is wise to carry accounts and to use them regularly, to establish yourself as a good risk. If our experience makes us a good risk, I should like to meet a bad one.

My wife went to town and in about three minutes opened an account in the largest department store, not for purposes of risk, but for convenience in cashing checks. She filled out the routine forms and forgot it. Several days later she had a card from a credit company asking a few noncommittal questions about banks, which she also filled out and forgot.

From the vantage point of time, I can see now what happened in the office of the credit association when her card came in. "A soft touch," the secretary said as she laid my wife's card on the boss's desk. "Shall we give her the Grade-A Treatment?"

"The works," said the boss, and reached for his telephone.

We had a chaste vellum card from the department store, tastefully engraved with the happy news that we were in good standing and that the store was ours for the asking. The expensive elegance of the raised lettering was modified by the homey promise of welcome. We forgot all about it.

Three days later the deluge came. The second largest department store got word of the coup from its spies planted in the rival's credit office, and we had a cheerful offer of service.

"Welcome to the city," ran the mass-produced letter. "In order to make your shopping more convenient, we have opened a charge account in your name. Our many departments are at your disposal, and you will find our personnel ready and anxious to give you their attention. We look forward to serving you." Not so elegant as the engraving, but cooperative.

"Come and see our large stock of home furnishings," a furniture place offered in the same mail. "You will find among our seven deferred-payment plans a scheme to suit any need. We look forward to your patronage."

"Nothing down, you take it with you," promised a printed postal card from a household appliance store. Two days later we were invited to attend a special showing of new fashions, to inspect washing machines ("Easy Payments put the Modern World within your reach"), to join the select throngs who "for 85 years have made our luggage and leather-goods store their headquarters." We were in. At least my wife was.

Several days later my turn came. Witnerwild & Van Humstedt offered me complete lubricating and repair work, parts for all makes, all models, "just say Charge it!" Witnerwild & Van Humstedt stood waiting to serve me and my automobile (which I did not have) at their convenient location twelve and a half miles on the other side of town.

On a double-thick card, carefully blanketed with tissue, I was "advised" that my application for a charge account in a large men's store had been approved.

"We carry," the stanch masculine letters told me, " a full line of men's furnishings, hats, shoes, sporting goods, toiletries and haberdashery. Our trained salespeople will greet you with the same considerate, helpful service they have offered you in the past. We welcome you to our group of regular customers." The fact that I did not even know where their store was, much less that I had not asked for an account, didn't matter. I was pleased at their thoughtfulness of me.

My pleasure was short-lived. The next day I had another letter from them. "Dear Sir," it said on a memo-sized pad, "yesterday I sent you a card from our store, which I will have to ask you to ignore, as I sent you the wrong card. I am a clerk in the credit office here, and I discovered too late that I sent out the wrong letter. I'm sending you the right letter today. Please don't take this up with the Credit Manager, as I am only a clerk in his office, and if he finds out, I will be a Dead Duck." It was signed, "Yours truly, (Miss) Astrella Maddock." *Well, (Miss) Astrella Maddock, or Deadduck, you needn't have bothered,* I thought.

(Miss) Astrella bothered, though, and next day the letter she had promised came. "Welcome to the city," it cheered in printed, unraised type. "We have taken the liberty of opening a charge account in your name." Liberty indeed. Economic effrontery. "We carry full lines of men's furnishings, hats, shoes, sporting goods, toiletries and haberdashery. Our trained salespeople will greet you with the same considerate, helpful service they have offered in the past. We welcome you to our group of regular customers."

All right, Astrella, your secret is safe with me. I won't breathe a word of it to your credit manager.

I thought I had heard the last of (Miss) Maddock, but she was persistent. Several weeks later when the bills came in, she was there again, calling me from behind the window of an open-face envelope. This time she was more businesslike. With no preliminaries, I was advised I owed them $708.50, itemized as follows:

2 doz. socks at $3.50 ea.	$ 84.00
Hunting boots	27.50
Picnic basket	22.00
Fur muff and stole	575.00
	$708.50

They had me wrong. I hadn't bought any of the stuff, but I was flattered by their estimate of my credit. I dropped them a short note thanking them for thinking I was good for $708.50 worth of merchandise so soon after being welcomed, but telling them also that I wasn't having any.

I considered the matter closed; and so, I thought, did they. I didn't hear anything more from them for the rest of the month. I even paused before their windows once to admire a display of boots and down-lined jackets.

Then, one day, I had another letter. Please, they begged, excuse their error in my account. Their office had made a grave mistake. (Somebody was a dead duck now.) In the rush of postwar expansion, they had made what they hoped I would consider a pardonable error, which they hastened to correct. They were sending me a restatement of my account. I owed them $32.50 for a velvet cocktail jacket.

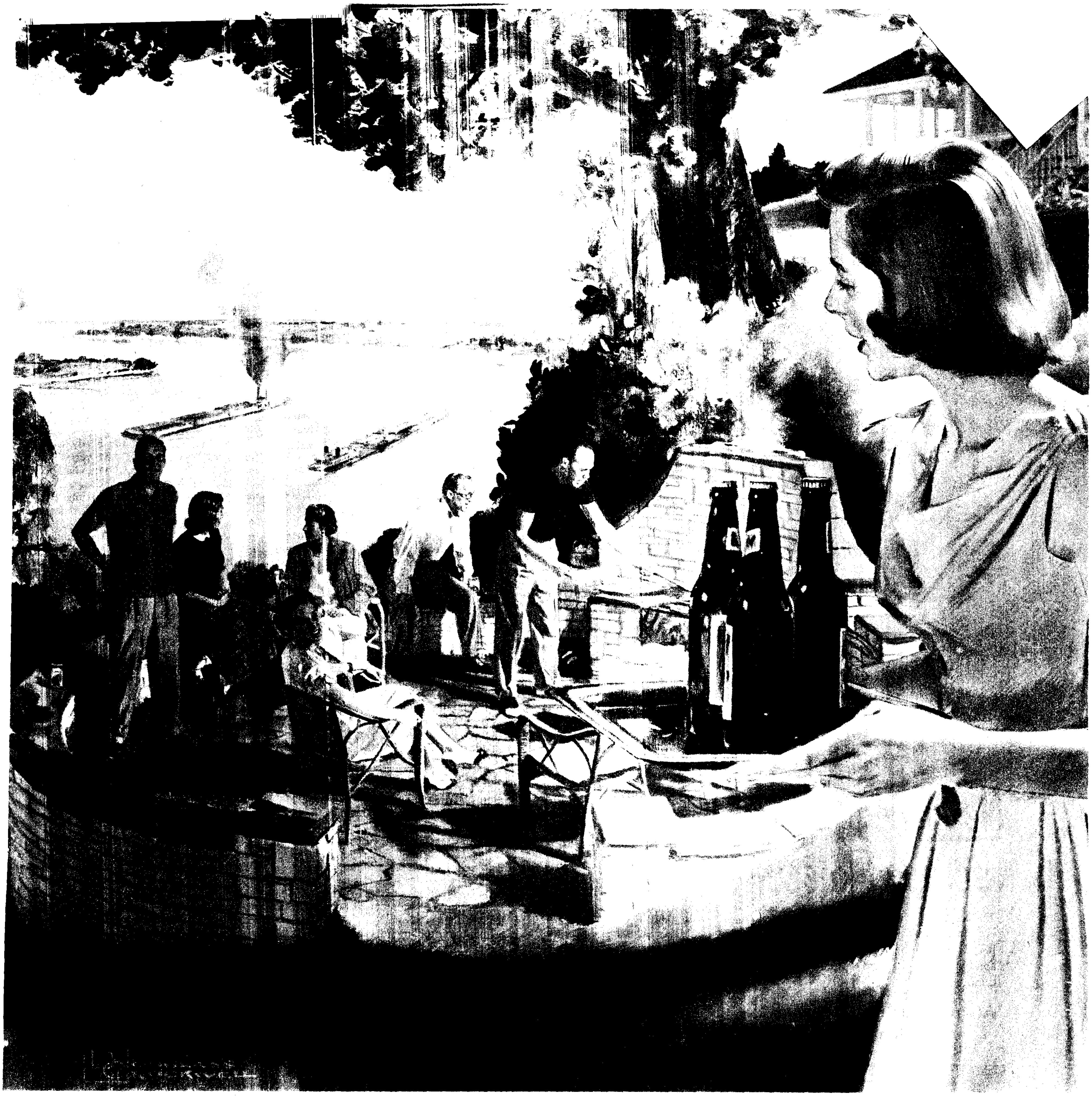
I have never owned a cocktail jacket, velvet or burlap, and don't expect to. When I drink, I like it with just a little water. I take my coat off, loosen my collar and get down to business.

According to my calculations, I stood to make myself $676 in the transaction, a nice killing. I decided I'd settle for $500 if they wanted to talk business. I sat down and wrote them another letter. I did not, I told them, owe them $32.50. I didn't owe them one red cent. The way I saw it, they owed me $676.

That scared them. A week later I had my final letter from them, saying I was quite right. I didn't owe them a cent. As a matter of fact, they said, trying to sneak out from under the whole affair, they couldn't find any record of my account on their books.

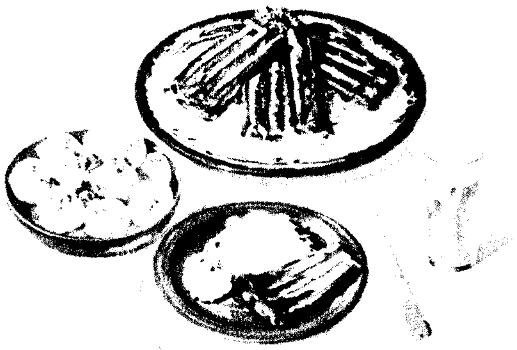
They were trying, you see, to pretend they didn't know me. They know me all right. If you ask (Miss) Astrella Deadduck, I'll bet you *she'll* remember.

THE END



ST. LOUIS—"BARBECUE ON THE TERRACE," by Douglass Crockwell. Number 55 in the series "Home Life in America."

In this friendly, freedom-loving land of ours–***beer belongs . . . enjoy it!***



Beer and ale—
mealtime favorites

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

Sponsored by the United States Brewers Foundation . . . Chartered 1862

"Keep the People Nice"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

films—Anchors Aweigh and Thrill of a Romance—have grossed some $4,500,000 apiece. Since 1942, when his first picture at M-G-M was released, he has brought to that studio's coffers a total of $72,500,000.

The benefits to Joe's own exchequer have been equally impressive. His salary is around $100,000 a year, in addition to which he has received thousands of dollars more in bonuses. He also shares in a handsome studio-paid annuity plan which M-G-M set up some years ago when many of its top brass were being tempted to venture forth as independents.

At fifty, Pasternak still wears an air of cherubic innocence. His cheeks are pink, his eyes blue, and his facial expression—not counting those days when some recalcitrant star is making life miserable—is usually untroubled, even beatific.

He is a modestly constructed man, five and a half feet tall, but he makes up in energy output what he lacks in size. Over the past 10 years, he has been one of M-G-M's most prolific producers, a position he has attained simply as the result of joyful, unremitting labor.

In one typical hour recently, he was seen to burst into his office, make four phone calls regarding casting, discuss sketches with a fashion designer, leave his desk, pop his head into three different writers' offices and say he had read the stuff and it was great, walk out of the building to the sound stage where one of his pictures was in production, watch a scene, smiling benignly all the while, tell the director and the players it was great, stop at the star's portable dressing room to tell her she had never been as beautiful or as great as she was in yesterday's rushes, return to his office, make a few phone calls—and then start the whole thing all over again.

Vacations Give Him Ideas

The plain fact is that Pasternak, after 28 years in the business, is still shamelessly movie-struck. His wife reports that on a vacation he behaves as restlessly as a newly caged tiger, springing up periodically and shouting that he's just had a great idea for a picture. Dorothy Cooper, one of his writers, says that she can always tell what her next assignment will be simply by keeping track of where Joe and Dorothy Pasternak go on their vacations. After Joe went to Hawaii, she wrote On an Island with You. Their Sun Valley trip launched her on Duchess of Idaho. The Pasternaks took in the New Orleans Mardi Gras and the result was The Toast of New Orleans, with Mario Lanza.

Aside from an occasional pinochle game, Joe has no hobbies. On a trip, he will go hundreds of miles out of his way to catch a promising act, but the energy involved in games seems to him total waste. Sometimes Joe will take a flier at cooking. This reporter can vouch that Chicken Pasternak—grilled over charcoal and seasoned with a sauce of Joe's own contriving—is tasty stuff. But that is about as close as he comes to an interest beyond movie-making.

Pasternak has always been that way. After he was taken on by Dwan in 1923, he made a name for himself as the most eager-beaver assistant in history. If before, he didn't mind stopping for a loaf of bread on his way to work, now he thought nothing of chasing up to Troy, New York, of a week end to get a collar of the right cut for a leading man.

Soon directors began vying for him, and when Paramount closed down its Eastern operation, Wesley Ruggles brought him to Hollywood with him. Then, a short time afterward, Ruggles became involved in a fight with his bosses; when he was fired, Joe was, too.

For quite a while, Pasternak was unemployed. He came close to giving up his picture career in favor of his second love—serving good food—and had even rented space for a restaurant he was going to start, when his abounding faith in ultimate good fortune was suddenly justified. He landed a job with Universal Pictures.

In 1928, Joe was dispatched to Europe as assistant to Paul Kohner, who had charge of all production in Europe for Universal. When Kohner was brought back to the States, Joe took over abroad. His productions did so well that Carl Laemmle, founder and owner of the studio, sent Joe a contract and brought him back to make pictures here. But by the time Joe returned home—he had become an enthusiastic American citizen—Laemmle had sold out his interest in Universal.

Joe showed up at Universal City with a young European director, Henry Koster, under his wing. A new, stiff broom was sweeping out the old help. Joe announced briskly that he and Koster were ready to go to work at once. A stony silence greeted him. The new management denied it had any commitment at all with Joe. Joe belonged to Laemmle, the new owners said, and Laemmle was out. But Joe studied his contract and decided that, new management or not, he had a job.

So bright and early every morning he and Koster would show up at Universal's main gate, and argue their way past the gateman. At first, since Joe had no office, they took to walking around the studio all day long. Then, on their explorations, they found a pleasant stretch of lawn, shaded by a luxurious oak. There they sat all day in the pleasant California sun, except when the gardener came along to water the grass.

One day, when they had to quit their retreat because the sprinklers were turned on, Koster grew angry. He admittedly had no contract, but what about Joe, he demanded. "After all," he said, "you're a producer, whether they like it or not. The least we can demand is a place to sit down where we won't have to run when the water's turned on."

Universal's management sought to buy up the Pasternak contract, but what Joe wanted, then as now, was to make pictures, and he refused to sell. At length, reluctantly, th bosses assigned him an office on the back lot in a little shack, the exterior of which doubled as a standing set on a Western street. It took the boys 30 minutes to make it from the main gate, and their neighbors were a number of horses stabled next to their window.

Finally, after months of impasse, the management came to a decision. They'd let Joe make a picture, but he had to promise to make it cheap. And if it was a flop, would he please leave and not bother them ever again?

"Come in and tell us the story you want to do," they said.

Joe and Koster had been so busy merely establishing a beachhead on the lot that they had forgotten to acquire a property they could shoot, when, as and if.

But on the way over to the front office, Joe had an idea. "We'll make a picture about a young girl. People like to see that."

"How about making it about *three* girls?"

"Great," said Joe. "Three times as many people would like to see that."

The boys ad-libbed a story about three sisters, and a weary consent was given. Then Joe announced that his heroine would be a girl of about twelve. There was a cry of pain. Everybody knows, said management, that moppets reach an embarrassing stage when they stop being cute kids and enter the "awkward age." Nobody would want to pay to see so horrendous a creature.

The Little Girl Metro Let Go

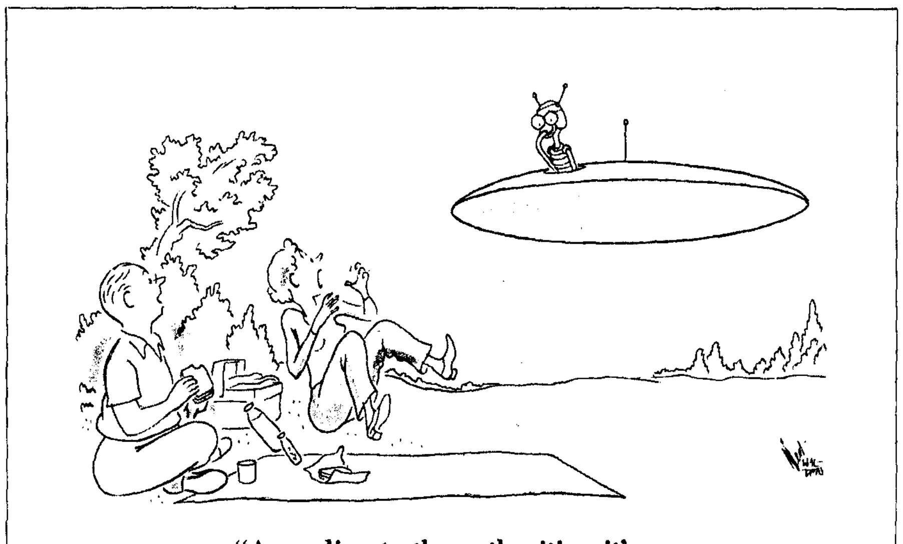
Joe, who had tasted the heady wine of initial victory, persisted. Universal didn't have any child actresses who met his specifications, but Metro had had two twelve-year-olds under contract who might have done the trick. The two girls had made a test together, then a short film. M-G-M had decided to keep one of the youngsters, a singer named Judy Garland; the other they had dropped. Joe could look at the test, and if he liked the latter girl, also a singer, he could use her in his picture.

Joe watched the screening and promptly agreed. "I'll take that kid," he said. "That"—he looked at a memo—"Deanna Durbin."

At that time, Miss Durbin was appearing on Eddie Cantor's radio program, broadcast from the Coast. She was doing well on radio, but she approached movie-making with something less than wild enthusiasm. She was so awkward that when the Universal executives saw her test, they flatly refused to hire her. Joe, undeterred, dispatched Koster to the Durbin household and had him spend three weeks coaching and working with the child. He fought with the management, by now anxious to get the whole horrible thing done with and written off, and finally they let him use Deanna for his movie.

The picture—Three Smart Girls—was a smash at the box office and with the critics. Costing the studio about $600,000 to make, it grossed around $3,000,000 at the box office when such grosses were phenomenal. No one was more surprised than Joe's employers. But it was a fluke, they argued. If a million monkeys working on a million typewriters for a million years could write Hamlet, as certain statisticians had suggested, why maybe it was possible that this former bus boy could make one good picture.

So the second time around, Joe found the going just as hard as he had the first



COLLIER'S

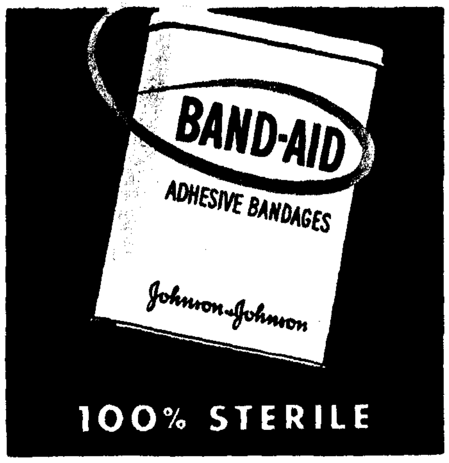
"According to the authorities, it's just one of our own balloons"

NED HILTON

Never neglect a scraped knee

The tiniest injury can become infected. Never take a chance. Always use BAND-AID, the only adhesive bandage that gives you Johnson & Johnson quality.

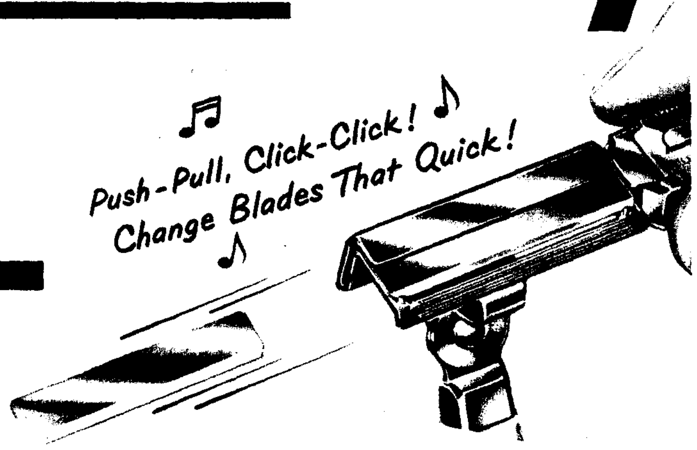
Always look for the name on the box



BAND-AID means MADE BY Johnson & Johnson

In Nation-wide Daily Shaving Tests:

Men Vote New 1951 EVERSHARP Schick-Injector Blades *Outshave* Any Others Made—

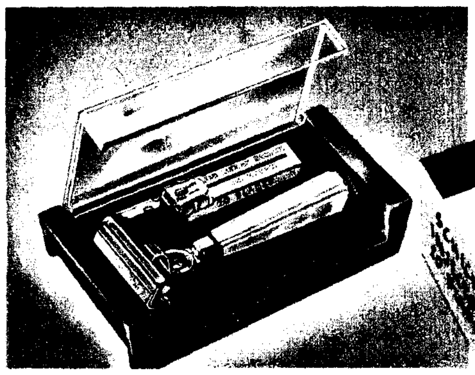

Push-Pull, Click-Click! Change Blades That Quick!

1) OUR OWN OLD BLADES, OR
2) ANY OTHER MAKE, PAST OR PRESENT

Now—to replace your old-fashioned blades (and razors)—these NEW SCHICK INJECTOR BLADES give you shaving that's as up-to-date as jet planes! Special, new surgical steel . . . made scalpel-sharp by new high-precision methods. The *only* blade ground to fit your injector razor *perfectly* . . . the cutting edge always at the *same, exact angle* for smoother, cleaner shaves! So we guarantee this: **EITHER YOU GET THE FINEST SHAVES OF YOUR LIFE—OR YOUR MONEY BACK, QUICK!**

SMOOTHER SHAVES 5½ to 1
CLEANER SHAVES 5 to 1
SAFER SHAVES 7 to 1
FASTER SHAVES 5 to 1
MORE SHAVES PER BLADE nearly 2 to 1

Men in 10 cities—nationwide—compared NEW 1951 SCHICK INJECTOR BLADES with whatever they had been using. About 80% of the MEN had a preference. Of these, the votes were in the ratios shown above.



98¢ WORLD'S ONLY RAZOR WITH AUTOMATIC BLADE CHANGER! Today—get this complete shaving kit: GOLD-PLATED SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR; 12 NEW 1951 SCALPEL-SHARP BLADES; HANDY TRAVEL CASE.

EVERSHARP
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20 BLADES

20 BLADES ONLY **73¢**
12 BLADES ONLY 49¢
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IN AUTOMATIC CARTRIDGE

You get this 1951 blade only in the ***NEW GOLD PACK!***

1 Made of surgical steel!
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NEW 1951 EVERSHARP SCHICK INJECTOR BLADES

MAKE SURE YOUR GIFT WINS THE WARMEST WELCOME!

"Graduate" them t

ON MOTHER'S DAY

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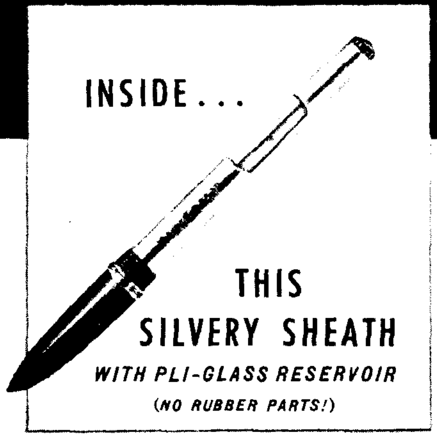
GRADUATION

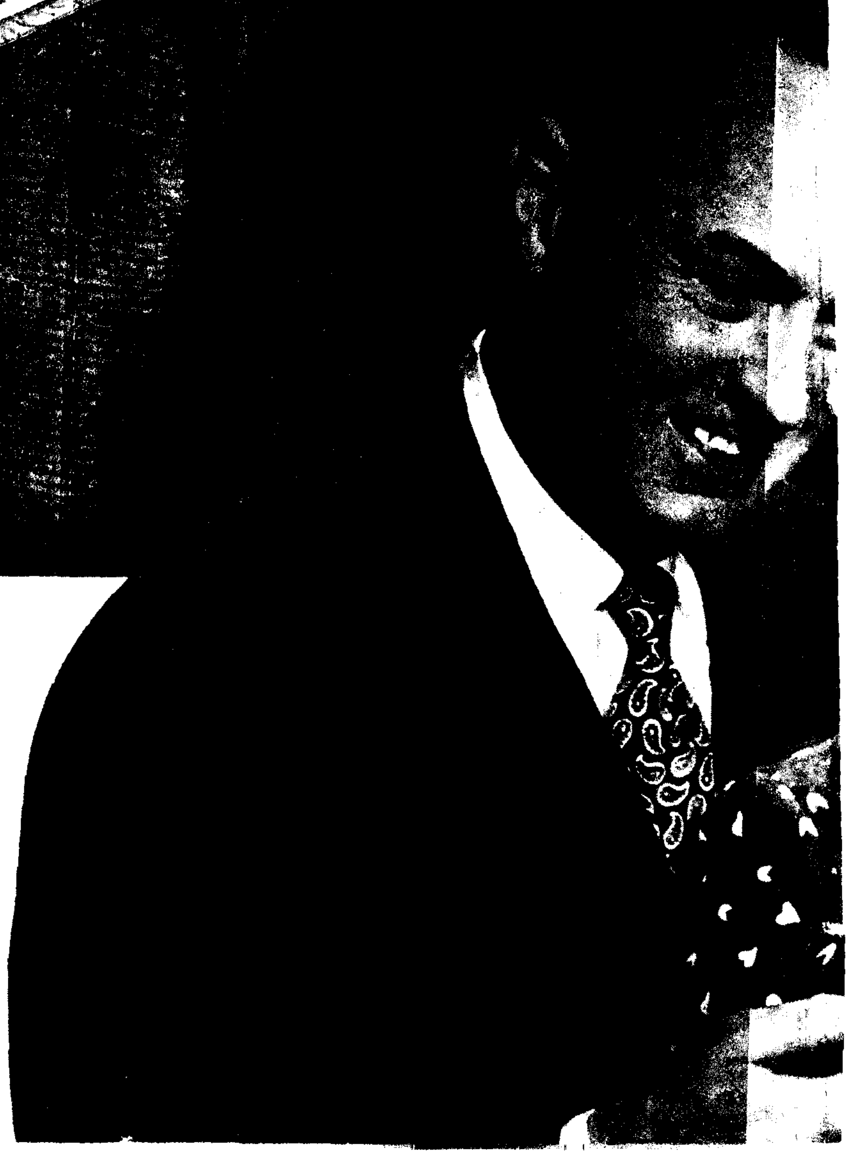
BIRTHDAYS

WEDDINGS

ANNIVERSARIES

(No finer gift for those in Service


INSIDE...
THIS SILVERY SHEATH
WITH PLI-GLASS RESERVOIR
(NO RUBBER PARTS!)



FOR THIS PEN THEY'LL DISCARD ALL OTHERS! NEW PARKER "51"... ONLY PEN WITH THE REMARKABLE AERO-METRIC INK SYSTEM

Brings better-writing advances galore! The 14K gold point tipped with Plathenium gives a cushioned glide as ink is metered into a skip-free line. There are no rubber parts. The reservoir is long-life Pli-glass. *It holds* more *ink* visibly. *Acclaimed for precision and styling, New "51" is the gift sure to win lasting affection—for itself, for* you. *8 colors. Regular or smaller demi-size. Slip-on cap. In presentation cases. With gold-filled caps (F.E. tax incl.): pens, $19.75 up; sets, $29.75 (as pictured) and up. Lustraloy (no F.E. tax): set, $19.75; pen,* **$13.50**

Parker—

EVERYBODY WANTS A NEW PEN WHEN THAT PEN IS A PARKER. SEE THE 4 NEWEST MODELS. PRICES FROM $3.00

TO MILLIONS of men, women and youngsters, *Parker* means the pen *ahead*. For a Parker gift on any occasion is a real "graduation" . . . the commencement of new pride and new writing pleasure.

In every Parker Pen there is distinctive beauty, exclusive precision features, and honest value. Every detail reflects Parker's 63 years of experience in making truly fine pens.

Today, whoever the honored one may be, whatever your budget . . . you can give a Parker! 4 new Parker Pens, available with matching pencils, let you choose at almost any price you want to pay . . . from $3.00 to $275.00. Of course, the finest of all to give and to get is the New Parker "51", priced from $13.50. It's the only pen with the remarkable Aero-metric Ink System.

See all these newest and finest Parker writing instruments at your favorite pen dealer's. Choose *now* to make that next gift occasion a "graduation" to Parker. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, U. S. A.; Toronto, Canada.

Parker "51" and "21" Pens "write dry" with Superchrome Ink. No blotters needed! (They can also use other inks.)

Weddings
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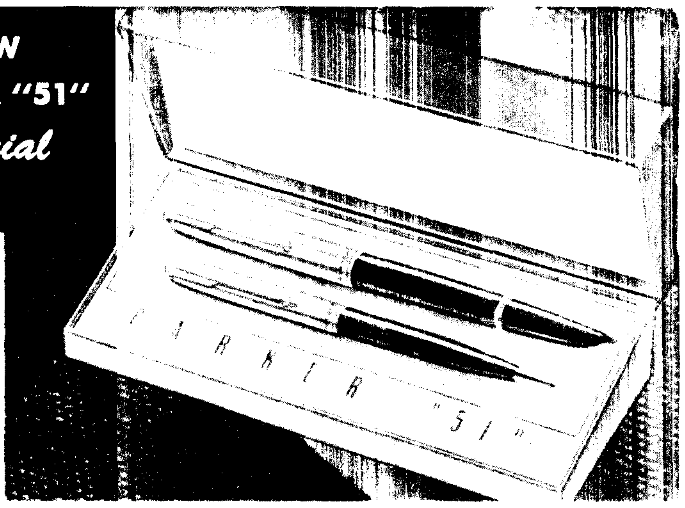
NEW PARKER "51" *Special*



$10.00 *for the pen. Pen and pencil set, $15.00. (No F.E. tax.) Outstanding "51" features. Satin-touch point of Octanium. Even-line ink flow. No rubber parts. Pli-glass reservoir stores ink visibly. Super-filler. 4 rich colors. Lustraloy slip-on cap. Smartly gift-boxed.*

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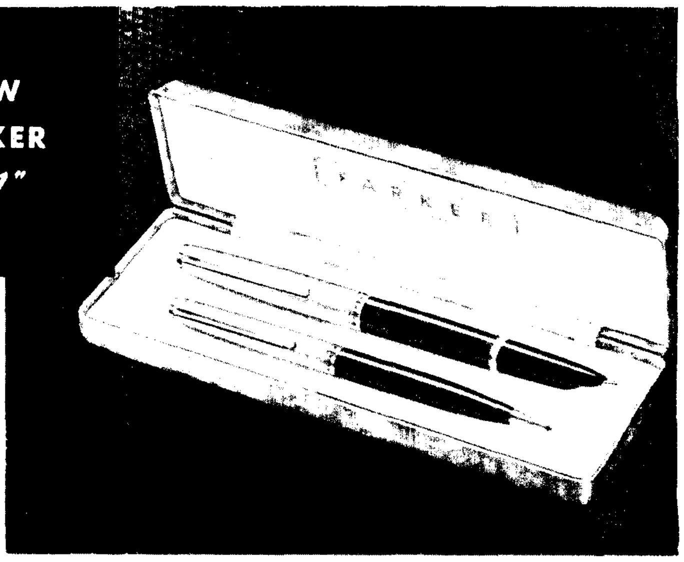
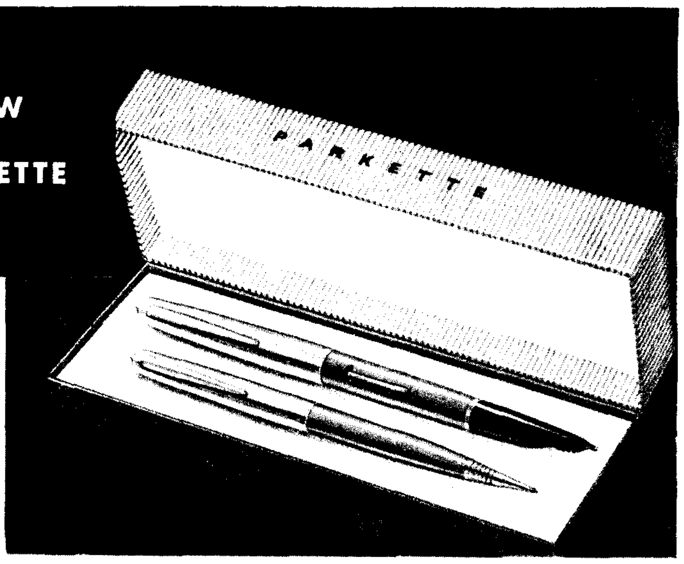


$5.00 *for the pen. Pen and matching pencil, $8.75. (No F.E. tax.) America's finest at this price. Visible ink supply in rot-proof Pli-glass reservoir. No rubber parts! Smooth Octanium point for delightful writing ease. Fast-action filler. 4 colors. Stainless slip-on cap. Gift boxed.*

NEW PARKETTE



$3.00 *for the pen. Pen and matching pencil, $5.00. (No F.E. tax.) Parker quality and writing enjoyment brought to you at an exceptional economy price. Smooth-writing, interchangeable point. Single-stroke filler. Slip-on metal cap. 4 popular colors to choose from. Gift boxed.*

NEW PARKER MAGNETIX PEN SETS

$11.95 up

(No F.E. tax.) Exceptional gift! Scoop holder rides firmly on an exclusive, permanent magnet . . . swings to any angle. Perfect for desk or table, home or office. Onyx, crystal, marble bases. Single or double models.

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Make getting there
as much fun
as being there...
Go Pullman
COMFORTABLE, DEPENDABLE, AND—ABOVE ALL—SAFE!

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time. He now wanted to make a picture which involved a symphony orchestra, one in which long-hair music would be played. The leading character vis-à-vis Miss Durbin, lately signed to a long-term contract by the studio, would be Leopold Stokowski. This last, Joe's bosses declared, was palpably absurd.

Stokowski was not unknown to the cinematic art, having already been involved in a disaster at Paramount, which had similarly sought to employ his talents as a symphony conductor. In the Paramount movie there had been elaborate shots of Stokie's hands weaving designs in the air as he conducted an unseen orchestra. The picture had been turned down by exhibitors, let alone customers. Stokowski was supposed to be box-office poison.

Joe didn't care. He had an idea for a story—it will, of course, be recognized as the granddaddy of all Joe's movie fables and merely a musical variant of what happened with him and Allan Dwan—in which Deanna would soften the heart of the great, stern conductor and have him lead his symphony orchestra just for her, solving all her problems in one magnificent gesture.

One Hundred Men and a Girl proved that Pasternak was no fluke. The Durbin-Pasternak pictures, in fact, put Universal back into the money-making brackets. Those were the days before block-booking was abolished, and packages of pictures were sold all at a time. Universal salesmen, so long as they could promise one or two Durbin-Pasternaks in the annual allotment, could easily meet their sales quotas.

With the heat now on for Joe to turn out more and more films, the format for the "Pasternak picture" evolved. They were mostly stories of young people; even when Joe used older people, he gave them the glow of youth—full of wonder and enthusiasm. Like the aura of happiness he projected into his pictures, this air of enthusiasm was, of course, just a reflection of Pasternak's own attitude.

Where Bathtub Was a Luxury

Joe had demonstrated a sort of naïve infatuation with the wonders of the world at an early age. He left his native Hungary because he had heard his father—a *shammas,* or synagogue sexton—repeatedly say, as he took his brood of youngsters to the public baths for their weekly scrubbing, that in America every house had its own bathtub. "This was the greatest thing I ever heard in my whole life," Joe recalls. So, like a hero in a Pasternak picture setting out to prove that dreams can come true, Joe at twenty set out for the fabulous land where every family could boast of a bathtub.

It didn't take him long to acquire the point of view that the sky's the limit in this country and there was more to be acquired than bathtubs. Freshly arrived, he went to work in a Philadelphia belt factory, punching holes in the belts. A relative of Joe's also worked there. "The guy was making $22 a week after 18 years with the firm. So I quit to go into other work."

He tried a number of other jobs, but what he really wanted to be was a movie actor, he decided. Joe got a job in New York as a bus boy, saved his money and registered in a course designed, its authors said, to make him a full-fledged film star. After Joe had been milked dry financially, he was formally presented with a certificate which announced to all and sundry that its bearer was an actor hereby entitled to star in motion pictures.

Joe brought this out to the Paramount studios at Astoria, Long Island, proudly presenting it to the doorman. The doorman regarded it, looked at the apple-cheeked greenhorn and asked:

"What did you do before you became a movie star?"

"I was a bus boy," Joe replied.

At that precise moment, there occurred one of those astounding coincidences that could happen only in Joe's life or in his pictures. A bus boy, the seat of his trousers and the collar of his coat firmly caught in someone else's grasp, was being discharged from the Paramount commissary. Joe and the doorman silently viewed this scene. The doorman then said, "Right now there are no openings for movie stars here, but I think I know where you can get a job as a bus boy."

The prospect of standing near movie folk was so overpowering that Joe grabbed at the chance. If he couldn't be a star, at least he could clean up after them. It was thus that he was later able to meet Dwan.

In Hollywood, where it is considered not quite sporting to dig into the humble origins of filmland's great, Joe is unique in telling everyone of his bus-boy beginnings. Far from being ashamed, he wants everybody to know that even a penniless immigrant can lift himself up into the top tax brackets by hard work, application and enthusiasm.

Joe's meeting with Mrs. Pasternak, who is 20 years younger than he, provided just one more justification for his incurable optimism. As Dorothy Darrell, she was a member of a dance troupe in a fashionable Hollywood night spot when he caught his first glimpse of her—from the back. "If her face is as pretty as her figure," Joe remarked to a friend, "she's terrific." It was.

Joe introduced himself, and some weeks later got her a screen test at Universal. Later, Metro sought to hire her; Pasternak, both his studio loyalty and his romantic instincts aroused, married her first. She thereupon abandoned her career to become a housewife. That was about 10 years ago. The Pasternaks now have three young sons, and Joe says his wife has developed into an excellent cook, Hungarian style.

The unabashed sentiment which pervades Pasternak's professional work is just as much a part of his personal life. Any occasion serves as an excuse for the sending of flowers, gifts, candy, congratulatory wires. On Wednesdays—the servants' midweek day off—Mrs. Pasternak manages the household solo; every Wednesday, Joe sends her two dozen roses. He listens uncomplainingly to his actors' woes, and his enormous income is subject to innumerable friendly liens. "What could I do?" he replies plaintively when his wife bawls him out for being a soft touch. "The fellow's father used to live in the next town to my father's brother."

Among Hollywood *aficionados* of the battered phrase, or mangled English, Joe rates very high.

"I want this scene to go up to a climax," he once explained to a writer, "and then go up, up, up, until it reaches a *peach!*"

Another time he grew very stern with an actress: "I don't want to mince any bones about this," he told her.

On yet another occasion, Joe explained to a cameraman: "I want the camera to go right up close to the girl and then I want her to dissolve."

His writers freely and deliberately use Joe to get material for Jimmy Durante, who has frequently appeared in Joe's pictures. When they want to create Durante-isms, they put something in a script that Joe will have to read aloud. Thus, in one picture they called the girl Penelope. As Joe read it in story conference, it emerged Pennylope, Pennypoop, Pantaloo, Pantalope, Pennaloo and, finally, Pineapple, which was Durante's nickname for her in the picture.

Seven-Year Contract Offered

The Pasternak association with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—he moved there in 1941 after a dispute with Universal—seems a happy and permanent one. His current contract runs out next September; Metro has offered him a new one, with no options, tying him up until 1958.

Joe's latest film, The Great Caruso, starring Mario Lanza, is just being released, and he recently completed shooting on two more—Rich, Young and Pretty, with Jane Powell and Vic Damone, and The Strip, starring Mickey Rooney as a young musician. He has plans for half a dozen more, a situation highly satisfactory to the studio, since Pasternak pictures are money-makers no matter what studio banner they fly.

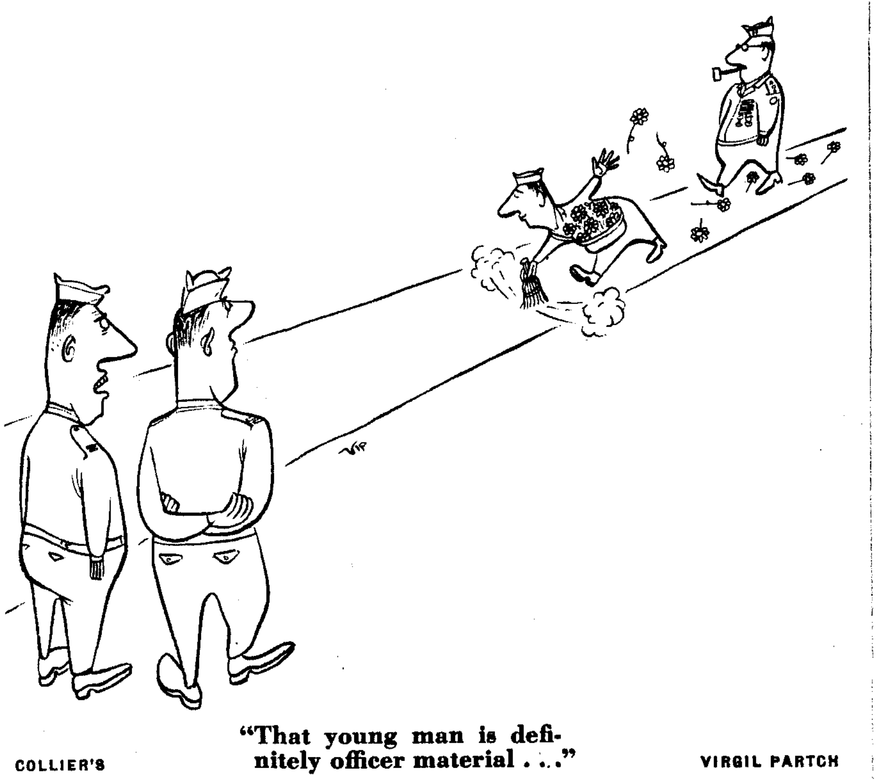
One thing troubles Joe these days. People are constantly bracing him to be grim, glum and depressed. Everybody in Hollywood, it sometimes seems to him, is turning to "problem" pictures.

There is some basis for this belief. One producer said to this writer, "If you run into any interesting social problems, let me know."

Joe is being urged to try his hand with one of these. The very thought makes him even grimmer, glummer and more depressed than the social evil he is being urged to put on celluloid.

He likes what he's doing and wants to keep on doing it, and the attitude seems to be mutual with M-G-M. Joe hopes that people who want to make problem pictures will make them to their heart's content. He wants to go on producing pictures which prove that if you look deep enough, everybody has a heart of gold. THE END

VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S "That young man is definitely officer material . . ." VIRGIL PARTCH

Guard Aga

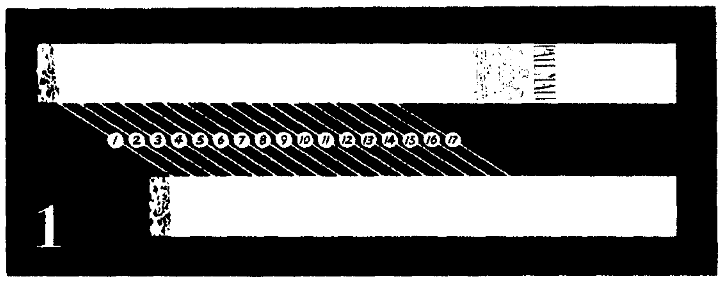
enjoy the smo

...smoke PALL MALL the cigarette whose mildness you can measure

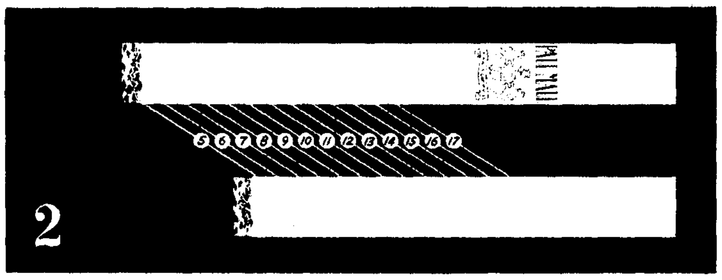
PALL MALL
PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

Study this Puff Chart:

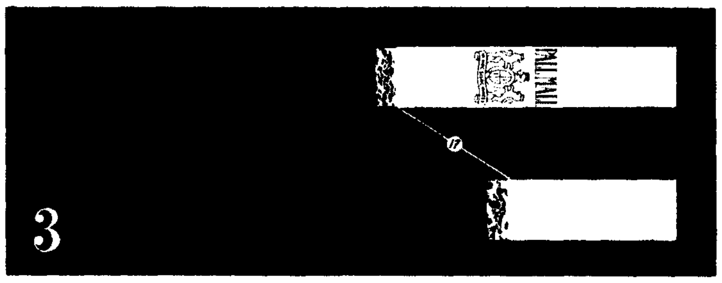
PUFF BY PUFF...YOU'RE ALWAYS AHEAD WITH PALL MALL


PALL MALL
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17
1

The further your cigarette filters the smoke through fine tobaccos, the milder that smoke becomes. At the first puff, PALL MALL's smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette.


PALL MALL
5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17
2

Again after 5 puffs of each cigarette your own eyes can measure the extra length for extra mildness as the smoke of PALL MALL's fine tobaccos is filtered further.


PALL MALL
17
3

After 10 puffs—or 17—**Pall Mall's greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further—filters the smoke and makes it mild.** Thus Pall Mall gives you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

* * *

Wherever you go today, you will see more and more people smoking PALL MALL*—the cigarette whose mildness you can measure.*

Outstanding—and they are mild!

Looks Lighter!
Tastes Lighter!
Brown-Forman's
KING
A Flavor Favorite from Kentucky
BROWN-FORMAN
OVER 80 YEARS OF SUPERIOR QUALITY
Brown-Forman's
SINCE 1870
KING
BLENDED WHISKY
Its mild mellow goodness makes King a favorite with those who prefer a lighter drink
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

Today's KING is Really LIGHT!

If you prefer finer, lighter mixed drinks—today's King is *your* whisky! Actually taste-engineered by Brown-Forman to be far lighter-looking, far lighter-tasting. And today's King is priced right, too! Enjoy America's best-tasting blend today!

New Light Formula

New Light Package

New Lower Price

Blended Whisky. 37½% Straight Whiskies. 62½% Grain Neutral Spirits. The Straight Whiskies in this Product are 4 Years or More Old. 86 Proof.

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION
At Louisville in Kentucky

The Big Idea

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

and Mr. Griggs said he'd shot an 84, with three par holes, last Sunday. Mr. Hollowell said it was snowing in New York, and Mr. Griggs said it was raining in California. Mr. Hollowell laughed and said he didn't think it ever rained in California. "Just a light mist," Mr. Griggs said, and Mr. Hollowell laughed again, then asked to be remembered to Mrs. Griggs. Mr. Griggs asked to be remembered to Mrs. Hollowell. The coast-to-coast call lasted nine minutes.

"The Home Office gave us the green light," Mr. Griggs told Wilson.

"I'll put the order through," Wilson said, and decided this was the time to ask Mr. Griggs for a company car. Mr. Griggs said he'd check into it. "I could make more outside contacts if I had a car," Wilson said, and Mr. Griggs nodded and repeated, "I'll check into it."

A SHREWD tactician who had clawed her way up from the stenographic pool with the more subtle techniques of office infighting, Miss Bagley waited quietly until two thousand five hundred and twelve Sav-O-Fones had gone to H. E. offices throughout the country. Then she pounced. She dispatched a barbed memorandum (Re: Sav-O-Fones) to Mr. Griggs for suggested forwarding to the Home Office.

If this department had been consulted on the so-called Sav-O-Fones, she wrote, Administration & Personnel would have pointed out: (1) the long-distance operator will always, on request, advise the caller when his three minutes are up, and (2) if a mechanical device were needed for such a purpose, there is available at every dime store a simple hourglass, set for three minutes to time soft-boiled eggs. The Company could have purchased 2,512 egg timers for $251.20, a saving of $4,446.24 over the ill-advised course of action recommended and carried through by Mr. Wilson.

"But we couldn't clutter up the office with egg timers," Mr. Griggs said when Miss Bagley followed up her memorandum in person. "What would people think?"

Miss Bagley shrugged. "You've thrown away nearly forty-five hundred dollars. What will the Home Office think about *that?"*

Mr. Griggs groaned. He neglected to forward the Bagley memorandum to the Home Office, but somehow, perhaps through Miss Bagley, word reached Mr. Hollowell in New York and he promptly put in a long-distance call for Mr. Griggs. "Any damn' fool would have seen that the Wilson idea was ridiculous on the face of it," Mr. Hollowell said, shouting above the reproachful clicking of his Sav-O-Fone. Mr. Griggs, over the clicking of *his* Sav-O-Fone, tried to explain that the Home Office had endorsed the idea, but Mr. Hollowell was calling for his secretary to come and "take this damn' thing away."

"We're running a big operation here, Griggs," Mr. Hollowell said when his Sav-O-Fone had been removed. "We can't put a microscope to everything that crosses our desk. We expect the leaders in the field to screen material before it's put through channels." (Mr. Hollowell had once been a major in Morale Services.)

"Hendrix!" Mr. Griggs shouted when Mr. Hollowell finally hung up. Mr. Hendrix, a timid man, hurried toward the front office, all his mistakes of the last five years a blurred montage in his mind. Mr. Griggs told him he wanted Wilson's desk moved to a dark corner behind the dead files, and then, brooding, he had Wilson turn in his office keys and he sent word that Wilson could forget about that company car.

"There's no substitute for sound business experience," Miss Bagley said, her power again intact.

Wilson was not only isolated, because no one dared be identified with his abortive revolution, but he was also subjected to practical jokes (somebody scattered a dozen eggs through his desk), to the snickers of the stenographic pool, and, worst of all, to the terrible white-collar loneliness of having to lunch by himself. He sat at the counter of the nearest lunchroom, eating quickly and without pleasure, and then walked three blocks out of his way to pass the corner of Seventh and Main where a newsboy always nodded at him.

"Nice day, ain't it?" the boy said one lunch hour, and Wilson bought a paper and left the change from a half dollar. It was the first friendly word Wilson had heard in ten days.

"I think we ought to have old Bagley out for dinner," the department heads told their wives, and when the wives frowned and suggested Mr. Wilson instead, the department heads said, "It would be politic to ask Bagley. After dinner we can watch television."

Selma returned Wilson's class ring. "I'm glad I found out before it was too late," she wrote, and Wilson didn't try to answer her letter. Something had happened to his application for membership in the University Club. He suspected Mr. Hendrix, but he said nothing. He couldn't afford the club anyway without a raise.

"It doesn't look good, having him just sitting there, staring," Mr. Griggs finally told Mr. Hendrix. "Find something for him to do."

"What?"

"That's up to you."

Mr. Hendrix put him to sorting out the dead files.

"I'm all dated up this week," Miss Bagley would say, smiling, "but I could come for dinner a week from Thursday."

Afterward, the wives would say, "It's the first time I ever really appreciated television."

Miss Trinkle, who had not been unmoved by Wilson's soulful glances toward Legal in the days of his glory, felt a wrench of sympathy as she watched him slink out of the office to gulp his lonely lunch. One day, by the happiest of accidents, she just happened to be sitting at the lunchroom counter when Wilson walked in, head down, shoulders slumped. He sat beside her. She smiled. She had a lovely smile.

"I didn't know you ate here," Wilson said.

"Oh, yes."

"It's clean."

"Yes, very clean."

"I usually have the hot beef."

"So do I. The gravy tastes almost real."

"Two hot beefs," Wilson said, and for the first time since his downfall he ate with enjoyment.

NEXT day at lunch Miss Trinkle said, "Now isn't that funny? I thought *I* was the only one at Hollowell who liked music, *good* music."

Wilson invited her to a concert the following Friday. She said she'd love to go. "Let me fix dinner for you at my place," she said, and Wilson realized that never once in the two years he'd gone out with Selma had she so much as scrambled an egg for him.

"I never noticed you wearing a ring before," Miss Trinkle said one Sunday when they were going to a movie together.

"It's my class ring."

"Isn't that a coincidence . . . my birthstone."

Wilson had the ring cut down and, hesitantly, because Doris wasn't like Selma and he was afraid of offending her, he asked her to wear it. In her excitement she forgot herself and kissed him. When he left Doris that night and walked out into the damp, needling chill, Wilson looked upon himself as the luckiest of men, and certainly the happiest. Next morning he began to scribble notes for a new memorandum.

"He's going to try again," Miss Bagley said to Mr. Hendrix, and Miss Laidlaw, stationed at her water-cooler listening post, carried the news back to the stenographic pool. The stenographers told the senior secretaries, who told their department heads, and by noon the whole office knew that Wilson was drafting another memorandum for the Home Office.

"I've got a wonderful idea," Wilson said when he met Doris for lunch.

"About us?"

"No, the office."

"Oh. That's nice."

Wilson said he'd been thinking about old Mr. Pruitt, the company's best customer on the West Coast. "I figured out that in the twenty-odd years we've done business with him, he's paid us close to a quarter of a million dollars in commissions." A week from next Thursday, he went on, was the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the J. J. Pruitt Company, and Wilson's new memorandum proposed that Hollowell Enterprises give Mr. Pruitt a present.

"It would have to be gold," Doris said, uncertainly.

"Of course."

"Just be careful."

Wilson said he intended to work the plan out in detail, then try it on Mr. Hendrix before submitting it to Mr. Griggs. Doris thought that would be a good idea.

"I'm rather tied up with the Anderson file," Mr. Hendrix said next morning when Wilson suggested lunch.

"I've got a new idea I—"

Mr. Hendrix blanched.

"I wanted to talk it over with you."

Mr. Hendrix said he was sorry, nothing he'd like better, but he was going to have his lunch brought in. Mr. Hendrix glanced uneasily across the heads of the stenographic pool toward Miss Bagley's office. He had just filed an application with her for a red-leather chair like the one in Mr. Griggs's office.

"I'd better close the door," Mr. Hendrix said when it became painfully clear that Wilson wasn't going to leave. "It makes a draft."

Mr. Hendrix listened to Wilson's idea and, as always when in doubt, fingered the twenty-year service pin in his lapel, as though this symbol of the years he'd spent with Hollowell Enterprises would see him through any crisis. "It's not a bad idea, Wilson, but of course we've never done that sort of thing before."

"It wouldn't have to be a large present."

"I'd think it over, go slow." Mr. Hendrix' fingers closed over the service pin. He felt trapped. "You never know how the Home Office will react to something, especially an idea."

When Wilson left the office, Mr. Hendrix noticed that Miss Bagley was eying him from behind her desk. He sighed. He'd had his heart set on that red-leather chair. No other executive had one, only Mr. Griggs.

When Wilson had his new memorandum typed in quadruplicate, he left the original with Mr. Griggs's secretary. Mr. Griggs read it, then shouted for Hendrix.

"It's Wilson again," Mr. Griggs said, and handed the memorandum to Mr. Hendrix, who read it quickly through fogged glasses which he was afraid to remove and polish. "Well?" Mr. Griggs said. "What do you think about it?"

Mr. Hendrix fumbled his service pin. "Well, on one hand—"

"It might set a precedent."

"Exactly."

"Still, we *have* done a lot of business with old Pruitt."

"That's just what I was going to say."

MISS BAGLEY, who had read a carbon copy of the memorandum while Mr. Griggs was reading the original, had been momentarily thrown off balance, but by the time Mr. Griggs sent for her she'd worked out her plan of attack.

"Of course I'd thought of the same thing," she told Mr. Griggs. "It's clearly a matter for my department."

"You and Wilson get together, then, and work the thing out."

"If you feel that I'm not capable of handling my department by myself . . ."

"Just don't get me involved with the Home Office again."

Miss Bagley smiled coolly. "I've been here seventeen years, Mr. Griggs, and I can't recall ever having caused you any trouble with the Home Office."

Mr. Griggs began to shuffle papers. "Work it out somehow."

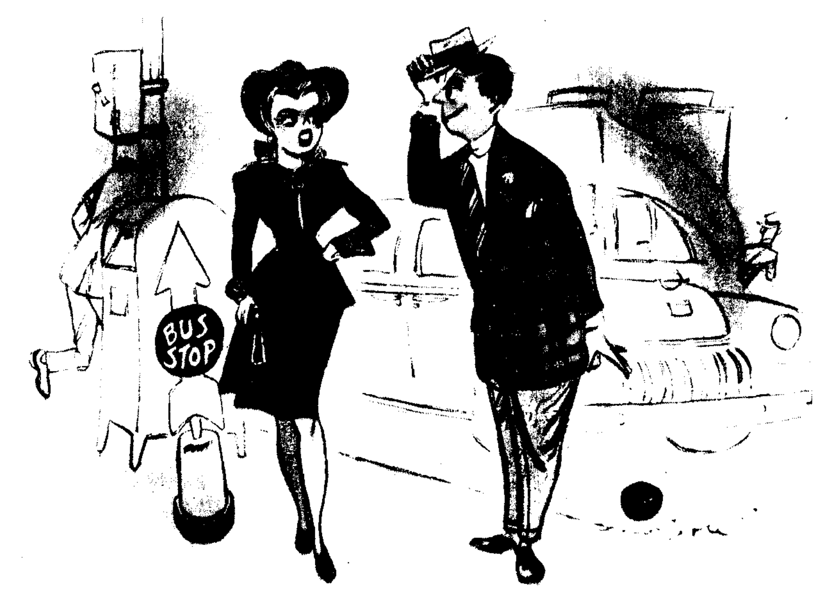
Miss Bagley decided to buy Mr. Pruitt a gold pen and pencil set, which Purchasing could get wholesale. She dictated her memorandum (Re: Pruitt Gift), and it went to the Home Office over her signature. It went through channels to Mr. Hollowell, who glanced over it and promptly called Mr. Griggs from New York.

"Nice idea of Bagley's," Mr. Hollowell said. "We've always had a fine business relationship with the Pruitt Company."

"I thought we ought to do *something,*" Mr. Griggs said, and no mention was made of Wilson, who retired to the Siberia of the dead files. The slump came back to his shoulders, and Doris did what she could to comfort him. She kept talking about his past achievements, reminding him of the letter from Mr. Hollowell on the revised 487-A. She cooked for him, bought a new Brahms album and knitted him a tie. But still he brooded.

"A pen and pencil set," he said one night, shaking his head at the poverty of Miss Bagley's imagination.

Doris asked what sort of present he'd had in mind, and he pointed out that the Pruitt Company symbol, used on their letterhead, was an open toolbox, the same one old Pruitt had started out with fifty years before. "I was going to have a little toolbox



"Oh, you're familiar, but your face isn't!"

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Arlene Francis 7
Blind Date
9:30 pm Thursday
(*Gruen Watch*)

Marion Morgan 8
Stop the Music
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(*Admiral—Old Gold*)

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Betty Brewer 10
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IN NEW YORK, DETROIT, CHICAGO, LOS ANGELES AND SAN FRANCISCO **it's CHANNEL 7** made up, with tiny gold tools in it, and mount it on a wooden base for a paperweight. That's what I mean by imagination."

"It's wonderful how you think of things," Doris said, and Wilson began to feel better. When she settled down on the couch beside him, with the Brahms playing and the lights lowered, he felt still better.

"We ought to have some kind of presentation ceremony—maybe a banquet," Wilson said next morning in Miss Bagley's hearing, and she traipsed into Mr. Griggs's office with the suggestion.

"We could get together with all the different outfits in town that do business with Pruitt," Mr. Griggs said, "and split the cost between us."

He called Mr. Hollowell in New York. "This Pruitt thing is snowballing," he said. "Now we're going to have a banquet for him." Mr. Hollowell said he had to be in Dallas on the fifteenth for a conference, so he'd fly up for the banquet. Mr. Hollowell said it was cold in New York. Mr. Griggs said it was cloudy in California. Mrs. Hollowell had a head cold. Mrs. Griggs had gone to Santa Barbara to visit her sister.

WILSON said, "At least I got an invitation," and Doris reminded him that even if he hadn't got credit for it, the whole thing had been his idea. She forgot to add that, due to her secretarial work for the Arrangements Committee, she had been able to have his name put on the invitation list.

The night of the banquet, Doris had to help with the place cards and the flowers, so Wilson arranged to meet her at the banquet. The Florentine Room was crowded when he arrived, and he stood in the doorway, feeling clumsy and misplaced in his rented dinner jacket, but when Doris came floating through the mass of black coats and white shoulders to take his arm, he perked up. She was wearing the tiniest gold sandals he'd ever seen and the most strapless evening gown in the room, and with the most reason. Wilson no longer felt lost.

"Mr. Hollowell's been asking for you," she said, and although it sounded improbable, Wilson let her lead him through the crowd to the bar, where Miss Bagley was hovering over Mr. Hollowell and old Mr. Pruitt.

"Good business is simply good teamwork," Mr. Hollowell was saying. "You've got to have somebody calling the signals and somebody carrying the ball. Free enterprise is nothing more than—"

Doris, wriggling between Miss Bagley and Mr. Hollowell, suddenly began to laugh without apparent reason. "Oh, Mr. Wilson," she said, then blushed prettily and apologized. "I just couldn't help laughing," she explained, and Mr. Hollowell and Mr. Pruitt eyed the whipped-potato whiteness of her naked shoulders. "It was something Mr. Wilson said."

Wilson, who had said nothing, tried to back away, but Doris had him by the arm. "Mr. Wilson," Doris continued, "said that taxes were our offside penalty."

Mr. Pruitt cackled and Mr. Hollowell, who hadn't recognized Wilson, held out his hand. "Wilson, how nice to see you again." Miss Bagley glared at Doris.

"Offside penalty," Mr. Hollowell said. "You know, that's very good." He snatched a drink for Wilson from a passing tray. Doris had taken over Mr. Pruitt.

"I don't understand a thing about business," Doris was saying. "I don't see how you men do it. It's all so complicated."

"Basically, it comes down to supply and demand," Mr. Pruitt said, "and that's where the government—"

"It's time to go in now," Miss Bagley said, and Doris found that at least two place cards had been switched. She and Wilson had been moved to a card table a good mashie shot from the speakers' dais. The other couple at the card table had had a quarrel and weren't speaking.

"I never said anything about offside penalties," Wilson whispered, and Doris leaned forward, smiling: "Oh, dear, you didn't? I must've heard it somewhere else."

The Arrangements Committee, ironing out the kinks of protocol, had decided that the heads of each participating firm would be called on for a few remarks before Mr. Hollowell made the main address. As a sop to Endicott-Lester, Hollowell Enterprises' chief competitor, Bill Endicott was named toastmaster. This, the Arrangements Committee felt, would counterbalance the climactic spot given Mr. Hollowell because he was president of the largest company, made $50,000 a year, plus bonuses, and was reputed to be a close personal friend of Governor Dewey's.

"I don't think Mr. Hollowell even remembered me," Wilson said at one point, and Doris said, "Of course he did. He called you by name." Wilson drained his wineglass. "Only because you mentioned it first." Doris patted his hand. "You made him laugh," she said. "He'll remember that." "But I didn't say—" Doris shushed him. Bill Endicott had begun to introduce the co-hosts, beginning with Tom Quigley of Coast Credit.

"I'm mighty happy to have this opportunity to pay tribute to J.J.," Quigley said, "and Coast Credit is pleased to present him with a small token of respect on his fiftieth anniversary."

Quigley reached down under his chair and came up with a brightly wrapped package. Wilson, watching Miss Bagley, who was seated at Mr. Hollowell's right, saw her stiffen, and when Mr. Pruitt opened the package and lifted out a gold pen and pencil set, she reddened and began to squirm. "No imagination," Doris whispered to Wilson. "Just like you said."

The next speaker was Larry Franks of Devers & Pine. He also had a present, and, as he explained to Mr. Pruitt, "you can use one in your office and one at home." Mr. Pruitt put the two pen and pencil sets side by side on the table in front of him. Bill Endicott called on Jess Robb of Franklin Mutual. Robb got up, clearing his throat, his face flushed. He didn't usually stammer.

"Well, like the fellow says—I mean, after all— Like the fellow says, 'You can't have too much of a good thing.' "

Doris eased away from the card table, motioning Wilson to follow her. She hurried out to the cloakroom, handed the girl on duty a numbered tag and was given a small box wrapped in striped paper and tied with a large red bow. "I don't know what made me do it," she said, handing the box to Wilson, "except your idea was so much better than Bagley's. Only gold cost too much, so I got brass. It looks like gold."

Wilson frowned, not understanding. "But—?"

"Just give it to Mr. Hollowell. The poor man's probably embarrassed to death with that old pen and pencil set Bagley got."

Wilson reached the speakers' table just as Miss Bagley, trembling, was vacating the chair between Mr. Hollowell and Mr. Griggs. Bill Endicott had begun his introduction of Mr. Hollowell.

"Good Lord, not *another* one?" Mr. Hollowell whispered hoarsely when Wilson eased down into Miss Bagley's chair with the present. Wilson explained about the toolbox and Mr. Hollowell got up smiling, kicking Miss Bagley's pen and pencil set out of sight beneath the table.

"I didn't know J.J. was going in the pen and pencil business," Mr. Hollowell began, and everyone except Mr. Pruitt laughed hollowly. "No, I don't have another pen and pencil set, J.J. I have something different, something personal, a symbol of what this night must mean to you, because of what you've done with your own two hands."

Mr. Hollowell passed the box to Mr. Pruitt, and when the old man saw the glittering toolbox with the shiny wrenches, pliers and screw drivers, his eyes clouded with the memory of the time when he had worked with his hands instead of his money, and nothing that had happened on this anniversary evening—the elegance of the Florentine Room, the massing of business leaders, the words of tribute, and the handshakes and backslapping—nothing had touched him as the brass toolbox touched him. He thought of Emmy, twenty years dead, and felt choked with longing because she had been with him in the toolbox days and wasn't with him now.

Mr. Pruitt pushed up from his chair, and, although Mr. Hollowell never got to make the speech he'd prepared, he had, as he gratefully told Wilson later, "scored the only touchdown of the evening."

ON THE way home Doris said, "But *I* didn't do anything. The toolbox was *your* idea. I'd never have thought of it in a million years."

Wilson sat hunched in his corner of the cab. "You must've done *something.*"

"Well, you know how awful I am about trying to keep a secret? I'm afraid when I was working with the Arrangements Committee I let it slip that our company was giving Mr. Pruitt a present."

Wilson hunched still deeper into his corner. "Who was on the Arrangements Committee?"

"Oh, I don't know, there were so many, one from each company. They all kept asking me what to get for Mr. Pruitt and I'm not very good at thinking up presents. I just said, 'Oh, something like a pen and pencil set.' " She settled like a kitten in his arms. "You aren't mad at me, are you?"

Wilson wasn't mad, and afterward, walking home from Doris' apartment to save the additional cab fare (he would have to start watching the pennies now), he was weak with the wonder of her having said "Yes," and was surprised at how easily he had got around to proposing, although, on thinking back, he couldn't remember just when the subject had first come up, or how—not that it mattered—because, of course, it had been his idea.

THE END

COLLIER'S HENRY BOLTINOFF

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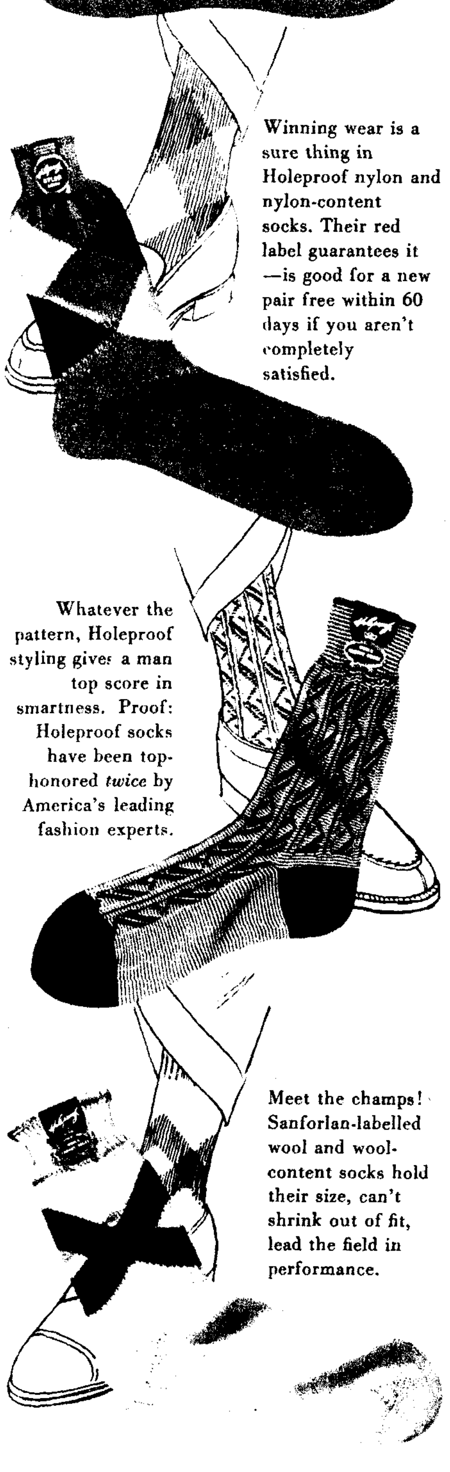

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The Screen Door

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

"We're going for a drive tonight," she said, with an air that made me realize this was an announcement of some importance, which she wasn't going to let Margaret make. "With a man named Vincent Blackmur. He wants to be your uncle someday, and he's heard a lot about you."

"You mean you're going to marry him?" I asked, amazed.

"I think so," Veronica said and she blushed. Why? She held out her small, hard-fingered hand that could do anything, and there was a big diamond, held up in prongs to show it off. "I'm engaged to Vincent, anyway," she said. "I believe he's a fine man."

She started off again, and when she was halfway down the block, I bawled after her, "Can I come to the wedding?" and a murmur of starched cotton laughter from the neighbors seemed to follow her to the corner. But she didn't answer.

VERONICA had surprised the neighborhood by getting engaged so late, when she was thirty-one. Everyone had come to accept the three Moore girls as a natural and permanent arrangement, in their own little house. They had done well, everyone agreed.

The whole family had emigrated from England when Veronica was thirteen. The older Matt Moore died on shipboard of some sudden pneumonia, and his widow died within two years. All five children worked in the mills. Everything fell to Veronica to decide. They all kept on working, and got their schooling at night, and after a while Margaret dropped out to keep house and have hot meals ready for the others. Matt prospered and married young. Danny ran away to a strange life of teaching at an art school in New York. It was Veronica's devotion that had kept the family rising.

"Veronica has style to her," the neighbors always said, admiring the cut of her new suit, or the way she crossed the curtains.

"She'll never find a man to please her," others said, summing up her pride of person, her quickness and eagerness, and her success, that put her beyond what any man in the neighborhood could offer.

But she met Vincent Blackmur at a wedding the other side of town. She had always set herself down as practical and hardheaded—hard-working, she knew she was —and she had made all her plans on the premise that she would never fall in love.

The courtship was almost violent, however, by Olneyville standards. Vincent was in the resort hotel business in the West Indies and was altogether a stranger. He was a strong, dark, rather primitive-looking man with a gentle eye and a trace of Dublin in his talk. He wore dark suits and glittering white, hard-surfaced shirts and collars and button shoes.

He drove a brand-new machine. He brought Veronica flowers and satin boxes of candy—"like the inside of a casket, they're so big and grand," said Margaret, who had a trace of irony in all her speech. Vincent wanted to marry Veronica at once, but she was confused by passion and surprise. She could not decide anything—what to do about her business, and the house, and her sisters, for whom she had always done the planning. The sisters noticed that she grew more irritable all the time.

"I don't envy her, I suppose," said Margaret. "Love's young dream!"

"She's wild," Mary agreed.

Veronica said she would marry Vincent another year, and he said, "I can't wait so long."

That didn't please Veronica, either. Nothing did. Love had performed its alchemy, and she was in a state of tormented excitement, in which there was little pleasure and no ease. She longed to touch Vincent, and when he put his arms around her she thought she would choke on her own heart. Bitterly, she pushed him away.

"I wish I'd never seen you," she said.

All her life she had been hard-working and responsible and enduring, and had loved and looked after her family. Now there seemed nothing left of all that. Her own disloyalty sickened her. Yet all she longed for was here—a man as vital and complete as herself, with an established position. The world she had never expected to see was waiting for her: the West Indies. She could have children of her own. She embroidered fiercely, taking tiny, tiny stitches, and now and then glaring at the diamond on her finger.

If there had been walls, or a duenna—if she had only been forbidden Vincent—she could have turned all her determination against those trying to keep her from him. This way, everybody urged her to marry him, and her doubts were all her own. The more she loved Vincent, the more she fought her own inclinations. No, there was no peace between herself and Vincent.

That evening Vincent came for supper. "How's that new baby brother of yours?" he asked me.

"He just cries and wets, cries and wets," I said. "And eats."

Vincent laughed. It was because of this new brother that my visit had been arranged. Also, there was an epidemic in New York.

After supper, we left the dishes and went riding.

"Would you like to sit in front with me?" Vincent asked, and I said, "Yes. And take all the rough roads, because I like to bounce."

"Bounce it is," Vincent said.

It was a hot, still night, even out in the country. The earth seemed to be breathing back all the sunlight it had swallowed during the long day. I sat dividing Vincent from Veronica. She laughed and talked in a soft, easygoing voice, like twilight. Now and then, Vincent looked across me and smiled at her. In back, Mary and Margaret talked and talked, the one who went out to work had news to bring home each day, and the one who stayed home knew all about the neighborhood. It seemed these two could never see enough of each other.

On the way home, Vincent bought a big, spade-shaped box of ice cream. Margaret served it in painted china plates that had little slits around the edges for ribbon to go through, but the slits were empty. And Mary played Ireland Must Be Heaven and, in her jaunty way, Roses of Picardy.

THAT hot first week Vincent took us driving every night. He never seemed to take Veronica out by herself, but when we had all come home, and Mary and Margaret had done the dishes and gone to bed, I heard fierce, low voices on the porch, or in the parlor, and I heard silences so intense my listening ached.

Once I heard Vincent say in queer, rough tones, "But we can't go on this way forever! I can't make out what's wrong between us. Or don't you love me, after all?"

I could not hear the answer, but I could hear Veronica weeping that night in her big brass bed in the next room, and the next morning Margaret said she was white as a rag.

Mary, plunging off to work, said, "That poor man! What he puts up with!"

"It's none of your business!" Veronica cried.

Margaret said, "But we suffer as if it were!"

That evening, when we came back from driving, I would not get out of the car. All during the ride in the country, while lightning occasionally flickered through the sky. I had been drowsy and cross.

"I'll carry her straight up to bed," Vincent said. He put me down on a chair, but

I nearly fell over with sleep, and Veronica, touching my forehead, drew in her breath. "Hot as fire," she said.

Mary had stopped off at Uncle Matt's across the street, and Margaret said, "Now I think of it, she hasn't been right all day." Veronica said, as she always did when illness was to be dealt with, "Put her in my bed." She had the middle front room, and the biggest bed.

"I'll go for the doctor," Vincent said. I heard the screen door close after him, with its own peculiar twang—the first of so many times. The sounds all blend into a long-drawn note now, like distorted music, in memory.

WHETHER I caught it in Providence, where there were only a few cases, or whether I brought it with me from New York, no one ever knew; but I had what they called, in that 1916 epidemic, infantile paralysis. The doctor did the one decisive thing in his treatment of my case. He nailed up a big red placard that said: "Quarantine."

Mary, running back, screamed out loud when Veronica said through the screen door, "Stay at Matt's. You'll have to. You can't even have clothes, or anything else out of this house. Borrow or buy what you need. It may be a long time, the doctor says."

Margaret, standing beside Veronica, wept. To be separated from Mary was cruelty, even though she was separated only by the width of a village street. But she could not leave the house, and Mary could not enter it. Because there were children at Matt's, she could not even come up on the porch or into the yard.

Vincent came back from getting medicines and supplies. He tried to open the screen door, but it was hooked inside.

Veronica said, "You can't come in." The porch light blanched Vincent's face to the color of putty, with blue stubble. Insects swarmed about his head but he didn't brush them away.

"I had a wire today," he said, slowly. "I'm needed to take over at the hotel a month from now. I was going to tell you tonight and beg you to go back with me, so we could have a little time to ourselves."

Veronica said, "Dr. Benny said there might be trouble getting nurses, especially where it's infantile. I'll have to take care of her myself."

"The hospital?" Vincent suggested, hesitantly. "I don't know when I could get back this way again. Most of what I have is tied up in the hotel, and we're shorthanded."

Veronica said, "She was visiting me. She got sick here, and it's my responsibility to take care of her."

"Then let me in, to stay," Vincent said, recklessly. "I doubt it will be more than a week or two—but you'll need a man to do things."

Veronica said slowly, "I don't know how long it will be—and suppose I come down with it myself? You have your hotel and your own life to think about. Maybe this is the end, for us—you never know."

"*I* know," Vincent said.

Suddenly Veronica cried out, "Danny and Marian! Will you send them a telegram for me, Vincent?"

"I'll do anything," he said, as though he had already accepted the grim possibilities around him. Perhaps he could be even more useful to Veronica outside the house than he could be if he were on the other side of the screen door. There was no telephone in the house: why should there be, when Matt across the street had one, and there were always children to send with messages? Until now. "Won't her mother and father want to come and take care of her?" Vincent asked.

"They can't," Veronica said. "I knew that right away. Marian has an infant in arms, and isn't too well herself. Danny's got to earn what they live on. No, I'm the one to look after Francie."

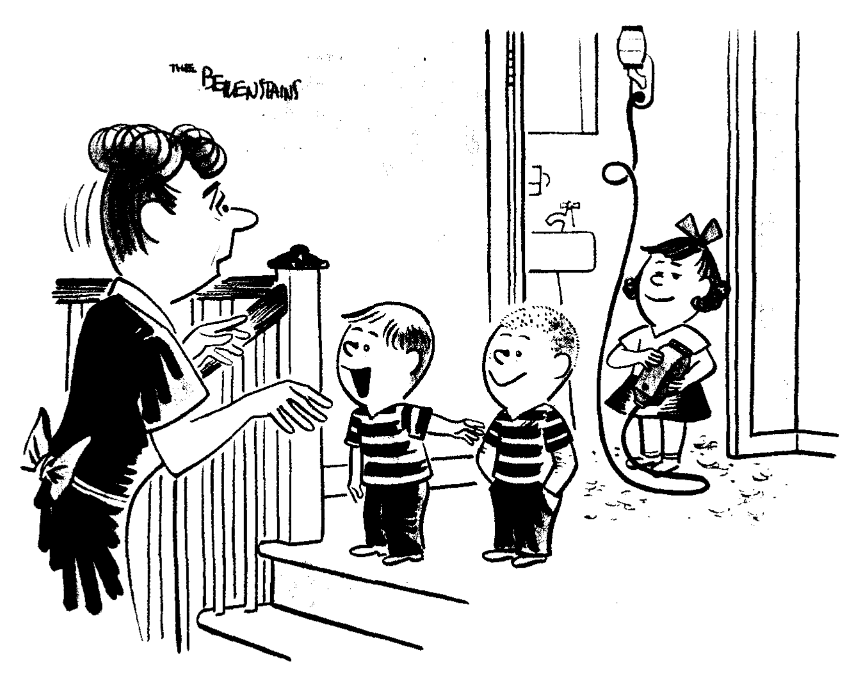
IN AN hour, Vincent was back. By then it was long after midnight, and the neighborhood was dark and quiet, except for our house, now as cut off as though there were a moat around it. Vincent had telegraphed my parents, who also had no telephone. He had talked to Matt and his wife, who were worried: only that morning, I had been playing with the cousins. Mary was distraught at being separated from her sisters, and felt left out, as though she weren't good enough to be exposed to their dangers. "They still need your pay," Matt's wife said, to console her. "There's still groceries needed over there."

Veronica came to the screen door with her hair tumbled and damp.

"Yes?" she said to Vincent, as though she had already been shut away a long time—as though she might say: How is it out there?

For she was a person to whom the breath of life, as she said herself, was doing, and going, and being with other people. And now, having talked to the inexperienced doctor, who had talked to alarmed authorities, she understood that she was to be isolated. The walls of the house were already

SISTER



"Look, Mom, Sister fixed it so we're not twins any more!"

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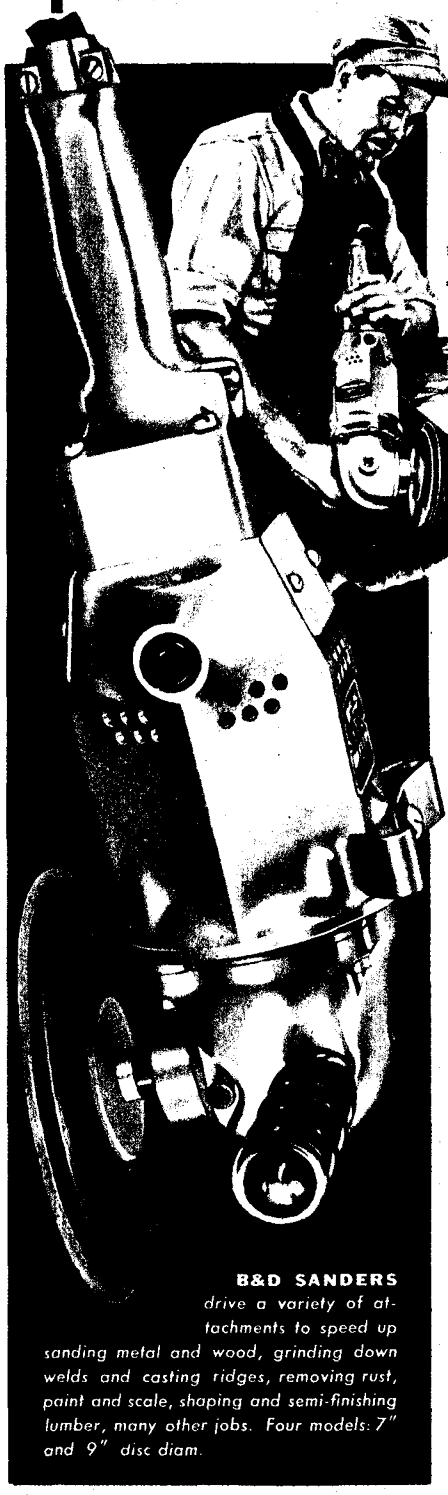

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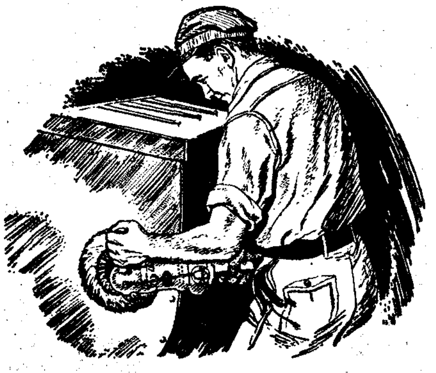

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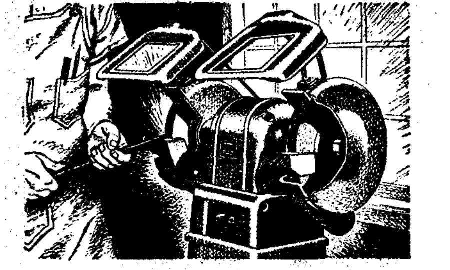

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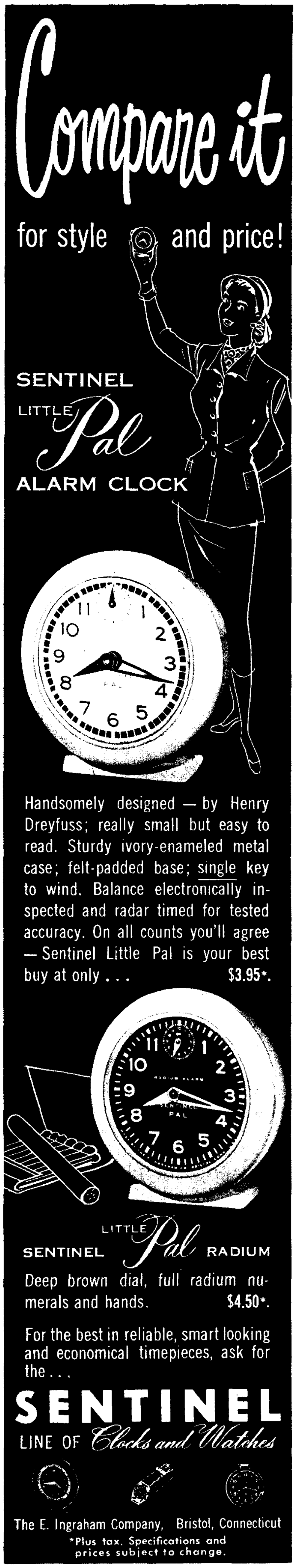
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punishment to her. Margaret was cut off, too, and had to stay downstairs and never come near me.

Vincent told her what he had to say and left the things he had brought near the door. And then he looked at her through the screen door, white as a wraith on the other side of it, and felt a terrible pang, as though she had died. But her ghost was kind.

"Come often," Veronica whispered, in the first weakness she had shown. "Even if I can't come down the stairs always, I'll know you're there. Please come often."

"I'll live here," Vincent said, and before he turned away, he put up his hand and touched the screen just in front of her face. She put her hand up, meeting his, and the flesh that touched through the tiny squares seemed fused together.

FOR a long time I wandered lost in sickness and only knew it was day if Veronica's hair was twisted up on her head, or night if it hung thick as a hawser straight down the middle of her back. Everything was cloudy as powder dissolved in water.

Veronica was always there, sitting or standing or moving about near the window. Whatever else changed, she stayed the same. I see her now, small and straight, with rather a long nose and a fine mouth and very dark eyes.

At last I grew better, and called Veronica even oftener, fretfully, insistently, wearily. She came from her room next to mine, or from downstairs where she might have been eating a bite of supper with Margaret, who had to sleep on the leather dining-room sofa. She always came with quick, light footsteps.

At first I thought Vincent had gone away; but I heard his voice often, from a distance I could not measure, and knew he had not. But, of course, for me he was invisible. Nobody mattered to me but Veronica, then. The first time I recognized my parents through the window, trying to smile and holding up the baby for me to see, they seemed like strangers, and I turned away. But I cried when I heard the footsteps of Brownie, the horse, come to a halt before the house, and knew I could not go riding with "Uncle" Fred.

Then one day I asked how long I had been sick. Veronica turned. "About six weeks," she said. "Now that you're better, Vincent will be going away any day. Quarantine's soon to be lifted."

All these weeks, she and Vincent had had the screen door between them, like convent vows, or the sea. Sometimes Veronica had only a minute or two to spare from me, sometimes she had an hour or longer. She sat in a straight chair in the hall, while Vincent sat outside. They kept the porch light out, and after a while the neighbors no longer even noticed the faithful, white-shirted figure in the shadows of the porch.

Sometimes, driven toward each other, they touched hands through the screen, or even kissed, but mostly they talked, and in that open, semipublic courtship they were perhaps more intimate than they would ever be again.

Margaret, trying to sleep, and I, upstairs, wakeful and restless but never once trying to get out of bed, could hear their voices but not their words.

"They'll talk themselves out, one of these days," Margaret sighed.

At dawn, Vincent left and Margaret turned and sighed and tried again for sleep. Veronica opened the door, and walked on the porch a while, up and down, up and down, and then came back in with what Vincent had left for the besieged—papers, groceries, medicines, flowers, candy, packages and letters. She came upstairs to give me a drink and more medicine, and to settle me again for those odd hours that lie at the edge of night in long illness, and she had a worn, smooth, bright look about her, like silver. She had grown thinner, but her eyes were dark and dreamy, and she moved unhurried, soft with love, sure of love.

"Vincent will be along later," she said. "He's got something new for you to play with, on the bed table."

The screen door that stood between the man and woman, through my unwilling offices, had set Veronica free at last. Her conscience quieted by sacrifice—never-ending work, worry about me, and then about others; the strain of this unfamiliar illness in the house—she was able to love in peace and triumph. A barrier had been erected between herself as she had been and what she longed for, and her love blossomed, tropical and gorgeous, in that drab, weedy neighborhood.

"Now I know how good he is," Veronica told Margaret.

"You knew before," Margaret said. "But you were always one to fight bridle and bit."

One day the doctor and Veronica talked longer than usual out in the hall. She came back when he had gone, and said, "This is the big day, my darling. You can get up! I'll help you over to the chair by the window. At first you'll be a bit weak, you know."

I suppose it took me minutes to realize that, however hard I tried, I could not stand or walk.

"It won't last!" Veronica said, fiercely. "I tell you, it won't! I know! But you must try and try."

Then she looked at me and knew I must not be left to lie or even to sit propped against pillows, where I was and where I had been for so long. "Quarantine's off," she said. "And Matt's home for lunch around this time. I'll get him over here."

Vincent wasn't around, and for the first time in weeks Veronica left the house. I could hear her footsteps on the street, and then she and Matt came back together.

Matt smiled at me from the door, where he hesitated for a second before coming in. "It's been a long summer for you," he said. "And now you're on the mend."

He swept me up, blankets and all, and carried me down and out to the back yard, where Margaret and Veronica had set up a folding cot.

It was a clear, sunny, windy, early-September day, I remember, and it seemed strange to lie in bed with tall grass brushing around me. The roses were dead on the wooden fence. Now and then neighbors peered over the fence and called out greetings to me. "So there you are at last!" "So there's the little girl was sick so long!" Margaret waved to me from the kitchen window and held up a lemon meringue pie she had just taken from the oven. My cousins came and stared at me through gaps in the fence.

Veronica said, "Well, I might as well begin," and went into the house and came out carrying torn books and new ones, dolls and cards and games of every kind, and hair ribbons. She put them into a wire basket and burned them, and the wind carried the sparks away. Veronica had warned me that nothing that had been in the sickroom could be kept, and I suppose she was reinforcing the idea that I was nearly well. I watched her and only grieved over a few things. One was a beautiful book Vincent had given me.

"Did you know he was going away tonight?" Veronica said, quietly.

"Are you going with him?" I asked, in mortal fear. In a way, when illness ends, there are regrets. It seems too hard to face getting over it, and I was used to my life with Veronica.

Veronica said, "I'm going to take care of you as long as you need me, while you're here. A few more weeks, and then you'll be able to go home."

"I don't want to," I said, because I had come here walking.

Veronica looked at me steadily. "They've missed you so much. They've been here, one of them at least, week after week, just to wave to you through the window. They telephone Matt each week for news of you, and they say the baby's grown and wants to see you."

"I don't want to leave you," I said.

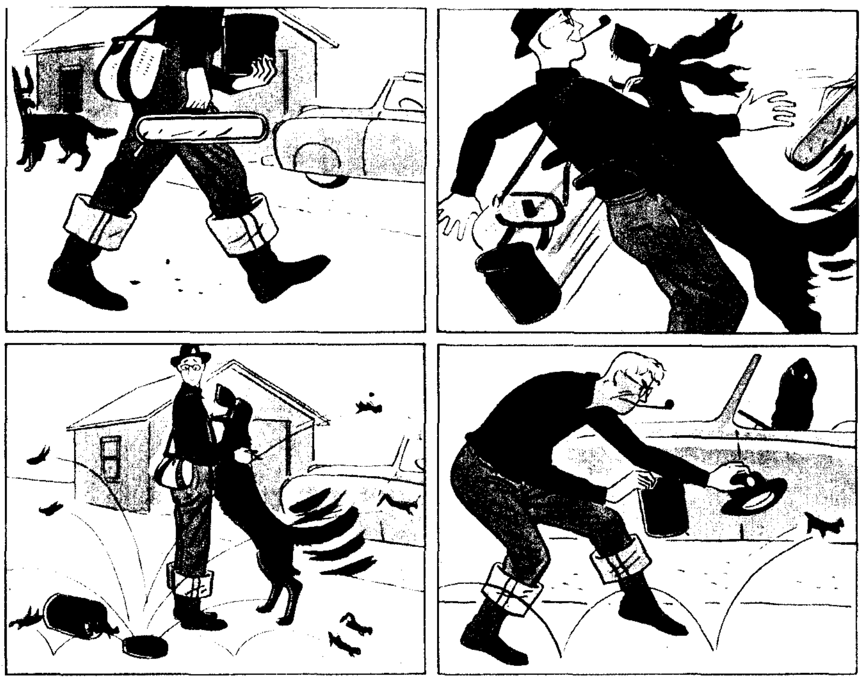
THEN Mary came running, home early from work because of the news about me. She and Margaret looked at each other with hopeless, laughing looks that said: How can we ever catch up, after so long? And they both began to talk at once. Veronica watched them, smiling and easy, because, left to themselves, things settled themselves, after all.

Vincent came walking through the deep grass, carrying a big spade-shaped box of ice cream for the family, and a little one for me to eat out of with a wooden paddle. He looked at Veronica, as if he was worried. After what they had been to each other, with a door for a duenna, he was afraid, just for that moment, that all the old barriers would spring up between them.

But Veronica ran into his arms, and their embrace was so close and fierce and forbidding that Mary and Margaret turned away and carried me in through the kitchen door to the parlor sofa. There was Roses of Picardy still open on the piano.

It was a long time before the others, the two, came into the house. The screen door slammed with a long-drawn quiver—like a note of music, now that they were both on the same side of it at last. THE END

CLANCY



COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

Harvey Slocum Builds Our Mighty Dams

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

the top of Bull Shoals Dam at 87 miles an hour, and steps had to be taken to prevent that water from gouging out a hole under the face of the dam and toppling it over. So he dug a deep pit there and lined it with concrete 12 feet thick. This will be the stilling basin; it will contain a thick soft cushion of water to absorb the shock of the water pouring over the top. At the other end of the basin, 203 feet downstream, the water will flow out at only seven miles an hour.

In the original bed, now completely dry, Slocum built a steel trestle 200 feet high, put his big cranes on it, and began pouring concrete by the 13-ton bucketful into the foundations of the dam, leaving sluiceways in the bottom. When he had built up his dam to well over the high-water mark, he turned to those concrete bridge-support-like structures in the left-hand channel.

Lean-To Principle Adapted

Remember how you used to lean saplings against a ridgepole and pile brush on the slanting sides to make a lean-to? Well, that's all Harvey Slocum did, except that he used great slabs of concrete instead of brush. He stacked these concrete tiles up against the slanting upstream side of those piers, and when he reached the top, he had a dam. Thus the river was forced to back up and flow in the original channel.

The second channel was now perfectly dry, and Slocum simply continued the main dam all the way across the valley. That first lean-to dam? It's 240 feet under water.

That's all there was to it. You know just about as much right now about dam building as Harvey Slocum did when he built his first one—maybe more, because he didn't know anything. He just figured he could do anything he wanted to do, and he did.

Slocum was born in National City, California, the son of a Southern belle and the Vermont Yankee she'd turned into a lieutenant colonel of engineers, Confederate States Army. When he was twelve years old, Harvey got tired of school and got a job in San Diego as a messenger boy. He worked at it for two years and did so well that he decided to try his luck in San Francisco. His father protested, but his mother knew better. "Harvey'll be all right," she assured him, and so young Harvey Slocum, fourteen years old and with a brand-new bicycle, took the boat for San Francisco.

The Barbary Coast was running wild in those days, and Harvey ran with it.

"I knew 'em all," Slocum says today, "the shanghai artists, the con men, the prostitutes, the alkies and the dope fiends, the thieves and the murderers. Some of those people, though, were the most honest I've ever met, according to their own code."

There was plenty of money to be made in San Francisco around the turn of the century, even for messenger boys.

Harvey, before he was sixteen, was making as much as $30 a day—in 1903, mind you. And that's where he won his first big battle. He turned his back on easy money and became an apprentice cabinetmaker. He kept up his honest but dull life until he became a journeyman cabinetmaker—and then the structural ironworkers came to town. He listened to their big talk, and he couldn't resist them. When they left town, he left with them.

"Wow!" says Slocum. When he talks about the old days, he turns sideways in his chair, huddles up in a little knot and chuckles all over. "Goldang it, that was the life. No safety precautions, no overtime, no nothin'. You'd walk on a three-quarter-inch rod—no bigger'n your finger—20 stories up, and dance on it for the girls lookin' from the next building. You'd work on ice, or you'd work in scorching heat, but when the day was over you'd look at each other and say, 'By God, we hung 'er!' That's all that mattered—gettin' that iron hung!"

So Slocum got to be a top-notch structural ironworker, and went from there to reinforced concrete. Before long he began bossing jobs.

"Hell, it's easy," he says. "You just do twice as much work as anybody else, and the boss makes you a foreman. Then you do three times as much work, and the next thing you know you got *his* job."

He got tired of buildings— "That's stupid work. Anybody can put up a goldang building"—and turned to a dock job. There he saw his first steam pile drivers, fell in love with them and took them over. Slocum was doing pretty well, for a young punk in his twenties, when he got caught in an explosion caused by a leaky gas heater. They got him to a hospital; when the doctor saw him, he prescribed enough morphine for Slocum to die painlessly, and went back to bed.

Next day Slocum was still around.

"You still here?" the doctor demanded.

"Where in the hell did you think I was?" Slocum snapped. "Think I'd gone home?"

The doctor went to work then. He put Slocum in a bichloride of mercury bath, and peeled the skin off his hands the way you take a baby's gloves off. Slocum's girl, Helen von Ensminger, hurried to the hospital and stayed there with him. After a few days, however, even she considered it hopeless.

Once more the doctor prescribed the hypo for a painless death. Right up until the hypo took effect, however, Helen said later, Harvey lay there muttering:

"Hell, I ain't gonna die. Hell, I ain't gonna die . . ."

He didn't. But when he was released from the hospital, his fingers were grown together in tight fists, his legs drawn up so that he was in a perpetual squat. The doctors said that nobody could help him but himself. He worked on his hands until they were more like claws than fists, and then went to a friend putting up a reinforced concrete building and got a job tying iron without salary. He had to bend over and, with baling wire and pliers, tie the iron rods together wherever they crossed. At first his hands bled after only a few minutes' work, but he stuck with it for weeks, stretching his legs, using his fingers.

The Day He Shinnied a Girder

One day, instead of laboriously scuttling up a ladder to get to the next floor, he automatically started shinnying up a steel girder. He was halfway up before he realized what he was doing, and he never got the rest of the way. He jumped down, waved good-by to the boss, and went out to find a job.

Word came down the grapevine that the superintendent on the Lake Hodges Dam had run into trouble, and the contractors, Bent Brothers Construction Company, were looking for a new man. Slocum had never done damwork, but he looked at the job, then went to Stanley Bent and told him that he, Harvey Slocum, would take over.

"Big joke was that all the time I knew I could do it," he says. "They were trying to build the goldang dam with almost-dry concrete and one chute. The stuff wouldn't go down the chute in the first place, and after it did, it took 'em an hour to move the goldang chute to the next pour. I built a lot more chutes and put a man at each one with a bucket of water and a shovel to keep the stuff movin'. It was simple."

He built the dam, but that wasn't all. After 10 years, Helen finally married him.

"An' I'll never know why," he said. "She was a lady, the finest lady you'd ever hope to meet. Me, I was a rootin', tootin', pile-drivin', fog-bustin', revolvin' son of a buck." Slocum whammed his hand on his knee and roared. "Whee! Man, I was spherical!"

Not long after they were married, Slocum got a job supervising construction of the Gibraltar Dam, also in California. "I was awful goldang impressed in those days by the people who could estimate how much something was going to cost," Slocum says. "I never should have tried it, but I never did have much sense, so I began figurin' as I worked. I'd notice how much dynamite and how much man power it would take to shoot a yard of rock, say, and then I'd go look at the estimate, and see how far off I was. After a while I began trying to estimate jobs."

One day he went to see Stanley Bent again, with his estimate for the big Exchequer Dam. Bent accepted his figures, made the bid, got the contract, and named Harvey Slocum to direct the job. That was in 1922. He was thirty-six years old.

"Hell, I was a goldang boy wonder," he said. "Got my name in the Engineering News-Record, too. Man, I thought I was the hottest stuff this side of Mamie Kelley's!"

It wasn't long before Slocum was getting his knowledge of Mamie Kelley's famous Panama cabaret firsthand, while building Madden Dam in the Canal Zone. He spent as much time in her place as he did on the job, but he got the dam built.

Concrete Is What Counts

After Madden came Grand Coulee, the biggest dam in the world. For anyone but construction men, you have to qualify that statement. Both Hoover and Shasta are higher than Grand Coulee, but Coulee is the longer, and contains far more concrete. On the other hand, some of the dirt-filled dams are miles long across the top, and contain an enormous quantity of dirt. That's why construction men don't pay a lot of attention to them—they're just dirt. Of all the concrete dams, Grand Coulee is the biggest, and Harvey Slocum is the man who put it up.

"An' I got fired from it, too," Slocum says. "Don't forget that. I got fired from the biggest goldang job in the world, and I should have been. I got no kick comin'. I was drinkin' my fool head off. They should have done it months before."

The major problems of construction had been met and solved, and the dam was well under way, before he went off on his binges. They all followed a pattern. He'd get drunk one night, wake up the next morning with a hang-over, take a drink to feel better, take another because the first one was so good, and before long he'd be drunk again. He took to staying away from work for days at a time; finally he got his walking papers.

"That was all right with me," Slocum said. "I asked for it, and I got it. But what I didn't like was when somebody in the business passed around the word that I was through. I wasn't through—hell, I hadn't even *started* drinkin'."

In the next year, Slocum was incarcerated in one sanatorium on five different occasions. He drank anything he could get, ate sleeping pills by the handfuls, and if he could get anything stronger, it was okay with him. Even so, during that period he estimated successfully the cost of Shasta Dam, world's second highest, although he wasn't trusted with its construction.

One day he started out from San Francisco to look at a job on which he had been asked to prepare an estimate, and didn't even get out of town. Several days later he woke up in the sanatorium again. He shook his head to clear it, and told the nurse to call his wife and tell her to come get him.

"But, Mr. Slocum," said the nurse. "You just came in at two o'clock this morning. You can't leave now."

"The hell I can't," he said. "Call my wife."

Mrs. Slocum came after him, and Harvey Slocum hasn't had a drink since. "I didn't care what *they* thought about me," he said. "When *I* had no more use for myself, *that's* when I quit."

Rested up, clear-eyed and alert, Slocum went out to find a job. Some people didn't

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believe he'd sobered up, and politely avoided him, but Stanley Bent wasn't one of them. For him, Slocum estimated and built Friant Dam on California's San Joaquin River, one of the biggest.

When World War II came along, Slocum offered his services to the Navy. There were rumors in construction circles that he was going to head up the Seabees, but all the Navy offered him was the rank of warrant officer. Slocum thereupon volunteered to serve instead as a civilian consultant, without rank or salary—an offer that was promptly accepted.

During the war, Slocum toured the islands of the South Pacific, looking at things and making suggestions. In return, after the war, he and a contractor friend were asked to take over the Guam breakwater. The Navy was having trouble with it.

An Argument with the Navy

"Goldangest thing you ever saw," Slocum said. "There was a great big coral reef, waves breaking over it. That's where they were trying to build the breakwater. They were dumping soft rock broken into little pieces right on top of it, and they wondered why it washed away. I told 'em what was wrong, but, oh, no, they had to argue with me. That's the Navy for you—pay you to do a job, then insist you do it wrong.

"So they flew me back home to California, where they had a big model of the goldang thing rigged up. Big as this room, with waves sloshin' over the reef and everything. Hell, even in the model you could see what was wrong. So finally they let me do it my way."

First, he sought out the hardest rock on the island. That happened to be a high cliff on which stood the officers' club, and another battle ensued. He won it, and dumped the rock, in pieces big as houses, *behind* the coral reef. Thus he used the reef to absorb the first shock of the waves.

Naturally, it worked, and Slocum promptly lost interest. What could be duller than dumping rock in the ocean? He moseyed around the island looking at things. Before long he was pulling out his notebook and sending the notes to the officer in charge. Months later, when an inspecting party of high brass praised the officer for his administration of the island, he opened a drawer in his desk and pointed to its contents. It was crammed with Slocum's notes.

Somewhere within Slocum there is an energy which propels him, jetlike, into whatever task he has chosen. Added to this driving force is a political philosophy which would have seemed reactionary around the turn of the century, when he first developed it, and which has not been liberalized by his constant association with the self-made multimillionaires of construction.

In comparison to Slocum, the average New Deal—or Fair Deal—critic is a moonstruck adolescent, and the dam builder's comments on the Presidential policies of the past 20 years are not fit for mixed company. He feels that organized labor's only goal is to communize America, and, finally, he believes that the most slipshod private industry can do anything better than the most efficient government bureau.

So you can imagine how Harvey Slocum gets along with the U.S. Engineers, who supervise construction of Bull Shoals Dam.

"From the very top, running on down to the very bottom," he says, so furious that he forgets to drop his g's, "they are dedicated to the harassment of private industry. When they have nothing to do they dream up another niggling expense to bother me with and then they feel better. Hah! Small insects infesting the taxpayers' pocketbook."

Slocum will never get over the Engineers' opinion that the rock he's building the dam on is not good enough to build it with. Cooling the rock infuriates him, and waiting five days after pouring one five-foot layer of concrete before adding the next is to him just plain senseless.

"You'd think that when a man has an engineering degree he could use his knowledge to benefit the people, by getting the work done cheaper," Slocum says. "Hah! Not these boys! They're not engineers, they're two-bit cops enforcing stupid regulations they don't even try to understand."

Next Week

BEWARE OF STALIN'S SMILE

By Thomas E. Dewey

The Engineers' office at Bull Shoals sits on top of the bluff, looking across the river at the company office. John L. Kemple, engineer in charge, smiles and shrugs at reports of Slocum's latest tirade.

"Harvey's a construction man," he says, "and a good one. No construction man likes to be held up on a job, and we all sympathize with him. No matter what he says, I can tell you this—we'd all go to bat for Harvey Slocum, and I've got a sneaking suspicion he'd do the same for us. But in the meantime, the taxpayers are spending good money for this dam and we want to see that it stays up."

Kemple explains that the rock in the river bottom contains a high percentage of chert, a flintlike substance which would weaken the dam. Laboratory tests on rock samples obtained from Bull Mountain, overlooking the dam, were not as satisfactory as the tests on rock from Lee Mountain, seven miles away. "So we use the best," Kemple said. "It's as simple as that.

"Incidentally," Kemple added, "while the Old Man is giving out with all this tough talk, remember one thing: the safety record on this job is phenomenal. That soft-hearted old buzzard has saved a dozen lives on Bull Shoals Dam."

He's a "Safety First" Man

V. L. Barbee is the insurance company's safety man on the job. An ex-first sergeant in a combat engineer regiment, he is not given to sentimental talk, but he gets almost poetic discussing Slocum's safety record.

"A lot of construction men, particularly the ones who came up the hard way, won't give the safety man the time of day," he says. "But the Old Man holds a safety meeting himself once a week. If I called him in the middle of the night and said I needed his help to keep a man from scratching his little finger he'd be here in five minutes."

One of the safety men on the dam is Russell Showalter, a former grammar-school principal who had to get outdoors for his health and who now walks dozens of miles a day, patrolling the dam, holding meetings, talking safety. During one cold spell last winter, huge icicles formed on the trestle, high over the catwalk at the bottom of the dam. If one had dropped on a man beneath, it would have killed him. Showalter closed the catwalk, forcing hundreds of men to spend many aggregate man-hours taking the long way. Slocum backed him up.

Not too long ago in the construction business, there was a gruesome rule of thumb that for every million dollars a job cost, one man would lose his life. Thanks to Slocum, Barbee, Showalter and others, only two lives have been lost on this $78,000,000 job, and both of those tragedies were due entirely to human error.

"Haven't lost a man on the trestle, haven't lost a man in the quarry," Barbee says. "There's no job in the United States that compares with this one in safety, and it's all due to the Old Man. He talks tough, but he's sentimental as they come."

When such comments are relayed to Slocum, he chuckles. "I'm gettin' $300,000 back in insurance premiums," he says. "Sentimental, huh? Applesauce."

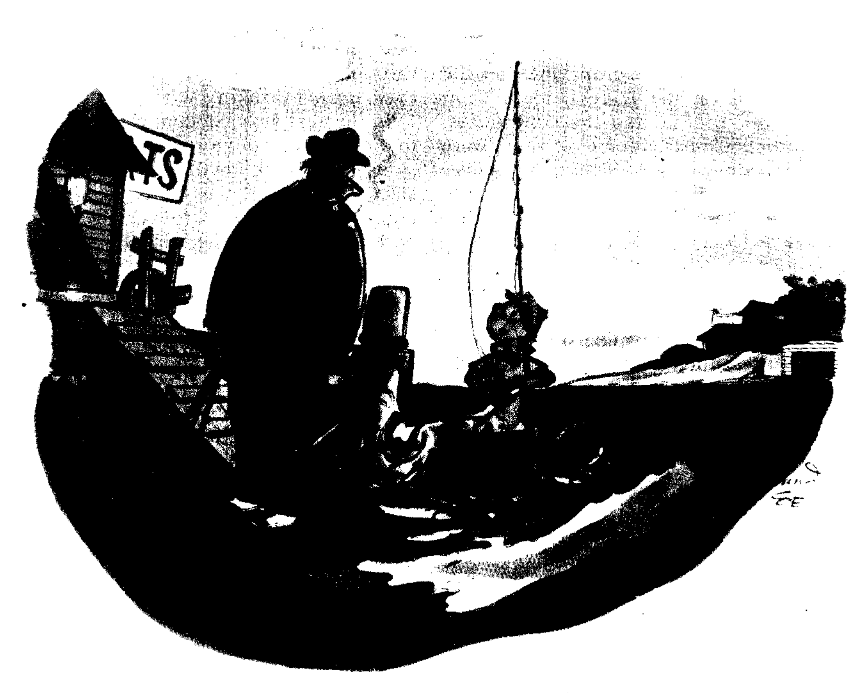
As Slocum drives over the damsite, he stops and picks up whatever scrap he sees lying around. "I can sell scrap iron for more'n I used to pay for steel," he said. "We'll salvage everything there is on this job. We had a dozen offers for the conveyor—we might even make dough on some things."

Some of this dough sticks to Slocum's fingers. The way it usually works, he gets paid a lump sum for making an estimate, a regular salary for building the dam, and a percentage on the difference between the actual cost and the bid, which is, of course, the contractors' profit. Slocum says a good superintendent should make from $25,000 to $50,000 a year. It's a conservative guess that in the nine companies which formed Ozark Dam Constructors there are at least a dozen men who make at least 10 times as much as Slocum does. He doesn't care, for if he got nothing he'd still build dams.

"What the hell do I want with money?" he asks. "All I want is the best of everything I need. I don't want money."

And Slocum has more than enough to buy the best of everything he needs. He belongs to clubs for which even some of his employers aren't eligible. His personal car is the best made. He buys his cotton undershirts in San Francisco. They are made in Switzerland and cost $6 apiece.

"When I'm in the store they always take me up to show me some new material," he says. "One time they sold me two suits for $185 each, and it was two years before I got back for a fitting. And that time they showed me more material and I bought two more suits."



"Huh? . . . Oh, I got 'em with a 4½ ounce impregnated rod, an HDH double-tapered translucent line, 3X leader, and a worm"

COLLIER'S ROLAND COE

He's got five $60 Homburgs, a few $300 Panamas and a bunch of Borsalinos. On the job, his work clothes are the finest grade of woolens, and his beat-up old boots cost more than hand-lasted Oxfords. He's never shot a gun in his life, but he's had three—two high-powered rifles and a shotgun. "The things were awful expensive," he explains.

When he visits New York, Slocum likes to walk into the Copacabana or The Latin Quarter and announce his arrival by sending the cigarette girl back to the dressing room with two packs of cigarettes for everybody. A minute later joyous squeals and cries of *"Slokie's back!"* fill the place.

Wife Doesn't Ask Questions

Slocum enjoys this sort of frivolity, but he is deeply loyal to his wife. Mrs. Slocum, a trim, pleasant woman with a friendly laugh, has always been understanding. In their 30 years of marriage, Slocum says, she has never once nagged, or even asked him where he had been—although for one period their life together was punctuated by his numerous binges.

"One time she was taking me down to the sanatorium after I'd been on another bat," Slocum says. "I was huddled up on the front seat and all of a sudden I wondered why in hell she was puttin' up with me. I asked her. She just looked at me and said, 'You guess.' That's all I ever got out of her."

Mrs. Slocum has nothing to say about the bad old days. Of her life since they were married, she comments, "There's never been a dull moment. How could there be, with a man who builds the biggest things in the world?"

The confidence she has in Slocum is returned. For as long as they've been married, he has split his income into equal parts, paying the bills from his share and giving the rest to his wife. He hasn't the faintest idea today whether she has invested that money wisely and is fairly well-to-do in her own name, or has frittered away every penny of it—and he would never ask.

Now that the Bull Shoals project is nearing completion, Slocum is considering taking on the construction of the big Bhakra Dam in India; if he does, Mrs. Slocum probably will accompany him there.

Although the Bhakra job is just one of several Slocum has been weighing, it has particular appeal for him—not only as a vital part of India's desperately needed flood-control program, but as one of the world's great challenges to a dam builder. He visited the site last winter.

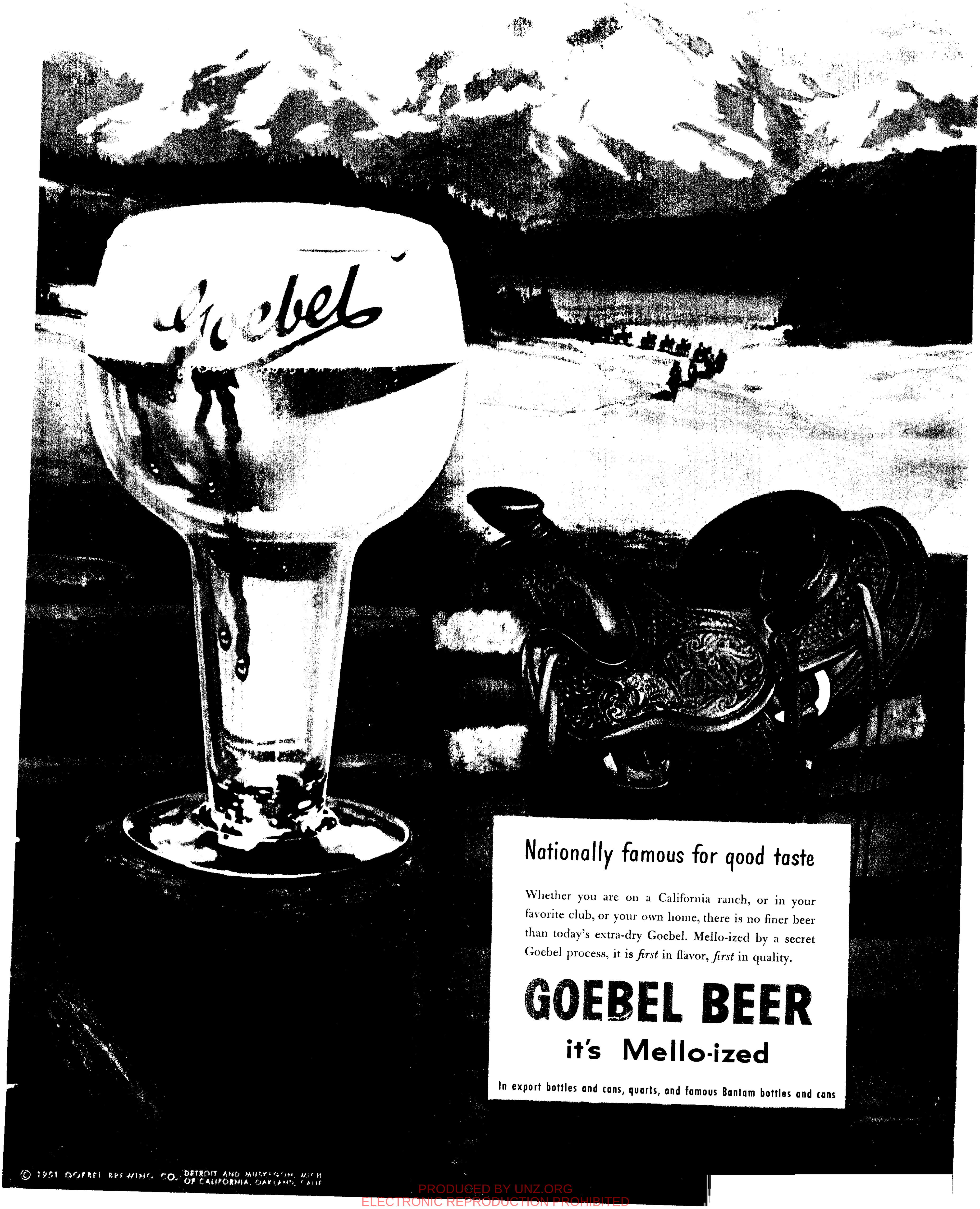
"It's on the Sutlej River, a tributary of the Indus," he said. "It's in a deep gorge way up in the goldang mountains. Whee! It's got everything. Terrific floods in the rainy season. Staggering logistics problem—how'm I gonna get all that stuff up there? How'm I gonna get the stuff, for that matter? They don't make locomotives in native villages."

The consensus in dam-building circles is that if anyone can lick such problems as these, it's Harvey Slocum. Among construction people, he's rated as the best man in the business—not only as a maker of dams, but as a maker of dam men as well. Many of the big figures in the industry today once worked for him.

"You can get to the top two ways," Slocum says. "You can step on the necks of the people you work with and get there, but the satisfying way is to take them up the ladder with you."

There has been a swing lately to fancy titles in construction, and some of the Old Man's protégés now call themselves "Project Manager," or "Superintendent in Charge of Construction," or "Director of Construction." Slocum doesn't go for that stuff. "Hell," he snorts. "I don't put anything after my name. Goldang it, I'm *Harvey Slocum!*"

THE END



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A Shot in the Dark

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

the block. The place had a dance floor and rumba band, and looked like a popular tourist spot. That ought to make it a safe place for a talk. He picked a booth toward the rear, shoved Rankosci onto the bench facing away from the door and took the opposite place. He ordered two shots of rum and drank his and watched Rankosci's trembling fingers raise the other glass. Rankosci drank in quick sips, peering around like a scared animal. You couldn't say that the rum brought color back into Rankosci's face because apparently he never had any color, but it did darken his skin one or two shades of gray. Johnny ordered another round.

"Please," Rankosci said. "My limit is one drink."

"Gotta keep me company," Johnny said carelessly. He took out a pack of cigarettes and slid them across the table. Rankosci's yellow fingers fluttered over the pack. Then he drew his hand back and looked embarrassed. "Go ahead," Johnny said. "I want to see if I can figure out how you do it."

Rankosci gave him a wan smile and took a cigarette.

"How many did you get?"

"Five," Rankosci said, opening his hand. "I—I am really very ashamed that I do it. But American cigarettes are expensive and one gets in the habit of stealing them and finds it hard to break."

"How many can you get at one pass?"

"It depends on how tightly they are packed, and how big a flap has been torn open. Sometimes I can only get two. I believe my record is ten."

THE second round of drinks came. Johnny drank his quickly and began talking casually about liquor and brands of cigarettes. Rankosci knew, of course, that something was back of this. But a guy like Rankosci would suspect complicated schemes. The idea was actually very simple: get Rankosci just drunk enough so he couldn't think fast, then start a cross-examination. The right moment for asking questions ought to come when Rankosci started fumbling the cigarette trick.

After the second drink Rankosci did the cigarette trick and palmed seven. He had loosened up and improved his work. After the third drink, though, he only got two cigarettes. The fourth round was the clincher. Rankosci's hand moved so slowly that Johnny could count the three cigarettes being palmed, and even then Rankosci dropped one. Johnny smiled and told the waiter no more drinks for a while and moved over beside Rankosci.

"Now that we're friends," he said gently "you're going to help me, aren't you?"

The pale eyes squinted to bring him into focus, and Rankosci mumbled, "I do not know how to help you."

"Oh, but you do," Johnny said reproachfully. "You know I was in Havana five months ago, trying to find out who killed a man named Tony Mendoza. You know that the Havana cops tossed me out. You know I've joined the Border Patrol. You ought to suspect that I only joined because the killing is tied in with the alien-smuggling racket and the only way I could work was through the Border Patrol."

"Please do not say those words loudly," Rankosci whispered.

"Okay. Now let's talk about you. You're a recruiter for the gang. But you like to play both ends against the middle and you're also an informer for the Havana cops and for us. You're not a big shot in the racket. All you do is steer prospects to a contact man. You probably aren't supposed to know how the gang works, but I bet you do."

Rankosci was crying a little. "I am just a harmless person who—"

"I'm harmless too when I'm treated nicely. All I want is the guy who killed Mendoza. I'm not interested in breaking up anybody's racket. Now look. You recruited Mendoza. Ordinarily you'd step out of the picture right there. But Mendoza got scared and ran away and the gang told you to find him. They were afraid he'd sing. You found out that Mendoza would only come out of hiding for a certain American friend. You reported that to the gang. So they got an American killer."

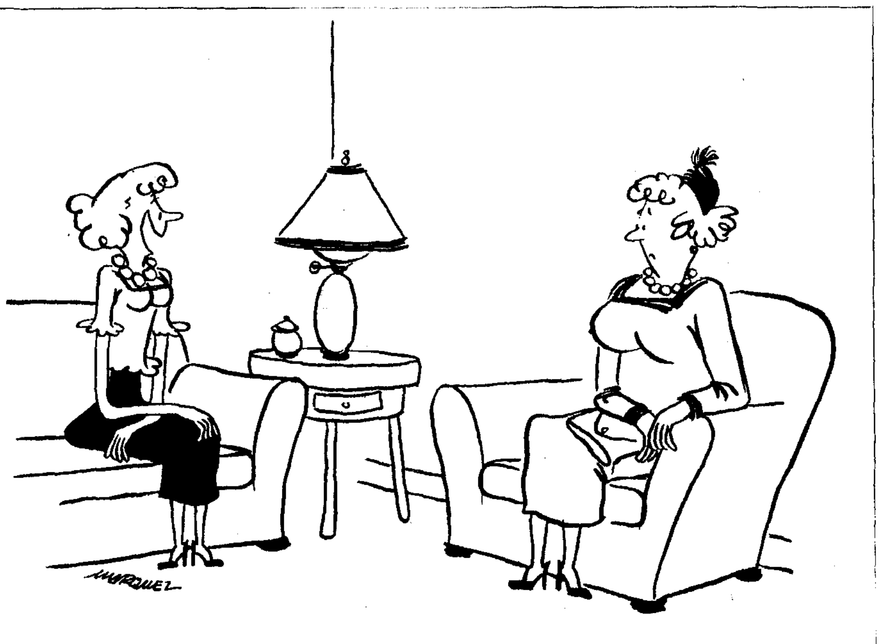
"I know nothing of such evil things."

Johnny took a deep breath. There was no use turning on all the heat right now. Rankosci would only lie. The idea was to coax him to tell a little harmless bit of information, and then a bit more.

"Let's be practical," Johnny said. "If I don't get anything at all from you, I'm going to stand up and give a drunken lecture about the glorious Immigration Border Patrol of the Immigration and Naturalization Service of the U.S. Department of Justice. Probably I'll end by presenting you with a medal for faithful service. Your pals in the racket will hear of it. It'll be news to them. How long will you last after they hear it?"

Rankosci said, gulping, "I know very little to tell you."

"You're learning fast. A minute ago you didn't know anything. What's the going rate for smuggling in a European alien?"



COLLIER'S "John just raves about my cooking. He says I should learn how" ERNEST MARQUEZ

Rankosci's eyes flickered. He seemed to be studying the question from every angle, like a guy checking on a booby trap. Finally he decided it wouldn't explode in his face, and said, "Six hundred dollars."

"How about a Chinese?"

"I hope you are not leading up to a question about the twenty-four Chinese whom Inspector Wilson can no longer find?"

"I'll settle for one. What's the rate?"

"Fifteen hundred dollars."

"Discrimination, huh? How come?"

"One can dress a European alien in American style. One can teach him to avoid obvious mistakes once he enters your country. But a Chinese is always a Chinese. He is more dangerous to handle until he reaches his final destination."

"Why handle them at all, then?"

RANKOSCI said anxiously, "Please remember I am merely repeating what I hear. A Chinese is dangerous to handle *before* he reaches his destination. But afterward, he drops out of sight. He never talks. The European alien is easier to smuggle in but he may talk *after* reaching his destination."

"Very interesting," Johnny said. Actually he wasn't at all interested. The questions were merely designed to loosen up Rankosci. "Now let's get down to cases. This guy I'm looking for—the American. Is he one of the mob or did they hire him just for the job?"

Rankosci cringed. "I do not know," he whispered.

Johnny studied him carefully. It was hard to tell when Rankosci was lying. It was also hard to tell how much he knew. But it was likely that, even though he worked on the fringes of the racket, he knew a lot more about it than he was supposed to. He would creep around and pick up information without anybody realizing it. He ought to know whether or not the American was a member of the gang. And if he didn't know that much he wouldn't be any use. So this was the time to shoot off the fireworks.

"I don't like that answer," Johnny said. "So brace yourself. Here comes your medal." He got to his feet and said in a loud, drunken voice, "La-deez and gennemen. I wanna make a speech!"

The gourd player in the band missed a couple of beats, and three couples stopped dancing to peer at him. He felt a series of frantic tugs at his coat. Rankosci was looking up at him in agony.

He bent and heard Rankosci gasp, "Please do not! I will tell you what I know."

Johnny gave his audience a friendly wave and called, "Changed my mind." He sat down and said, "Okay. Give."

It took Rankosci a few seconds to get the words past his numb lips. "The—the man you want is in the organization. I believe he operates the American end of it."

"What's his name?"

Rankosci gulped and said miserably, "I do not know."

"I'd better start my speech again, huh?"

"Please," Rankosci cried. "I really do not know! And I did not realize they planned to kill your friend. I was not there. My part was merely to find where he was hidden, but all I could learn was that he could only be seen by an American friend he was expecting, and all I did was report that to Carlos and—"

"Good old Carlos," Johnny said.

"I—I think I meant to say Manuel."

"Or Jorge or Esteban or Pablo. Look, I'll give Carlos back to you. I'll even take your word that you don't know this American. But I want one more hunk of information out of you. I know you have it. Where's the American end of the racket? Where do I find this guy I'm after?"

"If I tell you, you will not ask any more questions?"

Johnny thought: Let's not be stupid about this, chum. You ought to know you won't get off that easily.

He said aloud, "That's the last question."

Rankosci sighed. "I understand," he said, "that the aliens are landed at Key West."

"I must be drunk," Johnny said. "Because you know what? I thought you said Key West. Outside of the fact that the only land route out of Key West is the Overseas Highway, which has tollhouses and all kinds of bottlenecks where the Border Patrol can set up check points, Key West is a swell place to land a big bunch of aliens. So let's draw a map and see what place you really said."

He took out a pencil and drew a rough map of Florida on the back cover of the menu. After sketching the outline he lettered in the names of Key West and Miami and Ford Lauderdale and Stuart and Jacksonville going up the east coast, and then Tampa and Bradenton and Sarasota and Punta Gorda and Fort Myers and Naples and Everglades coming down the west coast. That covered the likely landing points and ought to bracket the less likely ones.

"Now," he said, "we're going to play a game. Did you ever hear of a thing called a ouija board that used to be popular?"

Rankosci said nervously, "Perhaps I did not mean to say Key West. Perhaps—"

"Let me get it my way, chum. A ouija board has numbers and the letters of the alphabet around it. And it has a gadget you put your fingers on and move until it reaches a number or letter. When you want the answer to a question, you close your eyes and concentrate hard and move the gadget around and it spells out the answer for you. Cute, huh? We're going to play it with this map and a pencil."

"But I am ready to tell you—"

"This is how we're doing it. Take hold of the pencil. Now we put the pencil point on Havana. Now I close my hand over yours like this, see? Now you shut your eyes and keep them shut. Ready?"

This wasn't any ouija-board nonsense, of course. It was lie-detector stuff. It was crude but it might work. Rankosci's nerves were short-circuited and he was drunk and thinking slowly. Rankosci was sure to peek to see where the pencil was going; if he saw it was going in a dangerous direction he ought to react very simply and try to push it in a safe direction. Anyway, that was the idea.

He squeezed Rankosci's hand tightly around the pencil and said, "Keep those eyes shut, now. Bear down on the pencil. Move it very slowly. Start pushing it straight away from you. Here we go!"

The pencil point began creeping on the map. Rankosci's fingers felt stiff and brittle under Johnny's hand. The pencil quivered and Johnny got the feeling that Rankosci's muscles were tied in hard knots up his arm and across to his neck. The black line headed across the Florida Straits toward Key West, made a series of tiny jags like the graph line of an earthquake and started strongly up the east coast of Florida. Rankosci's fingers seemed to relax.

Johnny yanked Rankosci's hand and the pencil up from the map. "Open your eyes a minute," he said. "You know what? See those little zigs and zags off Key West? I got a definite feeling that the pencil was trying to circle to the west and head up the Gulf of Mexico. But a cramp hit my arm and that pulled the line east. Let's try it again, shall we?"

"I am sure this proves nothing at all," Rankosci said weakly. "Couldn't we—?"

"Nope. Close your eyes. Here we go again from Havana."

THERE was no doubt about it this time. As the pencil line neared Key West, he had to work hard. Rankosci was making a real bid to get up the east coast. Johnny tensed his forearm and forced the pencil line to swing wide to the west through the ship channels off the Dry Tortugas. Then he pushed Rankosci's hand and the pencil north, aiming for the long coast line from Everglades and Naples to Tampa Bay. The thin fingers gripped in his hand were getting slippery. He didn't know whose sweat it was. This was a workout. Rankosci wanted to go lots of places and none of them were on the west coast of Florida.

Johnny forced the pencil line in near the coast and drove it slowly northward. Every

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nerve in his body was strung tight, trying to pick up and interpret vibrations from Rankosci's hand. The line crept north. Past Everglades. Past Naples. Past Fort Myers. Past— Whoa! They hadn't quite reached Punta Gorda and the pencil was beginning to move a shade more easily. Rankosci was starting to loosen up. Johnny gripped the thin fingers hard and stopped the northward push and began slowly forcing the line back. He could hardly budge the pencil. He wrestled silently with Rankosci's hand and gained a quarter inch and then suddenly the pencil point snapped and left a jagged mark right beside Fort Myers.

Johnny relaxed. If he needed any more proof, all he had to do was look at Rankosci. The guy was staring at the wiggly line on the map as if it had turned into a coral snake.

Johnny said, "Fort Myers, here we come!"

"It is of course quite silly," Rankosci said weakly. "Fort Myers is not the place at all."

"I'll tell you how you can prove that."

"Yes?" Rankosci said eagerly. "How?"

"I'll get you a visitor's permit tomorrow. We'll take the first plane to Miami and then fly to Fort Myers and we'll walk arm in arm all over town and I'll get you back here Sunday. Oh, by the way, I'll be wearing my Border Patrol uniform while we're in Fort Myers. You like that idea?"

"I—I' do not think it would be wise. I would like to leave now. I do not feel well."

"A little more talking will fix you up."

"You said that was the last question."

"Yes, but you didn't answer it. I did. If you can't tell me anything more about this American, or about the Fort Myers angle, we'll have to start on Carlos."

Rankosci began sniffling. "All my life," he said, "people have been bullying me. It is not fair." He put his head down on the table and wept.

Johnny took out his cigarettes and lighted one. Rankosci ought to be easy to handle after this. He leaned back, feeling very good, and glanced around the café. The place was beginning to fill with tourists. On the floor in front of the band a bunch of city people were trying to do jungle dances.

A NICE-LOOKING American girl and her boy friend were being guided to a table near him. The girl had sun-streaked brown hair and clear brown eyes and—

"Oh, brother," he muttered.

The clear brown eyes belonged to Sally McCarter. He tried to shrink down out of sight but it was no use. She saw him. An ordinary run-of-the-beauty-shop girl would have given him the queen-and-peasant treatment. But with Sally that was too much to hope for. She turned and came directly to his booth.

"I wish you'd tell me," she said, "whether there's something wrong with me or wrong with you."

It took him a few seconds to get up; the booth was cramped, and drinking on an empty stomach had put an extra joint in his legs. He didn't know why he was feeling guilty. All he had done was make a date with her so she wouldn't get into trouble. Then a chance came along to grab the guy who might have caused the trouble, so naturally he hadn't been able to keep the date. All right, so her feelings were hurt. She thought he was a heel. Was there any reason why he had to agree with her?

"I guess there's something wrong with me," he said. "I got drinking and I decided I'd be no bargain on a date tonight."

"I wish you'd be frank," she said. "I don't believe that at all. The whole thing was my fault, wasn't it?"

"No," he said. "I—"

The guy who had come in with Sally stepped around her and tapped Johnny's chest with his index finger. Johnny peered at him. Either he was drunker than he thought or this was quite a hunk of man. He was better than six feet tall and had shoulders that could only go through a door sideways. He had golden hair chopped in a crew cut and blue eyes and a face that only a woman could love. When he prodded you with an index finger it felt as if you had been poked with a crowbar.

The guy said, "Are you the fellow who stood Sally up tonight?"

If you were smart, Johnny thought, you picked smaller characters to dislike on first sight. This just wasn't one of his smart nights. Johnny said, "Is this your finger poking me? Do you want it back, or shall I break it off and throw it away?"

"Oh, a tough guy, are you?"

"This conversation is getting nowhere," Johnny said. "Both of us ask questions and neither of us answers them. Just who are you, chum?"

"I happen to be a friend of Miss McCarter's from Fort Myers. My name is Bob Tate. I ran into her tonight at her hotel and found she was being stood up by some drunken bum."

The girl tugged at Tate's sleeve and said, "Please, Bob. Let's sit down and forget it."

"You sit down, Sally," Tate said. "This fellow at least needs a good talking to. What's your name, fellow?"

"My name is Bob Tate," Johnny said.

"You're a drunken bum."

"You're in a rut, Bob. You're repeating yourself."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I am," Johnny said. "I got this way on only four shots of rum. How much rum can you handle before you get to be a drunken bum, Bob? Be honest, now."

Bob Tate looked at him sternly. "I don't drink," he said.

"This will be a big evening for Sally. Tell me, Bob, do you smoke?"

"It just happens I don't. And—"

"Not even corn silk behind the barn?"

"I think I'm going to have to take care of you," Tate said.

Sally stepped between them and said angrily, "I want you both to stop this idiotic business. I apologize to both of you for starting it. Will you both sit down?"

"Okay," Johnny said. "I'm sorry."

He turned away from them and started to slide into the booth beside Rankosci. Rankosci had stopped sitting there and crying. Or at least he had stopped sitting there. The bench was empty.

That hit him like a kick in the stomach. He had been standing right in front of the booth, so Rankosci couldn't have slipped past him. But wait. The back of the benches didn't reach all the way to the floor. Rankosci could have slid under the table and crawled off.

Johnny whirled around to start looking for him and ran into something large and solid. The large object made a growling noise. Two big hands slammed him back onto the bench.

Johnny worked his eyes carefully back into focus, as if they were a pair of binoculars, and peered up at Bob Tate and Sally. That morning she had probably wrecked any chance of his trap working. Now she had popped up just in time to let Rankosci escape. Any time he needed bad luck he would certainly send her a rush order.

"He's all right, see?" Bob Tate said.

Johnny got up slowly. There might still be a slight chance of catching Rankosci if you could get past the guy with too many hormones. "Excuse me," he said mildly, trying to squirm by. "I got business."

TATE grabbed his arm. "Want to run, do you?" Tate said. "You were tough enough a minute ago. Sure, you can go. You can make a real apology to Miss McCarter and then you can get down on your hands and knees and crawl out."

"Bob," the girl cried. "You mustn't—"

"I'm sorry, Sally. This is out of your hands. This fellow thought he could stand you up and push me around, and I'm going to teach him a lesson. Either he crawls out of here or he goes outside with me and gets taught a lesson."

Johnny sighed. He could make about as much yardage through this character as he could make through the Cleveland Browns. "All right," he said. "Let's go outside."

He pulled out his wallet and paid the anxious waiter. The girl fluttered around trying to stop things, but without success; her boy friend wanted to show off a few muscles. Johnny walked slowly toward the door with Tate. This was going to be rugged. Ordinarily he would give himself about three rounds with Tate. Sober, that is.

"I ought to tell you," Tate said. "I used to win amateur boxing contests."

Johnny corrected his estimate. Make that half a round, sober. Right now he would be lucky to get in one punch. It would be nice, though, to get that in. There was only one way to do it. As he stepped onto the sidewalk, he pivoted and threw a hard right hook. It slammed into Tate's jaw and sent a shower of sparks up his own arm. Tate fell back against the wall of the building. He melted slowly down it and ended by sitting on the sidewalk, looking tired.

"No one," Johnny said, "was more surprised than I."

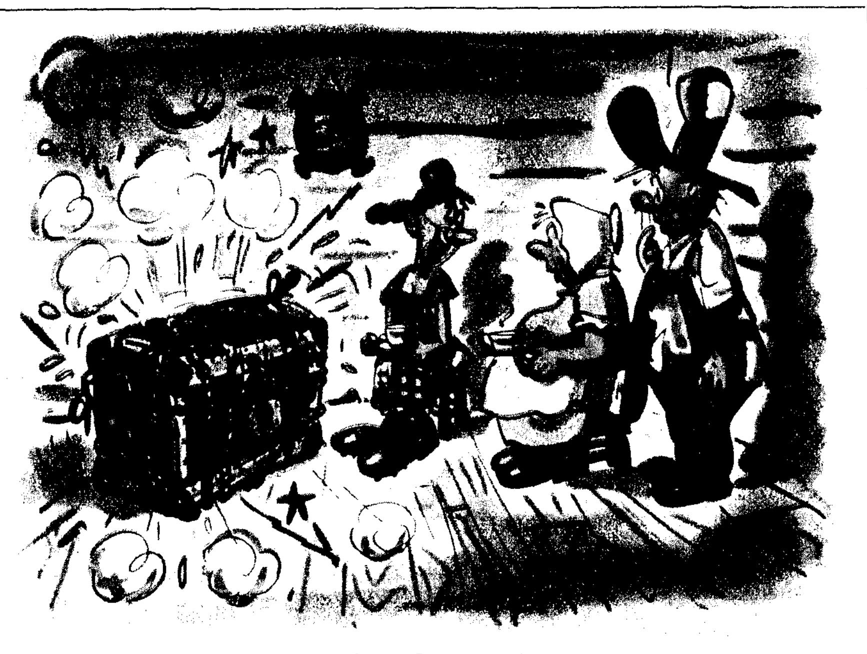
"I hope you're ashamed," the girl cried. "I hope you have the decency to feel bad about doing that."

"I do feel bad. But if he had hit me I'd feel worse." He looked at Tate and said, "Want me to stick around?"

"What for?" Tate mumbled.

"I thought maybe you would want to show me your press clippings. You know,

KENNESAW



COLLIER'S "Josie Belle's boy friend sure raises a rumpus about bein' kept in her hope chest" REAMER KELLER

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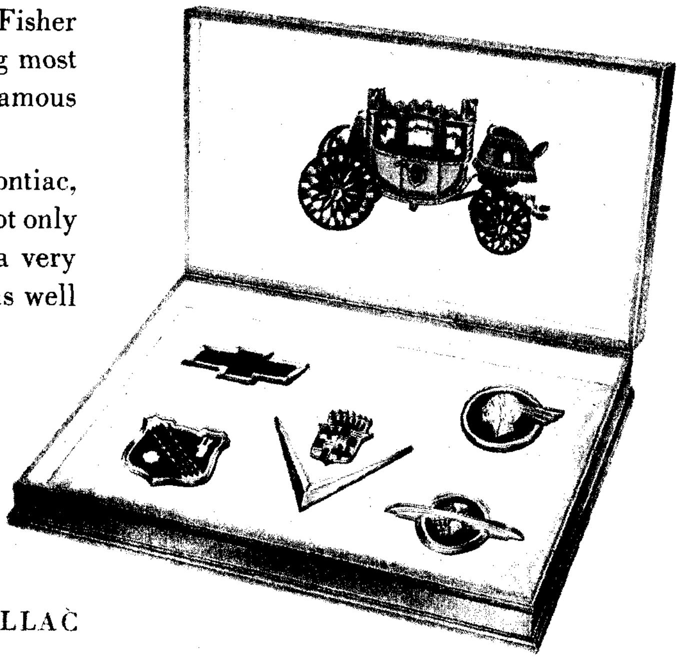

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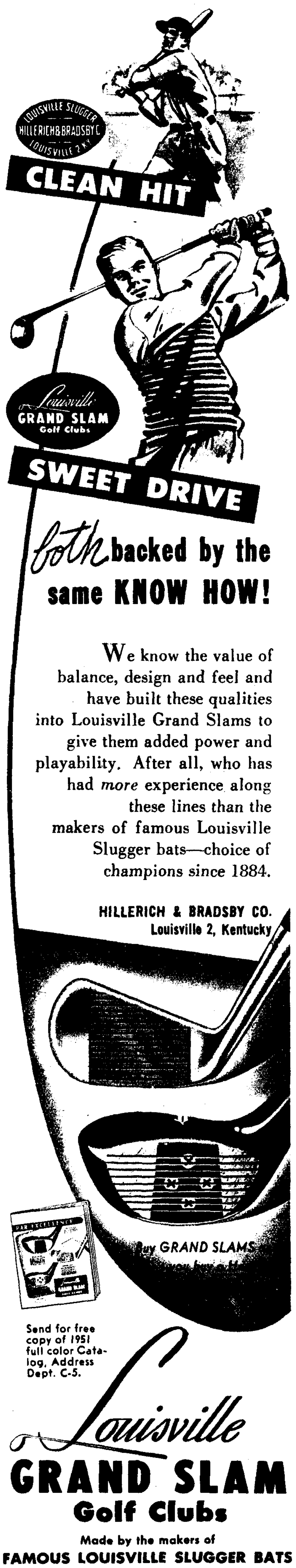

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about those fights you won. I thought maybe you still might want to win this one."

"In a ring," Tate said, "I'd have won this on a foul. Why don't you beat it? I'll see you sometime when we can start even."

Johnny shrugged. He turned to the girl and said, "You all right?"

"Yes," she said. "Is that bad? Do you feel I *ought* to be knocked down too?"

"You won't believe this, but I'm sorry I couldn't keep our date."

"And you won't believe this," she said, "but I'm glad."

She knelt and began helping Bob Tate get up. That made a touching tableau: pretty girl aiding wounded hero. Johnny could hardly hold back the cheers.

He walked down the street and got a cab. It had been quite a day. He had been close to learning a lot of things but he had ended with nothing but a name: Fort Myers. It must be an interesting place. He hoped there was room in the town for a heel named Johnny Edwards.

IN THE mirror of the washroom at Border Patrol headquarters in Miami, Johnny checked his appearance. The forest-green shirt was crisp and clean, and the forest-green pants with the navy-blue stripe had a good sharp crease. He gave the campaign hat a tilt and went upstairs to report to Chief Patrol Inspector Ed Brian.

When he reached the door, he paused until he caught the eye of Brian's secretary, and beckoned her to join him in the hall. When she slipped out, he asked, "How do things look?"

"I think all right, Johnny."

"I owe you a lot, Grace. You've been swell."

"It's all in a good cause, even though what I did was sort of irregular. So if it works, good luck in Fort Myers. Sally's a nice girl."

"So are you."

She smiled faintly and said, "If Sally turns you down, let me know. I'd better go back. You wait a minute out here until the chief finishes the morning mail."

She went back in the office. She was a good kid, and she had been very useful. When he returned from Havana a week ago he had faced a big problem: how to get transferred to the Fort Myers unit. Of course McCarter needed a partner, but getting the assignment wasn't a matter of just asking. In fact, asking might have killed his chances.

Chief Patrol Inspectors liked to make their own assignments instead of having trainees make them. And, of course, Brian might have discussed any such request with McCarter; that wouldn't have worked out well if Sally McCarter had told her brother what a heel she met in Havana.

So he had gone at it indirectly. He had taken Brian's secretary out to dinner and told her a long, sad story about how he had fallen for Sally McCarter and just had to get transferred to Fort Myers. One thing about girls: you could count on them for any matchmaking project. Grace had promised to drop hints to her boss very carefully so he would think the Fort Myers transfer was his own idea.

From inside the office Grace beckoned to him and he marched in and snapped to attention in front of the chief's desk.

Brian looked up. He was an old-timer in the Border Patrol, a solid guy built along the lines of a bulldozer. He ran a hand through his clipped gray hair and said, "Hello, Edwards. How are you?"

"Fine, sir. And you?"

"Buried under this lousy paper work, as usual. Never could handle the stuff."

Johnny grinned. Throughout the Miami Border Patrol Sector, Brian's howls about paper work were a standing joke. Actually the guy was good at paper work, but he hated being tied to a desk.

"Got to thinking about you this week," Brian said. "How would you like to go to Fort Myers?"

"That'd be swell, Chief."

"You aren't ready for it," Brian grumbled. "But it's like this. Those reports from Havana about aliens dropping out of sight have me worried. Maybe something big is up. And we have a hole in the dike over in Fort Myers. Tim McCarter's been working on it alone and he needs a partner. You met him?"

"I might have seen him report in here once or twice, but that's all."

"Sit down," Brian said. "I'd better give you a fill-in." He brushed papers aside, leaned back and dropped a couple of pick-ax-sized feet on the desk. "Tim and I been around this outfit a long time," he said, getting a faraway look in his eyes.

Johnny put on his eager-beaver face. They were going to play old campaigner.

Brian said, "Tim broke me in along the Mexican border, twenty years ago. We were a team, see? Those were fancy days out there. Some clown had the idea of building high observation towers near favorite crossing spots of the Rio Grande. You laid up there on a platform in the open, and sometimes across the river Mexicans crept out onto roofs and took pot shots at you with high-powered rifles. If you shot back, you started an international incident. One night I got mad and sneaked across and sorta discouraged a few Mexicans. When I came back, Tim McCarter damn' near killed me. You know why I'm telling you this?"

"Yes, sir," Johnny said. "You want me to know what kind of person he is. You don't want me going to Fort Myers and acting reckless and getting him down on me."

"That's it. Tim won't go for any boy-wonder stuff. He's a responsible guy. Takes things seriously. I don't suppose you know that when his parents died he took on the job of raising his kid sister. Not many men would do that. Fussed over the girl like an old hen. Still does. Maybe you ought to know that a couple of guys who got interested in Sally McCarter found Tim hard to get along with. It's not jealousy, see? It's just he doesn't think most men are good enough for his sister. So take it easy."

Johnny thought fast. This might be a good moment to set up an alibi, in case Sally had talked about him to her brother. "Listen," he said, "do you think something that happened when I was in Havana could put me behind the eight ball? You remember I met Sally McCarter, here in your office. Well, I ran into her in Havana. Didn't have a date, really—just lunch together. That wouldn't make her brother sore at me right away, would *it?*"

"Don't see why it should. I—" Brian stopped, and looked hard at him. "This girl doesn't mean anything to you, does she?"

"Just another nice girl. I like lots of girls."

BRIAN galloped his fingers on the desk. Johnny said anxiously, "You wouldn't call off the assignment for that, would you?"

Brian muttered, "I was trying to remember how I got the idea of sending you to Fort Myers. I was trying to think if you put it in my head. But you weren't around when I thought of it. I remember I was sitting here and—and—well, it doesn't matter. Now look. I want to give you a slant on the job you'll have to do." He went to the big map on the wall, and moved his finger from the North Carolina border down the shore line to Key West and up the west coast to the Apalachicola River in northwest Florida. "That," he said, "is the Miami Border Patrol Sector. Know how long that shore line is?"

"More than two thousand miles, Chief."

"That's right. And I have fifty-eight inspectors to cover it. You fellows can't cover that shore line. If you watch one beach, they can land aliens forty miles away. So what's the answer?"

Next to the terrors of paper work, this was Brian's pet subject. Johnny said promptly, "We have to develop informants."

"That's it. Informants. Got to develop more of them. Fifty-eight inspectors can't cover twenty-four hundred miles of coast. Got to have friends to help you watch—fishermen, tourist-camp owners, storekeepers, gas-station operators. Right?"

The chief played this record every day. "Right," Johnny said.

"I keep pounding away on this because I know what you kids like to do when you get out on your own. You want to pull grandstand stuff. You want to run for touchdowns without any blockers. In this business what happens is you get thrown for a loss. Lay off it, see? Just go out and make a lot of friends who can do you some good."

Johnny thought: We will now all join hands and sing Brighten the Corner Where You Are. While the Border Patrol had been out making friends, he had been out making enemies. And guess who knew where the smugglers landed their aliens. The Border Patrol system was all right in most cases but his own system had worked better in this one.

He hoped Brian wouldn't get the word about Fort Myers until everything was over. Because if he got the word, he would throw a lot of extra men into Fort Myers. Then one of two things would happen: Either the guys in the racket would realize the heat was on, and lie low, or they would be caught. And if the killer was caught, nothing worse would happen to him than a few years in jail. Johnny didn't like that idea.

Aloud he said, "Yes, sir, I'll try to make lots of friends."

"All right. Let's go send the word to Tim. He ought to be out on the road about now."

THEY walked down the hall to the radio room. Brian tapped the radio operator on the shoulder and said, "See if you can raise Tim McCarter for me. I'll write out the message."

The operator nodded and began chanting into his mike: "MI 3 from WWMI. Attention, Inspector McCarter. Come in, please . . . MI 3 from WWMI. Attention, Inspector McCarter—"

MI 3 was the Fort Myers patrol unit. Somewhere out on the road the call was crackling into the receiver in McCarter's sedan.

Brian paused in his writing and said, "How soon can you report to Fort Myers, Edwards?"

"I can get there late this afternoon."

The loud-speaker on the wall began to chatter Morse code. "WWMI from MI 3," the dits and dahs said. "I am receiving you. Over."

Brian said to the operator, "Send him this," and handed over the message he had been writing.

The operator chanted it into the mike: "MI 3 from WWMI. Attention, Inspector McCarter. Message follows from Chief Patrol Inspector. Assigning Trainee John C. Edwards to Fort Myers patrol unit. He will report to your home late this afternoon. Message ends. Acknowledge, please. Over."

Johnny said, "How come McCarter uses CW instead of voice?"

"They have queer radio conditions around Fort Myers," Brian said. "Lots of times one of those low-powered auto transmitters won't get a clear signal to us here with voice. What's holding up his acknowledgment?"

The loud-speaker woke up. Johnny listened to the snap of Morse code and felt blood starting to pulse in his head. McCarter was sending: "WWMI from MI 3. Attention, Chief Patrol Inspector. Request another trainee be sent in place of John C. Edwards. Over."

Brian said angrily, "What the hell's wrong with Tim?" He swung to Johnny and said, "You got any idea?"

He had a very good idea. He tried to look puzzled and hurt, and said, "Do you think it could be what I mentioned in your office? About me having a sort of date in Havana with his sister?"

"Let's find out," Brian snapped. He told the operator, "Ask him why he doesn't want Edwards. Tell him I'm right here."

The operator sent the message. McCarter apparently took a little time to think about it. Finally he replied that he had no special reason for not wanting Edwards, he just thought other trainees were more experienced. Brian's face took on the color of a 'Glades fire. He whipped back a message that no other trainee was considered ready for such duty, and if Inspector McCarter wanted to discuss the running of the Miami Border Patrol Sector, or had some things to say he didn't want to put on the air, he'd better get to a phone fast and say them.

The loud-speaker was silent for what seemed like a long time, and Johnny held his breath. Then at last a string of curt dits and dahs said, "WWMI from MI 3. Will take Edwards. Over and out."

A LITTLE before five o'clock Johnny reached Fort Myers and found the section, down-river on the outskirts of town, where McCarter lived. It was a quiet neighborhood of widely scattered white houses and shell roads and orange groves. He located a house all by itself on a lane near the river that might be the McCarter place. Nobody was home. A man was working in a grove back up the white-shell road, and Johnny walked toward him to check the address. The grove worker had an old jeep equipped for spraying, and he wore dungarees and a homemade mask.

The two-cycle pumping engine was making a lot of noise, and Johnny yelled, "Is that the McCarter place down the way, doc?"

The grove worker bent to switch off the engine, yanked off the hooded mask. Brown hair spilled into the light. It was hair into which sunlight had bleached creamy streaks of gold and silver. Pretty hair, all right. It belonged to Sally McCarter. He wished he could string her up by it. She looked at him, did a double-take.

"It's me, all right," he said. "Turning up like a bad nickel. I used to turn up like a bad penny but inflation came along."

"I didn't recognize you," she said coldly, "without your scowl."

"I just washed my face and I can't do a thing with it."

"Did you have something to ask me? Or isn't there anything on your mind but a superiority complex."

"I wanted to ask if that's the McCarter place down the lane. You know, Tim McCarter of the Border Patrol. He has a sister named Sally. Lovely girl if she didn't have such a temper."

"That's our house," she said. "But I'm sorry, we don't sell rum or allow drunken brawls," she added.

"Thanks. I'll go over and wait for your brother."

She climbed down from the jeep, frowning. "What do you want to see him for?"

"The glad news," he said, "is I'm going to be his partner."

"Oh, no," she said faintly.

"I have a feeling you're understating things."

"Now see here," she said fiercely. "If you're going to be Tim's partner, we're going to stop acting this way right now. I'm not going to have his life spoiled by any childish feud. So far as I'm concerned, I never met you until this moment. I've forgotten everything else that happened."

"That's quite a trick. Can your brother do it too?"

"I don't know what you mean."

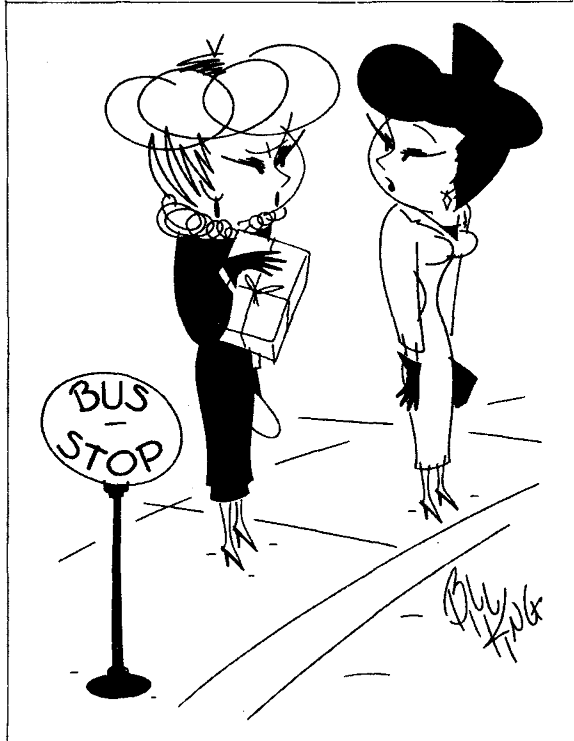
"Maybe I shouldn't remind you that you gave me quite a reputation with your brother. In fact, he tried today to block my transfer here."

"I never said a word to him about you!"

"In fact, you never met me until this moment."

It was just as well that her spraying outfit wasn't a flame thrower. She said in a shaking voice, "I don't have any idea why Tim didn't want you. I never mentioned you to him. There were always more pleasant things to talk about. I can see you're not going to believe me. So let's drop the subject for now, shall we?"

"Yes, ma'am."



"The worth-while ones are all married except that husband of mine"

COLLIER'S BILL KING

"Now let's go to the house and get a room fixed for you."

"A what?"

"A room."

"Thanks just the same, but I couldn't think of it."

She said with a grim smile, "We hardly ever murder guests in their beds."

"As soon as I see your brother I'll check in at a hotel."

For some reason her eyes began to get damp. "We simply aren't going to start off this way," she said. "I don't think you realize how closely you and Tim will have to work. You've just got to get along together. But if Tim thinks you and I have had trouble, he won't be very good company. And he'll be sure to suspect it if you don't stay with us until you get settled."

They were pretending again that McCarter didn't know about the feud.

Johnny shrugged. "From a practical point of view," he said, "what's wrong with a hotel?"

"What's wrong is that everybody will know when you come off duty and go on. All your calls will go through the switchboard. The sensible thing is to stay with us until you find a room in the house of people we can trust."

"Okay," he said. "But I still think when your brother gets home he'd rather find termites."

They walked silently to the house. It was a pleasant little frame place with a big screened porch. For a moment, when he walked inside, he thought it was going to be one of those places where the roof falls if you track in a few grains of sand. Everything looked as bright and shiny as if it were sitting in a department-store window. There was a hopeful touch, though: McCarter's pipes. They were scattered over every possible resting place in the living room. Apparently the girl dusted under each one and replaced it without even knocking out the ash.

By the time he'd carried his luggage into the bedroom she assigned him, a Border Patrol sedan was turning into the driveway. He went onto the porch and saw a square, solidly built man get out; he looked like the sort of ex-fullback who, back in the twenties, would have been called Five-Yards McCarter. His face had been roughed out by a sculptor who tired of working with such hard material and gave up. His campaign hat sat so squarely on his head that you might think he adjusted it each morning with a builder's level. He walked with slow pounding steps up to the porch. This was not the kind of guy you lounged up to and said, "Hi, Mac. I'm Johnny Edwards." Johnny clicked to attention and said crisply, "Patrol Inspector Trainee Edwards, reporting for duty, sir."

"Hello, Edwards," McCarter said. He shook hands, cleared his throat with a noise like gears stripping, and muttered, "I see you got here on time."

This was like boxing carefully with a guy in the first round to see what he had. "Yes, sir," Johnny said.

"We don't have to use that 'sir' stuff."

"Right."

McCarter took off his campaign hat. His head was bald and the hatband had left a red circle around it. "Hot day," he said. "Did Sally meet you when you got here? I understand you know her."

Apparently Sally hadn't had a chance to brief her brother. "Yes, she did," Johnny said. "She seems to think I ought to stay here until I can get settled. I'd feel much better going to a hotel."

"Trouble with hotels is that everybody in town can keep track of you. You know that situation Wilson reported from Havana. We have a lot of work to do and I'd be happier if nobody knew when we were doing it. So if you don't mind bunking here until we get located right—"

"Very good of you."

McCarter sat down and dug out a pipe and began filling it, paying close attention to each grain of tobacco; he seemed to find a pipe handy when he didn't know what to say. Judging by the number of pipes in the living room, not many words need be wasted around the place.

Sally came onto the porch carrying a tray with three tall glasses. "Hello, Tim," she said. "I thought we might have a drink to celebrate or something."

Tim McCarter looked up. The bleak look had left his gray eyes. "Swell idea," he said. Then he added, almost like a kid looking at a wrapped present, "What's in it?"

"Oh, some of my best limes," Sally said. She carried the tray to Johnny. "I hope you like it," she said, looking anxious.

Good old limeade. They must have some big nights around here, harmonizing around the harpsichord. "Thank you," he said gravely. He waited until the glasses of healthful and refreshing liquid had been distributed, then took a sip. He blinked, tried a swallow. He couldn't help grinning. "If these old taste buds don't deceive me," he said, "this is a Rum Collins."

Sally's face got pink. "I thought you ought to taper off gradually."

"What's this about?" Tim said.

"Just a little joke we had," Sally said.

Tim looked at each of them in turn, and frowned. A joke had made an illegal entry into the conversation, and obviously he regarded it with deep suspicion.

DINNER that night brought long periods of silence. Everybody acted as if whatever he said would be held against him. Afterward they went into the living room and settled down in chairs like reluctant witnesses taking the stand.

"Cozy, wasn't it?" Sally said abruptly. Nobody answered her.

"What I mean is," she said, "let's all have a good swig of embalming fluid and then crawl back to the morgue."

Tim cleared his throat.

"Frankly," Sally said, "I don't regard that as an intelligent comment. So let's drag things out in the open. Tim, I met Johnny last week in Havana. Jean Atkins had deserted me and I was lonely. I'm afraid I threw myself at Johnny, hoping for company. That turned out to be a poor idea. We didn't get along. Today you tried to block Johnny's transfer here. He

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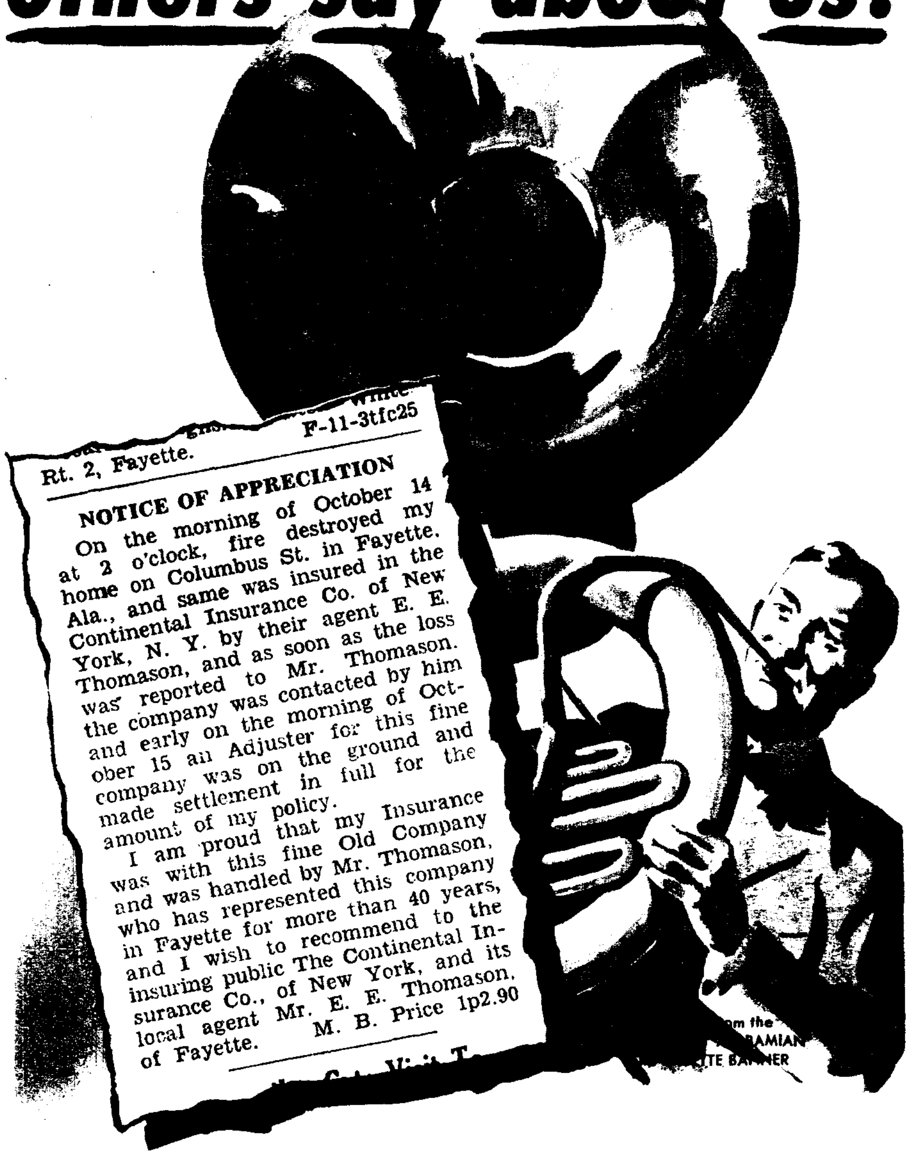

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thinks it was because I went bleating to you about the squabble we had in Havana."

"What does she mean, you didn't get along?" Tim snapped.

"I made a date with her and didn't keep it," Johnny said. "She happened to run into me that night when I'd had a couple too many. A guy named Bob Tate from here was with her and we had a few words and finally I smacked him in the jaw when he wasn't quite ready."

"Bob's a pretty good fighter," Tim said thoughtfully.

"So he told me. I smacked him first so I could take his word for it."

TIM considered that for a while. He seemed to be relaxing. Maybe it wasn't as bad to break a date with his sister as to keep one.

Finally he said, "You didn't show up very good there, Edwards."

"Before this gets out of hand," Sally said, "let's clear up the main points. Did I tell you anything about meeting Johnny in Havana?"

"The only time you mentioned him was a couple of weeks ago, after you met him in Ed Brian's office."

"Oh, dear! I'd forgotten that, and I told Johnny I'd never mentioned him to you. Anyway, that takes care of the Havana angle. Now don't you have a little contribution to make, Tim?"

"I don't intend to be bullied."

Sally said sweetly, "Nobody's bullying you. But, since all of us know you didn't want Johnny, it might be fun for all of us to know why."

"All right. I don't regret what I did. All I'm sorry about is that Edwards learned of it." He turned to Johnny and said, "I didn't want you because I didn't like the way you got in the Border Patrol."

"That's ridiculous!" Sally said. "He made terrific marks in his exams and passed at the top of his classes at El Paso and—"

"Sure," Tim said. "But how did he get a chance to take those exams and to get in the school? Want to tell her, Edwards?"

"Why not?" Johnny said. "Political pull. Is that bad?"

"The guys you skipped over on the waiting list might think so."

"It was about the first time I ever wanted anything badly. So I pulled every string I could reach to get it."

Tim said, "You're right about never having wanted anything else badly. I looked over your record once when I had a moment in Ed Brian's office. You didn't do much in college, didn't do much in the Army, didn't do much afterward. What sold you on the Border Patrol?"

The only thing to do was slug it out with this guy. Johnny said coldly, "I like the pretty uniforms."

Tim started to get up from his chair and Sally jumped up and pushed him firmly back into it. "You had absolutely no right to ask the question that way," she said.

"What I don't understand," Johnny said, "is why the political angle bothers you so much and doesn't bother anybody else."

Tim shrugged. "They don't know," he said. "I got the word from a friend in Washington. I didn't see any reason to pass it on."

"Oh. Well, thanks for not telling them. But where does that leave us?"

"It leaves you at bat with two strikes on you. It leaves me willing to see you hit a homer but not willing to bet on it."

Johnny said gravely, "Look, coach, I'm just up from the bush leagues. Is it all right if I just beat out a bunt?"

Tim smiled faintly. "I'll even settle," he said, "for a base on balls."

Sally said in a plaintive voice, "Nobody has asked where this leaves me. It leaves me playing umpire, as in the phrase, 'Kill the umpire.' It also leaves me with the dishes to do. Kindly do not spike each other while I'm gone."

Johnny watched her go into the kitchen, and muttered, "That's quite a sister you have there."

"Yeah," Tim said. Then he added, surprisingly, "You could have done worse than keep that date with her."

"I get that idea, too. What happens if I try to do something about it?"

"She makes her own decisions, Edwards. All I do is back her up. I kind of think she's made one in your case. And I don't think it's a decision that leaves me any worries."

Johnny got up, and stretched lazily. "You never know," he said. "Wait till she sees how I can do dishes."

He went to the kitchen and tried to be very helpful and charming. Sally accepted the help but she didn't buy any of the charm. A very difficult girl to handle. He didn't know why he bothered except that she had straightened things out pretty well for him. Maybe she was waiting for an apology. That was not as easy as helping with the dishes but he finally worked up to it.

"Thanks a lot for clearing things up between your brother and me," he said.

"Oh. Is everything cleared up? Did you just beat out that bunt?"

"You know what I mean. He and I understand each other now."

"Or anyway, you understand him. I'm quite sure he doesn't understand you. I don't either."

"I will introduce you gradually," he said, "to my many good qualities. Then it won't be quite such a shock. Look, what I'm trying to do is apologize for thinking you were the reason why Tim didn't want me."

"All right," she said. "I'll accept the apology. And you get credit for a good quality. I could probably brace myself for one more good quality today."

"I'm not sure you'll think this is one. Would you like to go to the movies or something tonight?"

"Yes," she said. "In fact, I *am* going to the movies. With somebody else."

"Pardon me while I restrain some bad qualities. Maybe another night?"

She put away the last of the silver and hung up the dish towel and said finally, "I really think it would be better if we didn't. Do you mind? And now I have to hurry to get ready." She gave him a pleasant smile and waltzed off to her room.

GOING back to the living room, Johnny found Tim buried in a Western story magazine and pipe smoke. He picked up a copy of the Fort Myers News-Press and glanced through it restlessly. A good tourist season was shaping up and somebody hated the school board and a high-school team named the Green Wave was simply unbeatable on the gridiron. The movies playing at the Fort Myers theaters didn't look very interesting, anyway.

He dropped the paper and said, "What does a guy do around here at night?"

"You mean," Tim said innocently, "if he doesn't have a date?"

The big stiff was actually enjoying this. "You know I don't have a date," Johnny said.

"What's the matter, Edwards? Losing your dishwashing skill? I thought no girl could resist you in the kitchen."

"She already has a date."

"Might surprise you to know," Tim said, "that that happens quite often." He puffed out a cloud of pipe smoke and peered through it like a big happy gnome. "I don't suppose," he said, "you'd like to take *me* to the movies?"

"No."

"Well, then, you could read a book or listen to the radio or borrow one of my casting rods and plugs and go down to the dock a hundred feet away and try to catch something. You could take a walk or play solitaire. We have a pretty good Little Theater here and you could go see the show. You only have three weeks to wait until the next one."

"Can I still ask what a guy does around here at night?"

"You—" Tim paused as somebody knocked on the front screen door. He got up and opened it. "Hello, there," he said in a voice that seemed to hide a chuckle. "Come on in. Sally will be ready in a minute."

A big guy, turning his shoulders a little to get through the doorway, came in. He had close-cut yellow hair and blue eyes and a clean profile and the kind of jaw that felt just right at the end of a solid punch. Next to smallpox, Johnny thought, this was all he needed to make it a really big evening. The guy was Bob Tate.

"Hiya, Tim, old boy," Tate was saying. "You're looking good. That is, for a guy who poisons himself with those pipes of yours. Maybe—"

HIS voice trailed off as he saw who else was in the room. He balanced carefully on his feet, and let his shoulders sag a little to free the long hitting muscles across his back. Nobody was going to beat him to the punch this time. Johnny got up and checked the position of furniture that might get in the way.

"I understand you two know each other," Tim said. "Edwards is my new partner."

Johnny waited, his skin going hot and prickly as Tate looked him over. The guy turned back to Tim and said deliberately, "What do they have against you at headquarters?"

Johnny said to nobody in particular, "Funny he doesn't have anything to say to me. He had plenty to say last time."

"The first guy who starts anything," Tim said pleasantly, "can take me on too. In fact, the first guy who makes another crack can get out."

They stood there for a few moments like puppets waiting for somebody to pull the strings, and then Sally came dancing in and threw smiles around like confetti and took Bob Tate's arm and rushed him outside. Tim sat down and began filling a pipe, grinning meanly.

"I thought you said you were careful who you let your sister go out with," Johnny said.

"Nope. *She's* careful."

"What does she see in that character?"

"Maybe she sees a guy who doesn't stand her up. You know, if I weren't enjoying this so much, I'd tell you it wasn't any of your business. But just for the laughs, go ahead."

"The guy's yellow," Johnny said. "I hit him once and he went down and stayed down."

"Maybe he wanted to wait and start off even some other time. He looked like he was ready to take you on tonight."

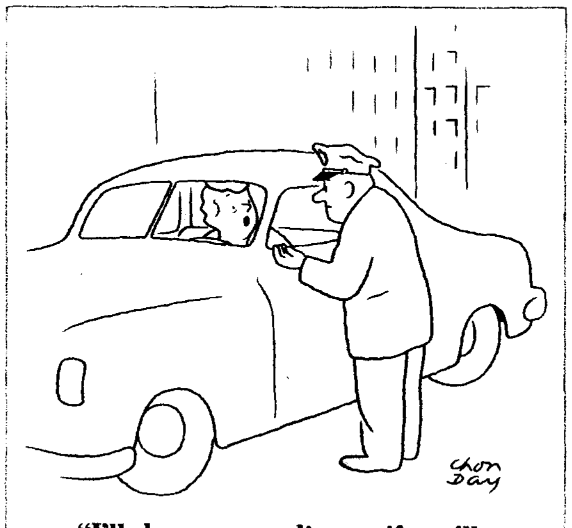
"He quits easy."

"Lots of people quit easy. How about you, Edwards? How fast do you get up when you're knocked on your can?"

"I don't know. I try not to get knocked on my can."

"It'll be interesting to find out, sometime. Now look, if you get into any trouble with Tate, I'll send you back to Miami. Don't think I can't, either. Your job is to get along with people. And it just happens that Tate is a useful guy to know."

"What does he do besides keep all the girls happy?"



"I'll show you my license if you'll promise not to peek at my age"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY

"He has a local flying service. Ferries people out to Boca Grande and Captiva and the other islands, does some crop dusting, takes aerial photos. When I want to look at some boat offshore, he's always willing to help. For free, too. When you're in charge of a Border Patrol unit and have no money to spend, that comes in handy. So lay off, see?"

"Next time we meet," Johnny said, "I'll ask him for his autograph." He walked toward the door. "See you later."

"Going somewhere?"

"Yes. I decided to combine two of your suggestions and have a big night. I'm going for a walk *and* down to the dock."

He went outside and headed across the lawn toward the river. Behind him, in the house, there was a sound as if somebody were rolling empty barrels downstairs. Probably it was just McCarter laughing. He told himself not to let it upset him. It was ridiculous to get involved emotionally with these people. All he had to do was keep his mouth shut, locate the man who had killed Tony, settle with him, and then resign from the Border Patrol and clear out.

He walked onto the dock and stared out at the broad dark river. It was a quiet night. You could hear the rustle of the tide coming upstream and the sigh of a porpoise rolling up for air and the quick frantic splash of a mullet trying not to be a fish dinner. Upriver a little way, an engine coughed, and then took up a steady metallic rhythm. A cabin cruiser slid into sight, feeling its way out into the river with the exhaust tapping like a blind man's cane. Apparently the pilot knew every ripple of sand on the bottom; these tidal rivers were tricky to navigate even in daytime, and it was too dark now to see any unlighted channel markers.

Just as he had that thought, a searchlight beam knifed out from the boat. It played over the surface of the river, failed to pick up any markers, swung back to shore to get a fix on some landmark. The beam brushed over Johnny's face in a quick glare and swept down the bank. Then, oddly, it leaped back at him. Johnny frowned into the blinding glitter. He hadn't been around this dead town long enough to be considered a landmark. Of course, maybe the guy just wanted to admire his uniform. Maybe—

A THOUGHT jabbed him. Back in a Havana night club he had left a crude map with a sort of arrow pointing to Fort Myers. And that morning, on a shortwave broadcast that anybody could monitor, his transfer to Fort Myers had been announced. He didn't stop to work it out any further. He threw himself flat. Something snapped in the air above him. Something else ripped splinters from the dock and went off into the night with a banshee wail. Out in the river the light went out and the mutter of the exhaust lifted to a roar. Johnny tried to flatten out like a coat of paint. If he jumped up and the searchlight focused on him again, it would only take a split second for the rifleman to slap him down for keeps.

As he lay there he heard pile-driving thumps on the lawn as Tim ran down from the house. "Edwards!" Tim was yelling. "Where are you? What happened?"

Johnny peered out at the river. Nothing was left of the boat now but a throbbing in the distance and the wake hissing along the shore. He jumped up, and ran back to the shelter of the coconut palms at the edge of the lawn.

"Among the things a guy can do here at night," he said, "you forgot to mention that he can get shot at."

(To be continued next week)

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White Musky

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

milking. They switched often like this to rest. Black Ab placed a dishpan beside him and turned to receive the next female as John picked one from alongside the albino and slowly lifted her from the water.

They worked in silence, releasing all fish which gave eggs or sperm, returning others to the net. A few males they didn't need were left in the net in case there was a shortage of males another day. From six females they took about three quarts—roughly two hundred thousand eggs—and then they dumped the nets out of the punt back into the water. While Black Ab secured the nets to the stakes, he watched the albino sink slowly in the water.

They worked the other nets and pulled in to the jetty two hours later, their hands red and stiff from the cold. John carried seven dishpans of spawn to the boathouse, Black Ab hoisted the motor off the skiff to a rack ashore, and Lanny tossed the egg-eating carp into tubs to be killed, and the mud cats into fruit baskets to be picked up by anyone who wanted a free meal.

"Ab," John said, when he came back from the boathouse, "when did you see her before?"

Black Ab was brief. "Saw her get caught once and break a line and get away. Saw her make a pass another time. That's all."

Lanny came up. "I'll get the fire on," he said. "Got some frogs' legs I froze last year. Brought 'em down. I'm hungry."

"What I'll do," John said, "is phone Toronto and see what to do with her."

The men walked toward the cookhouse together.

When the man at the government buildings in Toronto was on the line, Black Ab listened to the conversation.

"It's a musky, all right," John said. "Pure white except for the fins and the tail."

There was a pause while the man in Toronto spoke.

"Well," John said, "Black Ab Magee here, he helps me every year with the musky-milking—he guides a little, too, between farming—he says he's seen her before a couple of times . . . Yeah, it sure is lucky, then . . . Well, sure, all right then, see you tomorrow morning."

John hung up the telephone. "That was the Deputy Minister of Lands and Forests. He says there's some sportsman's show has been asking for a big musky to put into a traveling aquarium. Figures they'd be tickled to death to get a rare one like this. He'll be up tomorrow to pick her up."

BLACK AB set his stockinged feet on the floor and began pulling off his oilskins, seeing in his mind a scene near a boggy shore here on Irishman's Lake three years before, when an American he was guiding suddenly had jumped to his feet after a cast, fighting his rod and reel, and a great white fish had surged into the air, shaking in a mad dance at the spoons dragging from one side of its great jaws. He told the story.

"A doctor from Cleveland, the guy was," he said. "He hooked her on an old set of buffalo spoons."

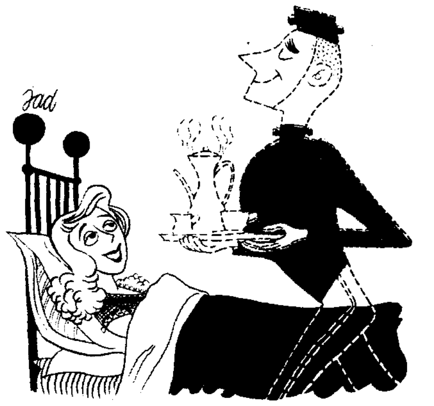
"I'll bet she put up a fight," Lanny said.

Black Ab grinned. "The guy got one look at her and froze on the reel when she ran. She took everything, line and all."

John pulled three bottles of beer out from under the table and opened them. Lanny set a couple of frying pans at the back of the stove. Black Ab, in pants and shirt, hung his oilskins near the door, drank his beer and opened another bottle.

As a guide, he always kept track in his mind of where the big fish hit, because except for spawning time muskies live out their lives in the same hundred-yard stretch of water.

JACK DONOVAN



Home, Ho Hum, Home

To some plushy hotel I would roam
(Won't somebody please send me
packing?)
Where I'll have all the comforts of home
That home is so woefully lacking.

—ETHEL JACOBSON

Sometimes, if he liked a fisherman, he'd tour these places where he knew big ones lived. He'd seen some of these ferocious fish hooked four or five times without being landed. But only one other time had he taken someone to where he'd seen the albino. It was a woman whose husband had been drunk for days in the lodge from which Black Ab did his guiding in the time he was able to take off from his farming; a fading woman in her thirties who sometimes had a look of desperation about her. He had wondered since what possessed him to take her to where the albino was, and the only thing he could figure was that it was the kind of thing people do sometimes, showing a hoarded treasure to try to ease someone in pain.

He'd chosen her bait. He'd skillfully directed her casts. But at the last moment, when he saw the albino following the bait in, he had withdrawn the prize, yelling, "Reel harder!" The bait had jerked ahead just as the big white fish struck. With a turning flash of white, half out of the water, she was gone again.

He had shielded the albino after that day. When they got back to the lodge and the woman said she'd had a strike from a fish that looked white, some people remembered that the Cleveland doctor, the year before, had said the same thing. Guests and guides asked Black Ab where they'd seen the fish. "Down by Muskrat Island," he said. "Right across the south face of Muskrat."

For days, Muskrat's south shore had been so crowded with boats that there was hardly room to cast, and since the woman and her husband had left, no one but Black Ab knew that the albino's home waters were really a good mile from Muskrat Island.

Black Ab thought of the albino flailing now at the strong nets that enclosed her. He thought of the luck of any fish's birth and survival: the luck that kept a piglike carp from finding and eating the eggs; the luck that in the case of this albino was multiplied, after birth, a million times because her color would catch the eye of any fish coming in to feed. And when she got bigger she'd stayed away from the cunning hooks and twirling baits. For twenty years, she'd been free, and then in the urge of propagation she'd hit the lead net and nosed into the heart net and then into the pound net, and now she was caught and a man in Toronto was coming to get her.

"What color would the egg be, that started the albino, John?" Lanny asked.

John, usually patient and courteous, seemed as preoccupied as Black Ab. "Damned if I know," he said briefly.

Black Ab took a third bottle of beer. Lanny tossed frogs' legs into the melted butter in the frying pans.

THE truck from the hatchery, driven by a voluble, freckled kid, came just after they'd eaten. John told him where to find a tank that would hold the albino tomorrow for the trip from the nets to the jetty. The people in Toronto would bring a bigger tank, to take her from there. The boy wanted to go out to see the albino but John told him he'd better get back with the eggs. Black Ab thought briefly of the process of growth, from eggs to clouds of black fry, then to fingerlings, and finally to adults, released in open water, the perils of babyhood beaten by the care of men.

If they'd let the albino go, they'd have talked about her interminably. Now they scarcely mentioned her. They played cribbage in the afternoon and even Lanny, rebuffed by the silence, played without talking. They went to bed early, and Black Ab lay awake. He wanted to talk to somebody but now he couldn't talk to John, because John wasn't a farmer who owned his own land and did as he pleased.

John worked for the department, and for the first time it was a barrier between the two men. The thought of talk turned Black Ab's mind to the sessions in his kitchen at home, telling the Deyells and McQuades and Fees and O'Connells and Red Ab, his cousin, about the queer ones. This was one he wouldn't enjoy talking about. He slept, finally, with a sense of oppression, and he had waked up and got the fire going and was outside in the warm spring morning when a truck from the hatchery, a larger truck from Toronto, and a car full of men arrived at nine o'clock.

The four men in the car piled out, dressed in city suits and topcoats and hats. John and Lanny came out of the cabin and Black Ab walked up with them. John introduced him to Norman Dahl, the deputy minister, a fit-looking middle-aged man. Black Ab and Dahl shook hands. The other three men were from the Department of Travel and Publicity. "Manna from heaven," one of them said, his voice rising above the general excited talk.

"We'll take the fish in the tank truck," Dahl said. "We can change the water along the way every few hours. The show is in Detroit right now. I think we can run this baby right down there. A great break for us, for publicity."

Black Ab said, "Guess it is."

"Did you eat breakfast?" John asked Dahl. "Haven't got much here, but we could dig up something."

"We ate," Dahl said. "Thanks all the same. We'd like to get back as soon as we can. That's why we came so early. I've got an appointment this afternoon but I really wanted to see this thing. Would it put you out too much to go straight to that net, get the fish, and bring her to shore? Then we can get going."

The freckled driver from the hatchery had brought a small tank which fitted in the punt, to bring the albino ashore in. Lanny loaned the deputy minister his oilskins, then stood with the others at the kitchen door as the skiff towing the punt churned away from the jetty.

The deputy minister sat with John on the middle seat of the skiff. He seemed excited, and he kept looking ahead to the nets they were approaching. He seems like a nice enough guy, Black Ab thought, although he wasn't sure exactly what kind of a guy he had expected to be a deputy minister. Black Ab noticed that John didn't talk much but lifted his head occasionally with a reluctant half-smile on his lean, thoughtful face to nod agreement with what his superior was saying.

Black Ab brought the skiff up close beside the pound net and pulled on the punt's towline and clambered in. John followed. Dahl was standing up in the skiff, rolling easily with the boat's movement, looking into the net exclaiming about the albino. Black Ab unlashed the line from a stake and he and John began hauling the net into the punt. The net grew quickly shallower and the albino flashed and whirled and spun with the other fish; with them and yet apart from them, like the star of a dancing show pirouetting among the lesser lights of the chorus.

Black Ab quickly picked up a landing net. "I'll hoist her out."

"We'll take her just as we would if we were spawning her," John said. "Bring her tail up toward me and I'll grab her and you hold her head in the net and we'll ease her into the tank."

Black Ab dipped the landing net carefully toward the albino. Because of the masses of smaller fish, which usually were cleared out before this operation began, it was harder to get the albino. Finally he caught her, reaching well outward as he did so, both hands on the handle as he hoisted the struggling fish into the air.

"This way!" yelled John suddenly.

Black Ab completed the motion he had started, straining on the looping, sidewise swing. The net flashed in a quick arc over the square bows of the punt and there was a monstrous splash as the albino hit the open water, a streak of light as she disappeared.

"Why—" yelled Dahl. "Why, you damn' dumb Irish farmer! Why, I'll be—"

John McManus didn't speak. He took out a handkerchief, blew his nose vigorously, then pulled his hat over his face and sat down.

Black Ab's face took on a sudden merry smile. "Now, wasn't that a damn' queer thing to do?" he said.

"Damn' queer isn't the word," Dahl spluttered. "It was, it was—"

"All the same," Black Ab said, "that's what I done."

AND that night, when news of the albino should have been startling sports-page readers in Toronto, when the first astonishing word should have been passed over the loud-speaker at the sportsman's show in Detroit, Black Ab sat at his kitchen table in the flickering lamplight. The word had traveled through the valley of Irishman's Lake, and Red Ab Magee was there from his farm, and so were O'Connells and Fees and McQuades and Deyells.

Black Ab told them he'd been fired, and why, although he didn't look as sad as he would have if it had happened another way. The room shook with laughter when he described the faces on the jetty as he brought the skiff and punt and the empty tank and the speechless, angry deputy minister back from the nets, and how fast the Toronto men struck off out of there for the city, mad as hornets.

"John drove me home," he said.

"He did?" said one of the Deyells.

"Did he say anything?" asked Red Ab.

Black Ab grinned. "Just as he let me out at the gate he said that the deputy minister had said what I was officially—a damn' dumb Irish farmer. As far's he's concerned, he said, all very unofficial, he said, I'm just an Irishman, and let it go at that."

They all laughed again, and his boys stopped even the pretense of doing homework on the kitchen table to grin at their dad, and the littlest girl reached up from his knee and rubbed her hand softly over the whiskers on Black Ab's cheeks and chin.

THE END

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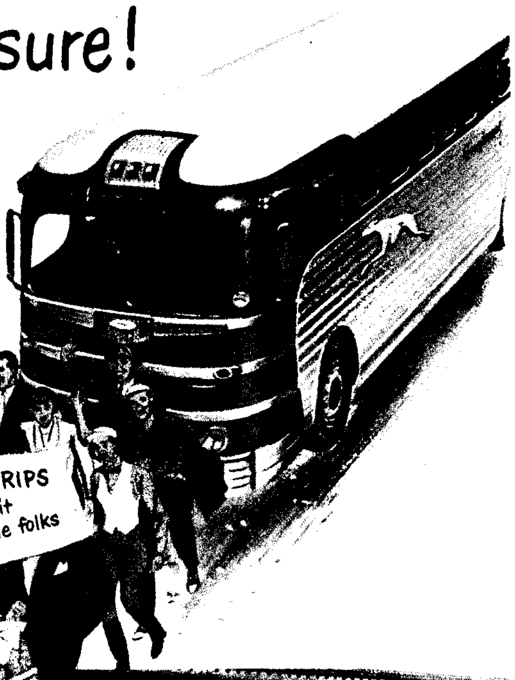

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Battling Diseases Around the World

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

demanded better health laws. A revolutionary new slogan attacked the age-old concept that the primary function of medicine is to treat the sick. The slogan became: "Disease Prevention!" Until the hookworm upheaval, not one person in 20 knew that disease could be prevented at all.

This was no overnight sensation. The campaign in the South kept rolling on and on, year after year, growing in force and vision as it spread around the world. Eventually 7,000,000 people were treated. The clinics brought tuberculosis, a hush-hush disease, and other ills into the open. Today, hookworm disease with its ugly spawns is an anachronism in the United States.

The general economic revival of the South, marked by a continuing influx of new industry, points to similar opportunities for every land bled white by parasite-spread diseases. Of course, ending hookworm was not the whole story in the South. Malaria had to go too, agriculture had to be improved, the school system rebuilt—all great movements in which Rockefeller boards were leaders. But the hookworm victory was basic. Until it was won, no other could be.

The Foundation also established the front from which, in 1913, the International Health Division, successor to the Rockefeller Sanitary Commission, jumped off into the first world war in all history to stop pest-borne human misery.

"Unless public health is conceived in international terms," declared Wickliffe Rose, "the strategic opportunity of our generation is lost." This was not mere rhetoric.

The fact that insects spread disease was a recent and an ominous discovery. It meant, for example, that a few mosquitoes lurking in a ship sailing from any one of a hundred pestholes might loose yellow fever or malaria in any other port of call. The opening of the Panama Canal heightened that possibility. The full story of hookworm as it unfolded emphasized the dread.

Origin of Hookworm Traced

At first, the worm was thought to be a native of our South, but again Stiles was right. Soon hookworm was found in California. It infested Central America. Later, its probable origin was traced to Africa. From there, trade and travel had carried the germ into most of the warm countries of the world. In some spots, like India, 90 per cent of the population was infested.

Dr. Rose personally surveyed the pest-ridden Orient. He found that vast areas in Asia, where great civilizations had once flourished, were fast becoming world charity wards.

When the Americans asked what was being done, the authorities shrugged. Some local work was under way, but it was handicapped by public ignorance, politics, graft and a glaring lack of trained public-health leaders. On a world basis, nothing was being done. And only a few wild dreamers believed it could be. Fatalism drugged the Orient. Christian missionaries glumly reminded the visitors of the penalty of original sin. In short, the problem precisely fitted the policy that then and now dictates the ideal Rockefeller Foundation venture. That is, the venture must be so big and difficult that nobody else has dared it.

The Health Division deployed on a front extending from China to Brazil. It was one of the boldest moves—and one of the most timely—ever made by a handful of altruists for the race. By air liner today, if inspectors were not posted at airports, mosquitoes bloated with deadly viruses might hop from continent to continent in hours.

This is no imaginary menace. A few such lethal invaders got through from Africa to Brazil in 1930 before the guards were as well trained and numerous as they are now. The mosquitoes were of the elite corps known as *Anopheles gambiae,* Africa's most dreaded carrier of malaria. A Rockefeller Foundation outpost under Dr. Raymond C. Shannon discovered the first of them at Natal during a routine check. A year later, evidence of the invasion was found 115 miles up the Brazilian coast.

A great drought followed. For five years nothing happened. It was thought the African mosquitoes must have perished. Then they struck. Now a host, the invaders began spreading sickness and death over an area of 12,000 square miles. The noted malariologist, Dr. M. A. Barber, called the attack a threat to the two Americas "in comparison with which ordinary pestilence, conflagration and even war are small and temporary calamities."

A Four-Year War on Malaria

The Brazilian government put 2,000 doctors, technicians, scouts, inspectors, guards and laborers into the infested district. They were commanded by the veteran Rockefeller pest fighter, Dr. Fred L. Soper. With airplanes, poison, dynamite and fumigating gas, the scourge was stopped, but it took four years. The cost to Brazil was incalculable. In some sections, crops could not be planted, for 9 out of every 10 persons went down with malaria. One in every 10 died. In the Jaguaribe Valley of Ceará alone, 50,000 casualties were reported in one year. In 1939, almost everyone living in the stricken district was on relief.

This was the sort of "germ warfare" that Wickliffe Rose and his pioneers set out to check on a world scale, some of them to die in the attempt.

In khaki and sun helmets, groggy with quinine, they hit the roads and trails of China and India, the Fiji Islands and Australia and Latin America. They learned to speak pidgin English, match wits with witch doctors, counsel with kings, governors and tribal chiefs. These scientists, soldiers, supersalesmen had a magic formula. If good was done, local government got the credit. If the campaign fizzled, the Rockefeller men took the blame. But they have had few fizzles. Behind them, in three decades, they have left trillions of dead pests, millions of saved human lives, and what is yet more significant, new knowledge, new vision and monumental exploits that challenge world leadership to "carry on from here."

Take Sardinia.

That island off Italy's west coast—the sardine is named for it—is about the size of New Hampshire. It is a miniature continent in the center of the blue Mediterranean and should be one of the earth's loveliest spots. But in 1946, when Dr. J. A. Kerr of the International Health Division's field forces moved to Sardinia, he found that one of 10 Sardinians came down with malaria every year. A Sard either died of the fever early in life, or gained immunity at the cost of his energy and health.

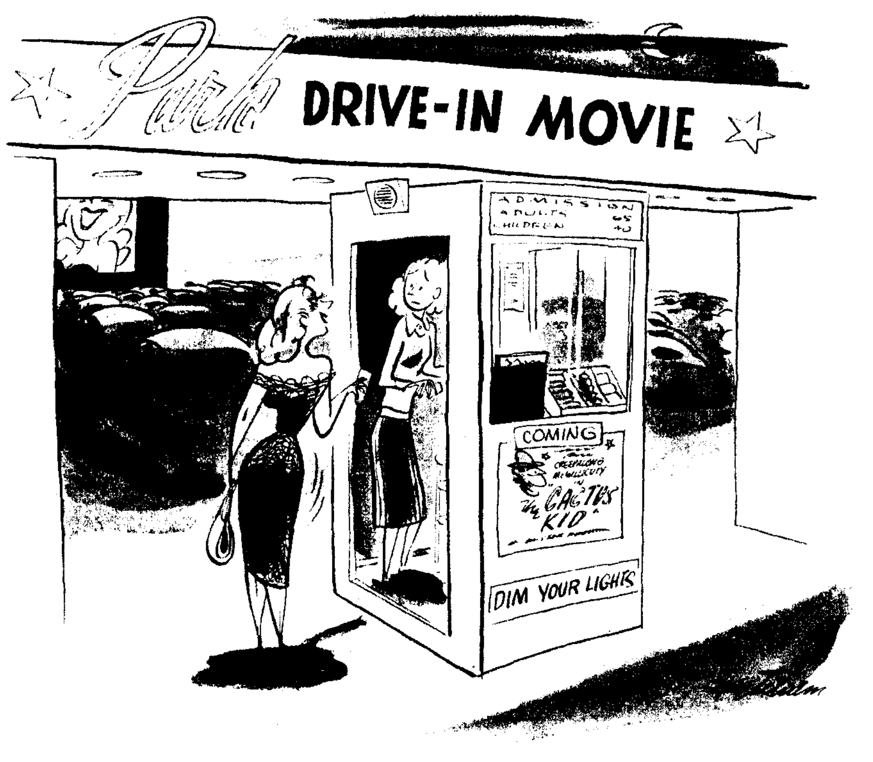
The blight had shriveled a once flourishing civilization, marked by the weed-grown ruins of some 7,000 small castles and relics dug up by antiquarians. Malaria had stilled the island's industry, closed its mines, rutted its hills, eroded its once rich grain fields, steeped its 800,000 people in hopeless lethargy and poverty. Italians of the jammed, overcrowded mainland looked on Sardinia as a place of grim exile, and avoided it.

But what Kerr saw in the island was a great stage on which to enact a drama that might get the attention of world statesmen. If Sardinia's ancient plague could be ended, the island might support a million new inhabitants. What's more, a victory of that scope would offer good reason to believe that malaria might be wiped out anywhere.

Working with a New Weapon

Over the world, the malarial toll is 300,000,000 illnesses and 3,000,000 deaths annually. The drama that Kerr and his successor, young, good-looking Dr. John A. Logan, proceeded to stage was of potential consequence to mankind for centuries to come. They came armed with a powerful new weapon—DDT.

Except for the size of the operation, which was without a precedent, it was managed in typical Rockefeller pattern. The undertaking was sponsored by the Italian government. Italian public-health officials actively assisted. Funds came mainly from the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration (UNRRA), and later the U.S. Economic Co-operation Administration (ECA). The Health Division's contribution was trained brains, expressed in the planning and generalship of Kerr, Logan and two associates, Dr. Thomas H. G. Aitken and F. W. Knipe.



COLLIER'S

"Don't worry about *that,* honey. I'll find a seat"

HANK KETCHAM

The task of wiping out malaria on the island was comparable to the mythical labors of Hercules. Through centuries, the lethal mosquito had entrenched itself in every crack and crevice of that rugged land. Overlook one such hiding place and you might lose your war. There is no resting in such warfare. Once the attack is begun it must be kept. You are up against an almost invisible foe that is a master both of infiltration and reproduction.

The Sards furnished the man power. At the peak of the fighting, Logan had 33,000 of them in his army, each man specially drilled in his job. The weapons were picks, shovels, dynamite for ditching, airplanes, fog machines, powerboats and power sprayers. But, as in most wars, the real hero was the foot soldier, in this case an earnest little dark-skinned Sardinian armed with a spray gun loaded with oil and DDT.

Every nook and cranny in the island was sprayed. The Sards with their spray guns swarmed through houses, under beds and tables, crawled through culverts, into every dark and dank hide-out. Where ceilings were beyond reach, as in churches, they used gas. They hunted out caves in the hills, dug drainage canals to empty swamps, filled every hole in which water might gather, cleared huge acreages of weeds and brush.

The results to Sardinia, to Italy and possibly also to mankind are profound. Someday they might be deemed comparable to the first air crossing of the English Channel, as heralding a new age.

"After three years of intensive work, malaria is no longer a threat in Sardinia," reported Chester I. Barnard, president of the Rockefeller Foundation, in 1949. He continued: "For the first time in history, although the mosquito culprit still hides out in a few districts, not a single new case of malaria was reported. . . . The island, formerly an economic liability, is emerging as Italy's new frontier. Sardinia is now a healthy place to live and work."

Italian officials believe the island may now be capable of absorbing immigrants from the mainland at the rate of 200,000 per year for five years. Sardinia is more alluring than Italy itself today, for in addition to killing off all the mosquitoes, the Sards' sprayers got rid of most of the flies, cockroaches and bedbugs.

Mr. Barnard points out that this war to save lives cost none. It restored property, damaged none. The money outlay was only $12,000,000. That fact suggests to ex-businessman Barnard that possibly the spray gun and DDT, plus bulldozers and airplanes, properly directed, have already dated cannon and bombs as mankind's weapons in conquering new lands.

New Attitude Toward Disease

The Foundation's Health Division launched two other powerful spearheads in its world attack against "germ warfare." Shortage of able leaders was an acute reason for the public's ignorance of good health measures. The traditional medical emphasis was on curing disease after you got it. Epidemics were accepted as the age-old will of Allah, Buddha or the Lord. Even in the United States, around World War I, fewer than one in 10 physicians appointed to public-health posts were trained in disease prevention. More than 7,000 such specialists were needed.

The Johns Hopkins University School of Hygiene and Public Health was founded by the Rockefeller Foundation in Baltimore in 1918. The school became the West Point of a new profession. Today, four of the directors of divisions and three chiefs of sections in the World Health Organization of the United Nations are Hopkins graduates. Scores of others are scattered through WHO's branches. The school has trained more than 2,000 men from 65 nations.

Altogether, the Foundation gave more than $20,000,000 to Johns Hopkins, Harvard, Michigan and other public-health schools in the Americas and abroad between 1918 and 1948. These grants inspired national and state governments to appropriate hundreds of millions for public health. In turn, the schools' graduates aroused communities that hired them into spending billions on waste disposal, better water supplies, slum clearance and sanitary projects of all kinds.

In China, the Peiping Union Medical College was built as a model for the Orient. Some $50,000,000 has been spent in China to train medical students and lighten the heavy burden of disease. The hope was also to create a wedge of influence for democratic ideas. Sensing as much, the invading Japanese closed the Peiping college in World War II. After the Japanese left, the buildings were rehabilitated and the college reopened with a full Chinese staff. Then came the rising tide of Chinese Communism, forcing the Foundation's outposts in China to fall back to India. On January 20th of this year the Chinese Reds took over Peiping Union Medical College.

Yellow Fever—the Destroyer

But the Health Division's greatest adventure, its greatest defeat and greatest victory, grew out of its world drive against the destroyer yellow fever. That drive has been continuous.

At first, as with hookworm, yellow fever was thought to be exclusively a curse of the Americas, and its carrier was believed to be only the *Aëdes* mosquito. On this premise, Major General William C. Gorgas was added to the Foundation's staff in 1918. He had won world fame by ending the *Aëdes* reign in Cuba and the Panama Canal Zone. The mission given him by Wickliffe Rose was to stamp it out everywhere on the two American continents. One reason for that huge order was that ships from American ports—later planes—might convey *Aëdes* mosquitoes to the teeming populations of the Orient.

"If that happens," said Rose, "the fourteenth century's scourge of Black Death in Europe will be made to look like an epidemic of mild spring colds."

The campaign began a few days after the armistice released Gorgas from his post of Surgeon General of the Army. Latin-American nations pledged men and money. The opening attack was made in Guayaquil, Ecuador, a yellow jack stronghold since pirate days. In one epidemic in that city, half the population had perished. A new one was on.

Gorgas and his field commander, Dr. M. E. Connor, had Guayaquil off the black list in six months.

Yucatán, where another epidemic raged, was next. Gorgas personally deployed his forces. The yellow-fever experts of all Latin America rallied to him. Up and down both coasts and into the islands of the Caribbean swept the fever fighters in unbroken victories. Each month another black area was wiped off and made white on the huge war map in the Health Division's New York offices. By 1920, that map was almost as white as a fresh-washed sheet.

Then an incredible rumor came in. Yellow fever was said to be rampant in Africa. Cases were being reported from Senegal all the way to the Belgian Congo. Grimly, Gorgas read the cable. "If this is true," he told Rose, "our problem is simple no longer."

He was now sixty-six. The work in the American tropics, coming without rest after the World War, had left the old soldier ineffably weary. But he insisted on personally heading a commission to Africa to investigate. Rose tried but couldn't stop him. A paralytic stroke did, a few weeks later. Gorgas died in London in 1920. He was Casualty No. 1.

No. 2 came the next year. At hot, humid Tuxtepec, Mexico, a research post had been set up. Just before Christmas, a bacteriologist, Dr. Howard B. Cross, thirty-three, a Johns Hopkins graduate, was stricken by the plague he was studying. The day after Christmas he died. Mexico paid him the honors due a military hero. Today,

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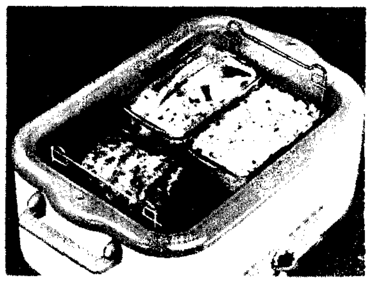

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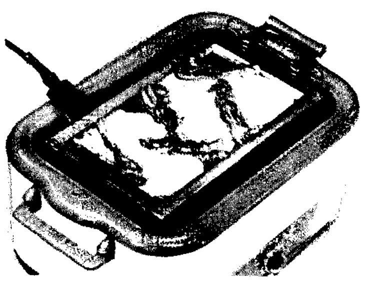

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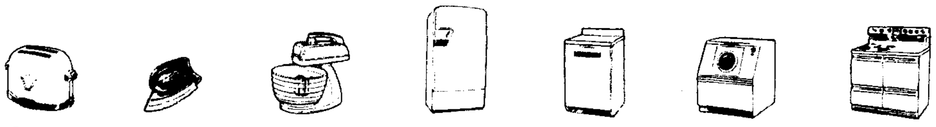


the Vera Cruz public-health laboratory is named for him.

Everything now started to go wrong. In Brazil, where the fever was thought to have been stamped out, it flared again. Yellow fever was not only at large, but Africa, not the Americas, was probably its real source. Like hookworm, it perhaps had come to the Western Hemisphere in slave ships. Suddenly all of the Rockefeller millions began to look like what one field man called "a splash in a huge puddle of disease."

The front was extended to Africa. The strategy changed.

Six miles outside Lagos, pest-filled port of Nigeria's hot coast, a field laboratory was established. It was staffed by volunteers who knew they might not see home again. Their job was to isolate the yellow-fever virus, and find a cure or an immunizing vaccine.

The pathologist of the group was brilliant, handsome Dr. Adrian Stokes, who had come to this high adventure among stinks, pests, monkeys and heat by way of Dublin and London. Today, Stokes is still at Lagos. The date on his tombstone in the English cemetery is 1927. He was Casualty No. 3.

Lagos cabled New York: "Funeral impressive; morale here excellent; the work goes on."

No member of the staff of the Rockefeller Institute was more famous than the little Japanese researcher, Dr. Hideyo Noguchi. Nobody knew more about yellow fever. Noguchi had been away from Japan so long that few in his native land could understand his Japanese. And few Americans could fathom his English. His most lucid language was Spanish, mastered for yellow-fever fighting in Latin America.

Noguchi Passes on the Torch

Little Noguchi, fifty-one, was Casualty No. 4. A virus-laden mosquito got him, in 1928, in a sweat-soaked autopsy jacket at Accra, an African Gold Coast town. Knowing he was dying, he used his last bit of strength to explain a pending discovery to his English associate, Dr. William A. Young.

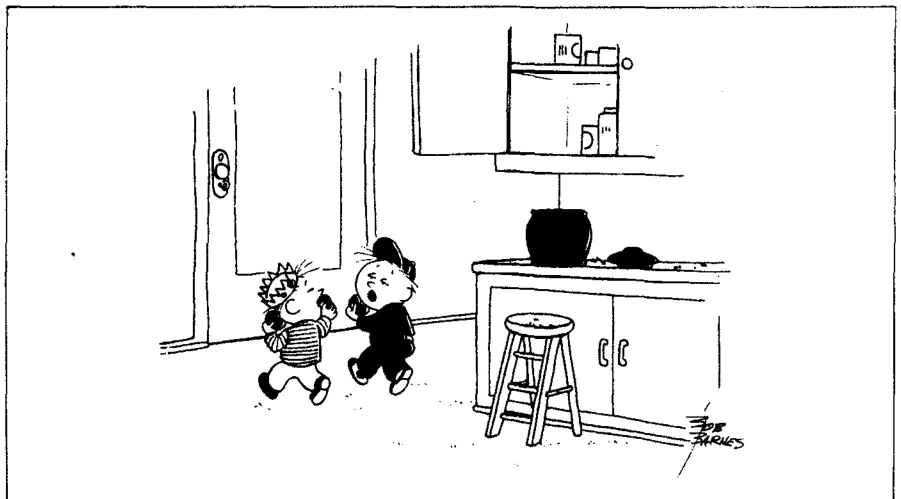
But Young himself was burning up with fever, too far gone to muster the strength to write down what Noguchi told him. He was No. 5.

Meanwhile, the field research was being pushed in South America. The beaten disease refused to stay beaten there. Control stations of the Brazilian Public Health Service dotted the danger zone like fire towers in a forest preserve, but the mosquitoes continued to spread misery and death. They seemed to be of a new, formerly unsuspected jungle species. The theory was that they were infecting monkeys, thus keeping the virus alive, later to be passed on to men.

Volunteering to test the theory was Dr. Paul A. Lewis, fifty, noted animal pathologist of the Rockefeller Institute, formerly director of Henry Phipps Institute. He almost missed his Christmas dinner to catch a ship for Bahia, Brazil. Gray-thatched Lewis found dead monkeys in the Brazilian jungle and direct proof of the theory as to why they died. His own death of "jungle yellow fever," in 1929, was that proof.

The graves were now six. In 1930 there was a seventh death, that of Dr. Theodore B. Hayne, thirty-two, son of South Carolina's state health officer, Dr. James A. Hayne, a leader earlier in the hookworm fight. Despite Stokes, Noguchi, Young, Cross and Lewis, young Ted Hayne had gone back to Lagos after a three months' leave of absence in the United States. He had gone back, as he told his father, because they were doing more than dying there.

The Lagos researchers had drawn a specimen of blood from a native African named Asibi, who was recovering from a yellow-fever attack. The fact that he was getting well indicated that the blood specimen contained a mysterious agent that thereafter would guard Asibi against all further *Aëdes*-borne virus. For yellow jack doesn't repeat. You either die of it, or recover and become immune. The big problem at Lagos, when Ted Hayne went back in 1930, was to give that vital immunity which Asibi had to others, through a vaccine.



COLLIER'S "Maybe we'd better leave a note so your mom'll know what happened to 'em" BOB BARNES

After three years a vaccine was perfected. With it, white mice were made immune to yellow jack even when, afterward, they were inoculated with its virus. Next, via a new vaccine obtained from the blood of immune mice, the immunity was transmitted to monkeys, a whole cageful of them.

On May 13, 1931, a notable date, the first volunteer from the staff of the Health Division's New York laboratory was vaccinated. He complained of a reaction no worse than a mild headache and a feverish flush that soon passed. Nine other volunteers were then vaccinated, with similar results. At once, vaccine was rushed to all exposed men in the field.

"It is a pleasure to note," reported the Health Division for the year 1931, "that this year the Rockefeller Foundation does not have to report any deaths from yellow fever among its personnel."

There was one catch. All of the vaccine available could be measured by thimblefuls, and the need was world-wide. Moreover, its use in vaccinating large numbers was not practicable. That meant a new approach, through the virus. The precious virus strain from the blood of black Asibi had to be multiplied millions of times, first by patient natural growth in the living bodies of white mice, and finally by prolonged culture with tissues in a flask. By this process of tedious growth the virulence of the virus was also so reduced that it could be used as a vaccine without the serum.

Someday we ought to erect a war monument to the white mouse. In 1941, with World War II rolling upon us, the International Health Division furnished the U.S. government with almost 2,000,000 doses of yellow-fever vaccine. This huge dose of immunity was for the protection of American fighting men, and other government agents, in all parts of the world.

Millions of Doses of Vaccine

Another 2,000,000 doses of vaccine were sent to our allies in Africa. More hundreds of thousands of doses went out to India, Brazil and Singapore. A grand total of 4,225,000 doses was shipped that year to protect that many men.

Until now, you probably had never heard of Asibi, the Negro; or of Stokes, the Irishman; Noguchi, the Japanese; or of the English Dr. Young, and the three Americans who are with them in Valhalla. But if you have been vaccinated against the yellow jack, that tiny mark of the needle on your arm is their mark.

All of those shipments of life-guarding vaccine were, and are, strictly gifts without a price, made with the compliments of the late John D. Rockefeller. Yellow fever has been beaten! That isn't all. Out of the conquest has developed one of the most fantastic mysteries in the annals of medicine. It might be called "The Mystery of the 18 Anonymous Viruses."

Thousands of human-blood specimens were taken and analyzed in the work of isolating the yellow-fever virus. Wild monkeys and blood-gorged mosquitoes contributed thousands of specimens more. The blood came from remote African villages, Brazilian jungles, and byways of Central America off the white man's beaten path. There probably has never been such a scientific fine-combing of backwoods corpuscles as this was.

And something wholly unexpected happened. Viruses unknown to medicine appeared in some of the blood samples, the first in 1937. They materialized like strange new threats from Mars. Eight of the unknown viruses showed up in East Africa. Brazil's jungles produced six. Three are of Colombian origin. The eighteenth was spotted near Kumba, in the British Cameroons, in 1948.

The baffled researchers called the viruses by the names of the places where they found them, thus adding to medicine such odd new terms as the Semliki Forest virus, the Bwamba virus, the West Nile virus and the Mengo virus. These are from East Africa. Each had equally odd sources. The Mengo virus, for example, was contributed by two batches of mosquitoes, a wild mongoose, a rhesus monkey, and a native Negro down with an unidentified fever.

Only rarely were humans sick of the strange virus incident to their region. Widespread immunity tests told why. Apparently, in the course of many generations, almost the entire population there had gradually become immune to an illness that in ancient days must have been a dangerous common scourge.

The discovery of the viruses raised a huge question. What of the tens of millions of humans in the world who lack this local immunity? Ours is a world that daily is being drawn closer together. The backwoods are passing. Are these ancient scourges, kept alive by insects and animals, waiting to rage again and take new tolls in virgin territories?

Somebody among those yellow-fever fighters recalled a grim fact. When influenza, also a virus disease, suddenly became epidemic during World War I, the medical profession was caught almost totally unprepared. The consequences were appalling.

Today, in the laboratories of the International Health Division in Rockefeller Institute, New York, a work is under way that is almost as fantastic as the mystery it is attempting to solve. A group of former yellow-fever fighters lately back from Africa have organized what they call the Virus Team. The team is out to tie up those 18 anonymous viruses with the unknown human ailments they are liable to create, and to develop immunizing vaccines for those ailments *before they happen.*

That is to say, they hope to be so prepared against surprise that should an epidemic break out anywhere on earth, and one of those 18 unknowns is the cause, medicine will be able to stop that virus dead in its tracks. They also hope to add considerably to medicine's present very sketchy knowledge of all viruses.

The instruments being brought to bear on this unique task are ultracentrifuges, fine-grained filters and an electron microscope, plus some innovations of the team's own. They can take a virus, dry and purify it in the ultracentrifuge, put it on a pinhead-size screen under the electron microscope, and get a clear image of an object measuring as little as 1/10,000,000 of an inch. The best any optical microscope can do is 1/250,000 of an inch.

On the Trail of Mengo Virus

This kind of scientific detective work takes patience and time. But already some results can be reported. The Mengo virus from East Africa is now known to be closely akin if not identical to a virus isolated from a chimpanzee in Florida. Some American soldiers who suffered a mysterious fever in the Philippines were found to be Mengo immune, indicating the presence of Mengo in the Islands. One of the Brazilian viruses —Ilheus—appears to thwart brain development in chick embryos.

A world survey is planned to determine how far-flung is the distribution of the 18 unknowns. This will involve taking thousands, maybe millions of blood samples from normal people all over the earth, and testing them for the telltale evidences of immunity. At this moment, in fact, the veterans of the International Health Division who have battled insect-borne scourges in a hundred and one lands are debating a bold shift in their world attack that leaves one's imagination gaping.

World health authorities are alert today to the menace of insect-borne plagues. The job of fighting them has become widely recognized as a responsibility of governments. The World Health Organization of the United Nations is now capably leading the global battle against "germ warfare." Therefore the Rockefeller Foundation is asking if the work begun a generation ago to spotlight the insect menace has not been accomplished, if the time has not arrived for it to retire from that field and invade a new one, as yet only little explored and potentially as vast.

"Although some of mankind's oldest afflictions, including smallpox, influenza and the common cold, are virus diseases," points out President Barnard, "scientists are lamentably ignorant of many of the aspects of viruses. It is no exaggeration to say that virology stands today about where bacteriology stood in the early 1900s."

So the yellow-fever veterans have come home from Africa, South America and elsewhere. The malaria fighters are shaping up their affairs in Egypt, Italy and Sardinia so that on a word from headquarters others might take them over. The hookworm crusade is now history.

A transition is going on, a brand-new phase of mankind's war against disease is being envisioned in the Rockefeller Foundation. The Mystery of the 18 Anonymous Viruses has raised its challenge to the Health Division to take a new "great chance"—a chance so big and far removed from present-day medical schemes that nobody else would dare to risk money on it

"Progress," philosophizes Mr. Barnard "doesn't come from beating on the same old drum indefinitely. We think we may have found a good new one."

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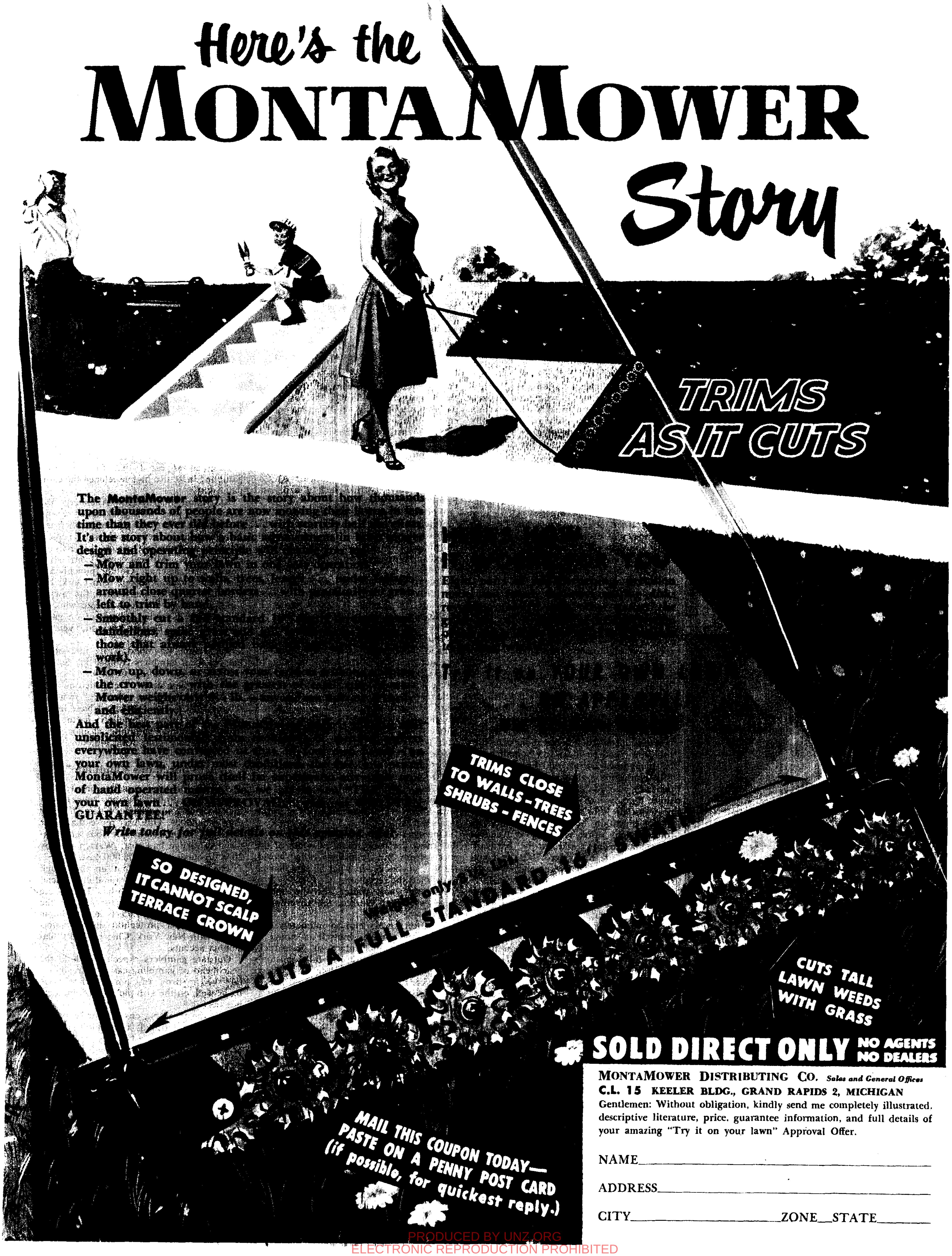
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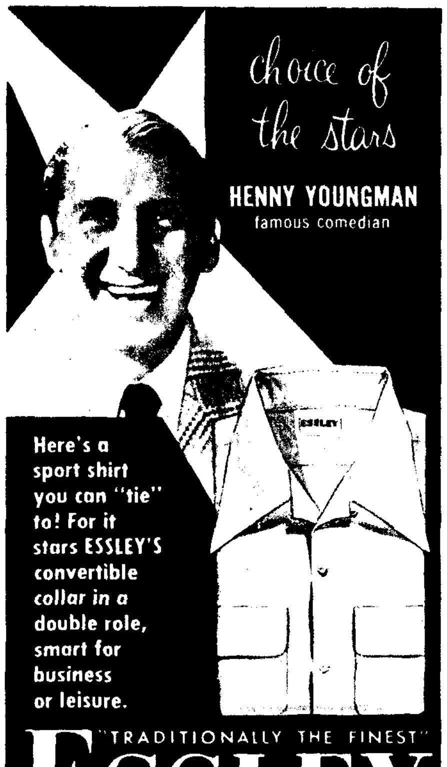

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

special qualifications. You must be "clean," i.e., have no police record. You must live the open life of a model family man. But you must also be a manager for, and a partner with, underworld pals. Without "clean" guys, mobsters would have to shun those enterprises in which they can't show their hand.

Johnston is a corpulent 225-pounder with personalities to match each of his two lives. Round and soft outside, he is razor-edged and hard inside. Johnston's home-town friends in Jacksonville, Florida—who include newspaper editors, bankers, professional men—see in him a man of generous impulses, the loving paterfamilias of a happy household of three children and two grandchildren; a civic-minded citizen endowed with the traditional warmth and good nature of outsized men. Openhanded in charities, Bill Johnston yearly dons a Santa Claus suit and, at his own expense, lavishes Christmas presents on the sick children of Jacksonville's Hope Haven Hospital. The majestic dewlap and paunch that good food and drink have given him at fifty make him a convincing and jolly Kriss Kringle. The children love him.

But in Miami, or in the state capital of Tallahassee, or in Chicago, Johnston's other life inspires other emotions.

One is fear.

A prominent supplier of road materials, who talked of Johnston's role in a state-wide contracting ring, urged:

"If you see me in the street, and I'm with someone, please don't greet me."

The operator of a competing Miami dog track, after talking to this writer, relayed the conversation at once to Johnston. "Out of self-protection," as he later said.

And an industrialist in Chicago who once had business dealings with Johnston and his partners wouldn't talk about it in the presence of his wife.

"She has had enough. I don't want to revive old nightmares," he said.

Dual Personality Revealed

Face to face, in talks that lasted through two afternoons and an evening, Johnston displayed two Bill Johnstons to me.

As a model citizen surrounded by his family in his $70,000 home at Jacksonville, Johnston could be the warm human being his home-town friends said he was. This Bill Johnston was an outgoing and disarming man who could tell a good story and shake happily with great belly laughs. The possessor of little more than a grammar-school education, he fumbled occasionally for the right word, resorting to frequent "whatchamacallits" and earthy, barnyard English to tide him over. Yet he could muster a forceful, native eloquence to defend his swift, recent rise in the world.

"I have rose pretty high," says Bill Johnston.

And indeed he has.

Six years ago Johnston managed two dog tracks at Jacksonville and was a minor official of tracks at Tampa, Miami Beach and Chicago. Today, he is president and part owner of all of them. As such, he is the residual heir of a dog- and horse-track empire built in part by Al Capone and Edward J. O'Hare and run by O'Hare until underworld "torpedoes" blew his head off with a shotgun in 1939. Johnston was O'Hare's protégé.

The riches one can reap from dog tracks under state supervision today seem to be no less lavish than when Al Capone ran them under a court injunction that prevented police from interfering. Owning no more than 15 per cent of one track and no more than a minority in other tracks he manages, Johnston could report to the Kefauver Committee on Organized Crime that his income from dividends and managerial fees is a tidy $250,000 yearly.

Johnston further revealed to the crime investigators that he keeps $50,000 cash in a strong-box. "In case the banks closed as they did years ago, and I couldn't get anything to eat," he explained.

How had Bill Johnston come by this wealth?

"I bought into the tracks with money borrowed from legitimate sources," he says simply. But the chance to buy in came from lifelong services to underworld bigwigs so notorious that their names have become household words. With such underworld bigwigs, too, Johnston had money deals.

When Bill Johnston, in his open role of proud father, threw a 700-guest reception at the marriage of his daughter, Jule Anne, in November, 1949, the two worlds in which he lives briefly rubbed shoulders.

Partner of Capone Mobsters

One notable guest was the sixty-two-year-old John Patton, who laid the foundation of his multimillion-dollar fortune as partner of the wily pre-Capone public enemy, Johnny Torrio. Known for years as the "boy mayor" of the vice- and murder-ridden Chicago suburb of Burnham, Patton was arrested in 1925 at a Chicago mob headquarters, cheek by jowl with the then "who's who" of the underworld: Al Capone, Johnny Torrio, Jack Guzik and Frank Nitti.

When Nitti, risen to the sinister rank of "enforcer" for the Capones, shot out his brains rather than face trial for extortion, Patton was revealed as Nitti's intimate friend and business partner. This was as late as 1943.

Among those present at the Johnston reception was another onetime business associate of Frank Nitti's—Charles F. Wolfe, now an associate of Johnston's.

The good doctors, lawyers and bankers of Bill Johnston's Jacksonville world, who clinked champagne glasses with John Patton and Charles Wolfe, knew nothing, of course, of their underworld background. Nor could they know that the mousy, dark little man introduced to them as Hugo Bennett had been a lifetime auditor in Patton's enterprises. Nor that the Kefauver Committee would later reveal Bennett as a man who lends money to Paul (the Waiter) Ricca, the Capone gangster and convicted extortionist. Nor that the money Bennett lent to Ricca had been borrowed in part from Bill Johnston. Nor that some of the loan had come from another wedding guest, Max Silverberg, a concessionaire at Johnston's tracks.

One guest, a prominent citrus grower, did know the background of some of the guests from Bill Johnston's other world. He was so shocked at what he saw that he hastily left the reception.

Another guest waited for the dinner. This was Fuller Warren, the governor of Florida.

Johnston knows him so intimately that the governor makes himself at home in Johnston's summer place at Saugatuck, Michigan. Once, a visitor to Bill Johnston's suite in the Blackstone Hotel in Chicago was asked by Johnston if he would like to meet a distinguished Floridian. The "distinguished Floridian," clad in shorts and talking into a telephone, turned out to be Florida's governor-elect, Fuller Warren. At Tallahassee, Johnston has been a frequent overnight guest at the governor's mansion, and on such occasions would stay up far into the night with the governor.

"He liked my stories," says Johnston.

But Johnston could please the governor in other ways. As already noted, he had contributed $155,000—half of it his own and his brother's money—to help elect Warren governor. Johnston's role in the campaign and the subterranean upheavals that followed it, are part of a bizarre and hidden political saga.

Fuller Warren had dreamed of being governor ever since grammar-school days when he got up on a soapbox to harangue his playmates about it. In his first try, in 1940, he ran a close third. In 1947 he started to campaign a full year before the primaries. Louis E. Wolfson, a Jacksonville industrialist with nation-wide interests, staked Warren to a year's absence from his law practice.

"Will $1,500 a month see you through?" Wolfson asked Warren.

It would. The money for groceries and campaigning was advanced as a loan, to be repaid when campaign contributions came in later.

As primary time approached, Warren called in Wolfson, Bill Johnston and another friend, C. V. Griffin, a citrus grower from Howey in the Hills. The three agreed to put up $25,000 apiece. They agreed, further, to keep the campaign financing among themselves.

Other successful gubernatorial campaigns had cost little more than $200,000. But before the three kingmakers knew it, their original $25,000 contributions had zoomed to $155,000 apiece—for a total of $465,000. Wolfson's precampaign loans fattened this to $600,000.

Later, it appeared that Florida's rich gambling belts also had sweetened the campaign kitty.

At Miami Beach, Abe Allenberg, the hotel man who was bookmaker Frank Erickson's auditor and watchdog when the New York and Chicago mobs ran Tropical Park, passed the hat among his pals in sporting life. Money came from Mike Faust, alias Michael Golub, punchboard racketeer and bookmaker; Sam Clark, big shot local gambler; Ben Cohen, the lawyer for the S. & G. bookie syndicate who, at this writing, is under indictment on gambling charges; Harris Leveson, veteran bookmaker.

At Miami, Raymond Craig and other kingpin local gamblers chipped in. So did the gamblers of Volusia County.

Outstate gamblers were generous too. Meyer (Little Meyer) Lansky, industry referee for the New York and New Jersey mobs and Frank Costello's partner in Broward County gambling casinos, told friends he had "gone for" $40,000.

A "Poor-Man's Candidate"

And so the total contributions for the campaign of Fuller Warren—who ran as the "poor-man's candidate"—came to more than $800,000. This was more than four times as much as any previous gubernatorial campaign had cost. Warren won by 20,000 votes—out of 600,000 cast.

The boys who had put up the dough naturally regarded it as a sound investment.

The local gamblers who had devoted the best years of their lives to building the bookie and gambling rackets in their home towns expected protection against interlopers with New York, Chicago and Philadelphia accents.

Outstate gamblers expected to hold the beachhead of gambling casinos already established in Broward County and to move in, as well, on the lush pickings of the local bookie.

And the three big contributors expected jobs for their friends and helpings from the $70,000,000 road-building activities—as well as other business—of the state. There began a back-of-the-scenes pulling and hauling. Governor Warren sought rest in a Tallahassee hospital.

"Fuller," a friend advised him, "why don't you learn to say 'no'?"

At meetings held in a Jacksonville hotel and at the governor's office, the three big contributors argued their claims. When they couldn't be reconciled, the erstwhile campaign-fund partners became bitter rivals who took to scaring the living daylights out of each other by threatening to spill the beans to the public.

One almost did.

C. V. Griffin, the citrus grower, disclosed he had been named "chief investigator" by the governor. Then, charged Griffin, when he started out to investigate the "Babylonian vice, corruption and gambling in Dade County," the governor fired him. Griffin said, too, that on the day the governor fired him, Johnston was in Tallahassee.

That's what Griffin told the papers. But there was another story: his losing fight with Johnston over the state's rich road contracts.

"It looked like Johnston wanted to take over the whole state, from the road department down," Griffin said later.

The story that Griffin didn't tell involved a rash of new companies that sprang expectantly into life after Warren became governor. Some of them, like the Jaxon Construction Company, became a hidden part of the secret life of Bill Johnston.

This concern was born several months after Warren's inaugural in January, 1949. For a new enterprise, it was soon doing quite well, chalking up some $430,000 of state-road contracts.

Johnston denies any interest in contracting or road-supply companies.

"Do you have an interest in Jaxon Construction?" Johnston was asked.

"No."

"Haven't you made out checks to Jaxon Construction and deposited them to the account of the company?"

"If you can produce such a check, I'll give $20,000 to charity," Johnston stormed.

This and other checks, indicating Johnston's intimate relationship with the contracting company, can be produced.

The signature of "Wm. H. Johnston" appears on three checks for $10,000 each, dated August 4, 1949. One was to the Jaxon Construction Company and was deposited to the account of the company. Another check was to a Joe Sears and the third to a John Rush. Both of these checks of Johnston's were also deposited to the account of Jaxon Construction. Rush and Sears are lawyers for the contracting firm. They are also lawyers for Johnston's two dog tracks at Jacksonville.

"Do your friends John Rush and Joe Sears own a part of Jaxon Construction?" Johnston was asked.

"I'm sure they don't," said Johnston.

But an application for a $180,000 RFC loan, dated May 1, 1950, reveals John Rush and Joe Sears as shareholders and directors of the company. Why was Johnston "sure" that these intimate friends and business associates owned no part of the contracting firm?

The application to the RFC has further interest. "The company has an 'in' politically," the application to the RFC stated.

John Rush, a director of the company which could assure the RFC that it had an "in" politically, is an inseparable chum of Johnston's and a lawyer of many interests, as well. Before the Kefauver Committee, he revealed he once owned a piece of a Jacksonville gambling joint. The Florida Bar Association is looking into the matter.

Johnston has other friends who have sprung full-blown into major participation in Florida's multimillion road building since Warren's inaugural. One is M. C. Almes, an ex-Jacksonville tire man, so modestly circumstanced that he borrowed $10,000 from Bill Johnston, so Johnston said, to buy a home when he moved to Tallahassee. (The mortgage was not recorded.) Yet in 1949, Almes blossomed out as head of a new company that obviously required substantial capital. This is the M. C. Almes Company, which handles more than half of the concrete pipe, all of the emulsified asphalt and an undetermined chunk of equipment used in Florida road building.

When Silence Is Golden

Businessmen usually talk freely about the products they sell, the services they provide. Why shouldn't they? But Mr. Almes showed a curious reticence about divulging this routine information. Nor would he say whether his concern owned road-building companies doing substantial work for the state. Almes did insist that no one had an interest in his company but himself and his family.

Equally curious is Bill Johnston's clandestine business promotion for the company.

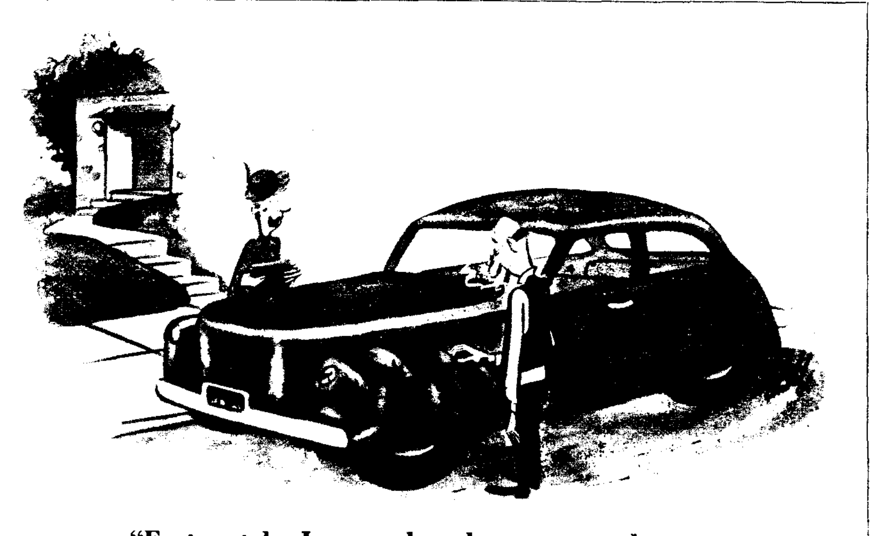
At the secret meeting in the governor's office, already described, at which state business was parceled out, Bill Johnston and the other big campaign contributors named the newly formed companies in which they "had friends." The concern for which Johnston spoke up was the M. C. Almes Company. Johnston denied that he had an interest in the supply company. But he did volunteer the information that he had lent Almes money. Florida's road contractors would like to know more.

Where did Almes's capital come from? Why do engineers in the State Road Department—who can make it tough for contractors—advise them that it would be wise to buy their supplies from this newcomer?

Just as new faces popped up in contracting with Warren's accession to office, so did new figures rise in another great Florida industry—gambling.

Two new entrepreneurs are of special interest: Tony Accardo, the Chicago Capone mob's current enforcer who has the suggestive alias of "Joe Batters," and Little Jack Guzik, the Capones' "elder statesman." Accardo and Guzik, as their joint income-tax return revealed, muscled into the $27,000,000 yearly bookie business of the S. & G. Syndicate at Miami Beach. S. & G., long the exclusive and unassailable preserve of the local boys, had been about as easy to break into as Fort Knox. How did the Messrs. Accardo and Guzik do it?

This raised further questions about the



COLLIER'S "Fortunately, I remember the name on the truck. It was the Acme something or other" GEORGE SMITH

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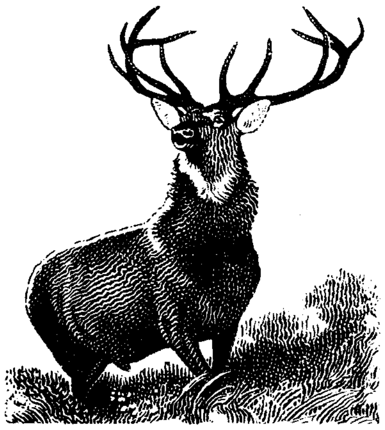

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secret life of Bill Johnston. One of the first things Warren did as governor was to name a gambling investigator, one W. O. Crosby, a Jacksonville plain-clothes man. Warren started to clear the detective with top advisers even before the inaugural.

One adviser objected.

"You know Bill Johnston and his friends want Crosby," the adviser later quoted Warren as saying.

Crosby got the job.

Warren has since denied that Johnston suggested Crosby.

Crosby picked Miami Beach as the most promising area for his investigations. There, he found a helpmate burning with zeal to combat the bookmaking dragon. This was Harry Russell, the Chicago mobster who later told the Kefauver Committee he couldn't talk. He was afraid he might meet the same fate as the slain Kansas City gangster-politician Charles Binaggio, he said.

The team of mobster Russell and investigator Crosby went to work. Russell put the finger on bookie locations, and Crosby got the sheriff or the State Beverage Control Department's flying squad to raid them. It was a happy and rewarding partnership.

By coincidence, the "books" that mobster Russell fingered for Crosby were those of the S. & G. Syndicate. (The letters "S" and "G" are reported to stand for Stop and Go.) By coincidence, too, Russell was at that very moment propositioning S. & G. to admit him to partnership—and getting a "No."

Sam Cohen, an S. & G. partner, described the syndicate's ordeal during the "negotiations" with Russell.

"We ain't a criminal outfit," Sam said. "We keep the best income-tax books of any gambling setup in America. Ain't never gone south with a dime.

"Then this Crosby shows, and we start closin' at the height of the season. After a while he don't even have to bring the cops. When the boys at the offices (bookie locations) spot his kisser, they pass the word down the line to the other hotels. And everybody starts packin'."

Lawyer Makes Empty Threat

One day when the arrival of Crosby's "kisser" at a location started "the boys packin'," Sam's brother Ben Cohen, lawyer for the S. & G., collared the investigator. Bennie got down to what he regarded as the heart of the problem.

"You tell that Bill Johnston," cried Bennie, "that if you don't let up on us, I'll take a full-page ad in the newspapers and blow him sky-high."

What he'd put in the ad, Bennie didn't say. The ad never appeared.

Senate investigators, studying telephone toll calls to Johnston at his home and elsewhere, found that both Harry Russell, the mobster, and Crosby, the investigator, were *telephoning Johnston at this time.* Russell and Crosby were also seeing Johnston at his Miami Beach Kennel Club.

Whether the exasperated Bennie Cohen's threat was ever relayed to Johnston is not *known.* Crosby's kisser continued to disrupt S. & G. business.

And the S. & G. partners capitulated. Would Russell take a one-sixth partnership? He would. What would he pay for it?

Twenty thousand dollars—a modest sum for a partnership that would bring him $60,000 yearly.

The deal was made.

It was a bargain for the S. & G. at that. Magically, the raids on the syndicate's offices let up. Later came another surprise. Partner Russell wasn't a partner after all. He was the Trojan horse by which the Chicago Capone mob crashed Miami Beach gambling. Russell, it turned out, was the front for Tony Accardo and Jack Guzik. Their joint income-tax return for 1949—indicating an interest in S. & G.—said so.

The prudent S. & G. partners won't discuss how the Chicago mob muscled in on them. They say they didn't know who Harry Russell was or whom he represented.

Florida gamblers have a healthy respect for Bill Johnston. When one big Miami bookmaker sought to achieve his lifelong ambition of legalizing the books, he was told at Tallahassee that the man to see was Johnston.

Johnston stipulated several conditions in return for his support of the bookie bill. One was that the legislation should permit only two licensees to do booking in the greater Miami area as against the 20 suggested by the bookmaker, an obvious effort to establish a tight bookmaking monopoly.

The bookmaker agreed and, soon after, his bill was quickly voted in the Lower House of the state legislature. Before it could come to a vote in the Senate, it was mysteriously yanked back to committee and failed to become law.

When the S. & G. syndicate wanted to back a bookie-legalizing bill, the boys paid $10,000 to a lawyer to push it for them.

The lawyer was John Rush, bosom pal of Bill Johnston and admitted onetime partner in a gambling joint. S. & G. promised Rush another ten grand if their bill became law. Miami sporting life felt that the influence for which S. & G. was bidding was not John Rush's but that of his chum, Bill Johnston.

Yet Johnston says:

"I'm not in politics. I never asked the governor to appoint anyone."

To recall, Governor Warren indicated to an adviser that Bill Johnston and his friends wanted Crosby as investigator. Another appointee was B. P. Beville, Johnston's choice for secretary of the Florida Racing Commission.

As records at the Alachua County Courthouse in Gainesville show, Beville once was sentenced to a year for bootlegging. Later, he was indicted on a charge of receiving stolen goods, but this case was nol-prossed when the state's chief witness died.

Beville's past was detailed by political figures to Governor Warren when the latter broached Beville's appointment.

But Governor Warren persisted.

Beville's appointment required confirmation by the state Senate. To avoid certain rejection, Warren sent up Beville's name during the last few hours of the last day of the legislative session when no action could be taken. Then, when the Senate adjourned, Warren reappointed Beville.

Racing Commission Secretary Beville's value (and gratitude) to Johnston have since been demonstrated. Following Kefauver Committee probings into Johnston's friendship with underworld figures, such influential newspapers as the Miami Herald and the Miami Daily News have demanded that the Racing Commission delve into the ownership of the tracks Johnston operates. To these demands a controlling block inside the Racing Commission—headed by Secretary Beville—has turned deaf ears.

Johnston, the man who "never asked the governor to appoint anyone," has been in the thick of patronage fights since Warren's accession to office. Johnston did lose one patronage fight. But his defeat was as revealing as his victories.

For the job of Miami Beverage Control Supervisor—the man who holds it can make or break gamblers by the way he enforces liquor regulations—Johnston had a candidate: a Jack Pearlman.

Only after the Greater Miami Crime Commission's operating director, Dan Sullivan, showed Warren a dossier on Pearlman did the governor give up. Here is what the dossier contained:

A New York City Police Department line-up photo of Pearlman with the police department number of 126-165. His police record in New York City showed three arrests: two on charges of grand larceny, and a third on the charge of murder. These charges were dismissed.

Betting with Rubber Checks

Gamblers in Miami, alarmed lest Pearlman get the job and so have a whip hand over their locations, also sent information to the governor. It seemed that Pearlman had been betting on the horses with checks that bounced. One bookmaker was ready to produce several thousand dollars' worth to prove it.

Johnston's choice didn't get the job.

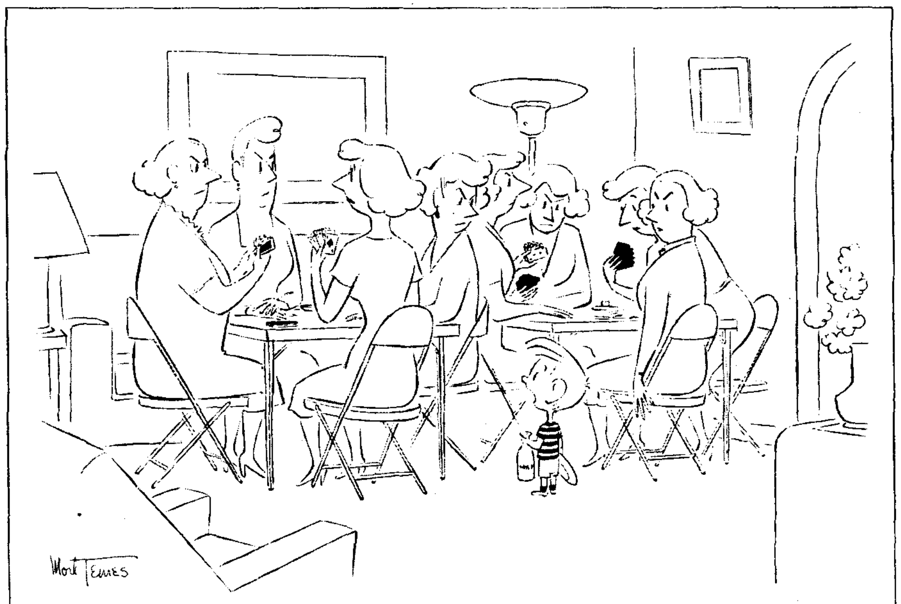
Johnston's hidden political power goes beyond his influence with the governor. He is a prominent figure around Tallahassee when the legislature meets. At recent sessions, Johnston has come to town in style, dined frequently at the governor's mansion and entertained legislators on the outskirts of the capital.

Bills involving gambling, the bookie wire service and the allocation of dates to race tracks occupy much of the time of Florida's lawmakers. At the last session, two state senators who also serve as lawyers for horse tracks wrangled for most of a 60-day session over preferred racing dates for their clients and blocked other state business. The last two sessions have been rocked by bribery scandals.

Johnston controls a bloc of votes in the Lower House of the legislature. With this support, trades can be arranged to expedite matters in which Johnston is interested.

As already noted, a measure to legalize bookies sailed right through the Lower House when Johnston's aid was enlisted for it. In 1949, when the legislature considered a law to bar the bookie wire services, Johnston's help was sought by those who wanted to kill the bill.

Unfortunately for friends of the bookie wire service, a scandal erupted in which it was charged that a wire-service lobbyist had passed money to a state senator. In the explosion that followed, the bill to outlaw the wire service became law.



COLLIER'S "Mommy, where are the cats that were supposed to come this afternoon?" MORT TEMES

Johnston's influence in the state legislature is built in classic fashion: through campaign contributions to legislators' election campaigns.

"I never contribute a quarter to local candidates," Johnston said.

From a veteran state senator who had been approached by Johnston, and from other sources, it was learned that Johnston does contribute to campaigns—and not quarters.

A look at Johnston's career will show where his money came from. This career has been intimately entwined with the careers of two underworld big shots: John Patton and Edward J. O'Hare.

O'Hare, a St. Louis lawyer, came to Chicago to become a partner with Al Capone in the mob-owned Hawthorne Kennel Club, a dog track operated at Cicero, Illinois. Capone, surrounded by his "torpedoes," liked to take a box nightly where he'd be seen tenderly picking dogs for his young son to bet on.

Lawyer O'Hare sought to conceal some of the more sinister names connected with the Hawthorne Kennel Club. So "fronts" were designated to hold stock for some of the boys. For the stock of Frank (the Enforcer) Nitti, John Patton was chosen. To hold the stock of Little Jack Guzik, a doctor was chosen.

O'Hare himself, as was later revealed, held the Big Fellow's dog-track stock.

John Patton and Edward J. O'Hare thus became gangland's first important fronts. Bill Johnston became the trusted handy man and protégé, the bosom pal and business partner of both.

For Bill Johnston, life began in 1932, when he landed a modest bookkeeper's job at Sportsmen's Park—the successor track to the mob's Hawthorne Kennel Club. (The Capones switched from dogs to horses in 1931 when their dog-track racket could no longer be run.)

No success at real estate, in which he had formerly been engaged, Johnston had been sued four times in four years for deals involving debts. But underworld big shots Patton and O'Hare, who ran Sportsmen's and signed its checks interchangeably, found in young Johnston both ability and trustworthiness.

Only two years after coming to the mob-owned race track and while still only a minor employee, Johnston showed up in court as the owner and collector of a $10,000 note—signed over to him by John Patton. In the same year, O'Hare, already on his way to millions, had Johnston witness his will.

Success as Dog-Track Manager

Soon after, Johnston appeared as partner in a dog track at West Memphis, Arkansas. His chief partner was John Patton. Johnston displayed such managerial talents that he was soon manager also of tracks at Jacksonville, Florida, and at Taunton, Massachusetts—for which Ed O'Hare fronted.

When John Patton moved in as the ostensible one-eighth owner and manager of the Gables Racing Association (Tropical Park) at Miami, Johnston came right along as a director. Who owned the other seven eighths of the track? The flower of mobdom: Joe Adonis, Frank Erickson, Owney Madden, Big Bill Dwyer. Hidden successfully from view was still another name, later revealed in probate-court proceedings—that of Frank (the Enforcer) Nitti. Half of Patton's Tropical Park stock, it turned out, belonged to the boss executioner for the Capone mob.

None of this, according to Johnston, did he know.

"I never saw Patton or O'Hare with gangsters," he said.

This was odd. For Patton, Johnston's companion, was a next-door neighbor and intimate of Nitti. The dreaded "enforcer" married a girl who worked at Sportsmen's Park—as private secretary to Ed O'Hare. As for O'Hare, he was so close to Al Capone he used to stay at Al's palatial home when at Miami Beach.

When O'Hare was rubbed out by gangland executioners in 1939, disclosure of his fronting activities forced two states to act. Massachusetts compelled the O'Hare estate to sell out its holdings in dog tracks there to rid the tracks of gang influence.

The Illinois State Racing Commission did the same thing at Sportsmen's Park. Bill Johnston found a buyer for the track, John L. Keeshin, a trucking executive. One thing Keeshin did was to fire Johnston from his job of publicity man. He also fired the chief of the track's police, a Capone hoodlum by the name of Bob McCullough. And he stopped both the broadcasting of race results to bookmakers via telephones and manual signaling from the track.

Then Keeshin found that someone wanted to buy his track.

Scared into Selling Out

In Keeshin's mail there'd be letters warning him to "watch out," and for emphasis there'd be a bullet in the envelope. To his wife came anonymous telephone calls asking where her husband's "corpse" should be shipped. The source of these annoyances was never established. When the iron-nerved Keeshin awoke one night to find a gunman prowling near his bed, he decided it was time to sell out.

This Keeshin did. The buyers were Bill Johnston and Charles W. Bidwill, a prominent racket-world figure and owner of the Chicago Cardinals pro football team. Johnston's partner, Bidwill, who died in 1947, was once indicted with racing-wire tycoon James Regan on charges arising out of his publication of wall sheets for bookies. The charge was dismissed. He also was interested with Jack Guzik in dog tracks in Illinois.

Up to now, Johnston had been in modest circumstances. Where did he get the $800,000 that he put up as his share of the Sportsmen's Park deal?

Johnston says he helped himself to $400,000 from the Miami Beach Kennel Club of which he was secretary-treasurer. This he did without prior authorization of the stockholders. (The money was later repaid.) The rest of the money, he said, came from his brother John, a Texas oil-equipment man.

Patton's name did not figure in the repurchase of Sportsmen's Park. But soon after the bargain was struck, a private elevator was built to waft Patton to an office in the penthouse atop the track's clubhouse.

With Bidwill as president and Johnston as vice-president, other interesting figures appeared at the track.

One was Bob McCullough, the Capone gangster already mentioned, who resumed his duties as track police chief. Hugo Bennett, lender of money to gangster Paul (the Waiter) Ricca, was auditor. Both have since been forced out on orders of the Illinois State Racing Commission. Max Silverberg, who lent money to Bennett—which then was lent to Paul Ricca—was concessionaire.

Listed as a director was Charles F. Wolfe, an associate of Bill Johnston's Miami Beach Kennel Club, and a onetime associate in dog tracks with Frank Nitti.

Until he died, Charlie Bidwill, printer for the bookies and partner of Bill Johnston, briefly filled the role once played by O'Hare. He was the president of Sportsmen's and of dog tracks in Florida. On Bidwill's death, Johnston stepped up.

When a man achieves Bill Johnston's wealth and power, it becomes difficult to live a secret life. Strong forces are being marshaled in Florida to bring Johnston's activities into the open.

A state Senate Crime Committee plans to propose legislation to screen the ownership of all race tracks; to bar race-track operators from contributing to political campaigns; to open up and make public the proceedings of the State Racing Commission. Johnston has wielded great power in secret. Once he loses the secrecy, does he lose the power? THE END

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Can Russia's Economy Support a War?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

England, France, Italy, Belgium and Holland put together. Here, by 1965, the Soviet proposes to plant billions of trees around the fields of 82,000 huge state and collective farms. It also plans, by 1955, to build 44,000 ponds and reservoirs, and to introduce a system of crop rotation emphasizing the use of grass to build up soil fertility.

All these measures are aimed at retaining moisture, curbing the hot drying winds blowing west from the Caspian Sea, checking erosion and raising crop yields. Most of the work is to be done by the farmers themselves, but the government is to help by establishing 570 forestry stations which will supply tractors and other necessary machines.

Late last summer the U.S.S.R. announced another ambitious plan to raise its food output. It condemned the present irrigation system covering 11,000,000 acres, mostly in Central Asia, because the canals occupied too much land and, by chopping up the fields, hindered the use of farm machinery.

Planning a New Canal System

The government ordered all feeder canals lacing this vast area filled in by 1953. Then, new temporary feeder canals, laid out to allow for larger fields, are to be dug each spring and filled in each year after the harvest.

This process will be very expensive. How wise it will be economically cannot be judged, but certain political aspects are apparent. Once the new system has been established, farmers—now relatively the freest class in Russia—will be completely dependent on government stations controlling the digging machinery.

Brand-new water-supply projects, also announced last year, are of even greater significance to the Soviet economy. The Chief Turkmen Canal—to run 700 miles, from Takhia-Tash on the Amu Darya to Krasnovodsk, on the Caspian Sea—is to irrigate 3,200,000 acres in the western part of Soviet Central Asia. As a result, what is now a great waste area is scheduled to become one of the world's great cotton-producing regions.

Also, a hydroelectric station scheduled to be in full operation at Kuibyshev, on the Volga, in 1955, is to provide power for irrigating 2,500,000 acres. Another Volga River station, to be completed at Stalingrad in 1956, is to power irrigation systems covering 4,000,000 acres, and subsidiary canal and water systems are to provide water for another 29,000,000 acres. Plans for the Kakhovka power station, on the Dnieper River in the southern Ukraine, call for irrigating or supplying water to another 8,000,000 acres in 1957.

Hand in hand with these vast projects goes a national campaign, begun early last year, to combine collective farms into larger units of thousands of acres worked by hundreds of families. Considerable pressure is apparently being used, for the pace has been swift. By October, 1950, at least 35,000 farms had been joined with others, thus reducing the total number of collective farms to 220,000.

Again the stated reasons have been economic. Bigger farms, the government declares, can use machinery more efficiently and free some of the farm clerical help for work in the fields or in industry.

A deeper reason seems to be that it is simpler for the government to control one large farm than several small ones, and therefore easier to restrain the unsocialistic tendency of peasants to hold back grain and show more interest in their own little plots than in the collective venture. The drive for amalgamation may also be a step toward placing all agriculture under the state farm system, with the peasants becoming hired hands of the government instead of, as on the collective farms, co-operative workers who share the proceeds after the state has taken its percentage—which is generally biggest in a poor year and far from small in a good one. Today the state itself directly operates only about 5,000 farms.

Russia's "victory gardens" offer perhaps the most illuminating example of the Soviet Union's food situation. There were 5,000,000 of these in 1942 and 19,000,000 in 1948, when they produced more than 14,000,000 tons of potatoes and vegetables. These gardens, formerly a war measure, now are on a long-time basis. A 1949 decree provided that workers be permanently assigned garden plots on land in or near cities and towns. There is one restriction: the gardener must commit himself to stay at his present place of employment for five years.

How long will it take for the Soviet people to get a diet anywhere near as adequate and diversified as the American? A rough idea can be found in the amount of grain required, since grain is the basis of meat and dairy production, which the Soviet government is straining to increase. To reach the present American standard even by 1970, Russia would have to more than double the grain output she claimed for 1950. Even if all the regime's ambitious plans are fulfilled, such a feat seems unlikely.

Stalin argued in 1946 that Russia's frenzied emphasis on industrialization had paid off magnificently. Had guns not been put before butter, and factories before homes, he said in effect, the U.S.S.R. could not have withstood the Nazi war machine. There is a good deal to be said for this argument, but it misses a big point. After the Germans took over western Russia—where the regime had centered many of its biggest industrial developments—the remaining areas put on a tremendous spurt and made most of the arms needed to expel the invaders. To do that, however, the country required much vaster quantities of raw materials, finished products and food than it could supply itself, and it got what it needed through American Lend-Lease and British Mutual Aid.

Lend-Lease Help Itemized

For example, the U.S. sent the U.S.S.R. more than 2,000,000 tons of meat, eggs, dairy products and other food; more than 475,000 trucks and other motor vehicles; 30,000 machine tools; 11,000,000 pairs of boots and shoes; almost 2,000 locomotives; more than 300,000 tons of aluminum, copper and other nonferrous metals and metal alloys; and more than 20,000,000 yards of Army textile material.

Great Britain sent Russia more than 100,000 tons of food; more than 100,000 tons of rubber; power plant equipment with a capacity of 370,000 kilowatts; more than 15,000 electric motors; and more than 100,000 tons of nonferrous metals.

Canada sent more than 200,000 tons of wheat and flour; almost 100,000 tons of aluminum, copper, zinc, nickel and other metals; and more than 13,000 tons of rails.

From these three major allies, the Soviet Union received almost $13,000,000,000 worth of goods, approximately $11,000,000,000 of it from the U.S. While about half of our Lend-Lease shipments consisted of military items, the nonmilitary goods were more important. They bolstered every sector of the U.S.S.R.'s economy. Without them, Russia's survival would have been enormously more difficult—if possible at all.

Anybody sizing up the staying power of the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. must therefore take into account the vital fact that in a third world war, the Soviet Union would have no Lend-Lease or Mutual Aid.

How U.S.S.R. Is Preparing

If their postwar activities are an accurate indication, the Soviet leaders are well aware that the U.S.S.R. would be at a disadvantage in any long-drawn-out conflict. Russia scrapped far less of her military equipment than did the U.S. Much of this Russian stockpile is rapidly becoming obsolete, but the U.S.S.R. has also been storing quantities of new stuff, and testing some of it in Korea. Furthermore, she has been making large-scale purchases abroad of rubber, tin, wool and other commodities in which she is lacking.

Significantly, too, the Soviet Union has continued to decentralize industry—not by moving old plants but by establishing new ones. Steel is an excellent example. During the 1930s, the Russians created a great modern iron and steel industry in the east—at Magnitogorsk and elsewhere in the Urals, in the Kuznetsk Basin of western Siberia, and at Komsomolsk in the Far East.

In 1940 these eastern areas produced almost a third of the nation's total steel output. Last year the eastern mills were scheduled to produce twice as much as in 1940 and to account for *half* of the total production. The western areas, in turn, were scheduled to exceed slightly their prewar mark.

Large facilities being built in the Georgian Republic, in the south of Russia, and at Leningrad, in the north, indicate that in the future the U.S.S.R. plans to distribute steel production even more widely.

The government is doing the same thing with other industries—hydroelectric power and chemicals and aluminum. It has one eye on developing the country as a whole, and another on making each area fairly self-sufficient.

Today, then, Russian industry is much more dispersed than in prewar days. But all in all it is still highly concentrated—mostly in the west and in the Urals—and last year probably more than half of all production came from European Russia.

Soviet industry is still dependent, too, on a transportation system that is one of the weakest but most important aspects of the entire Soviet economy. Coal from the Kuzbas, in southwestern Asia, and iron ore from Magnitogorsk, in the Urals, are brought together at both places—1,300 miles apart—to make steel. The steel, in turn, is shipped to a third point to be made into a tractor. The tractor is shipped hundreds or thousands of miles to the farm where it will be used. Almost anywhere it goes, it needs petroleum products from some distant source like Baku.

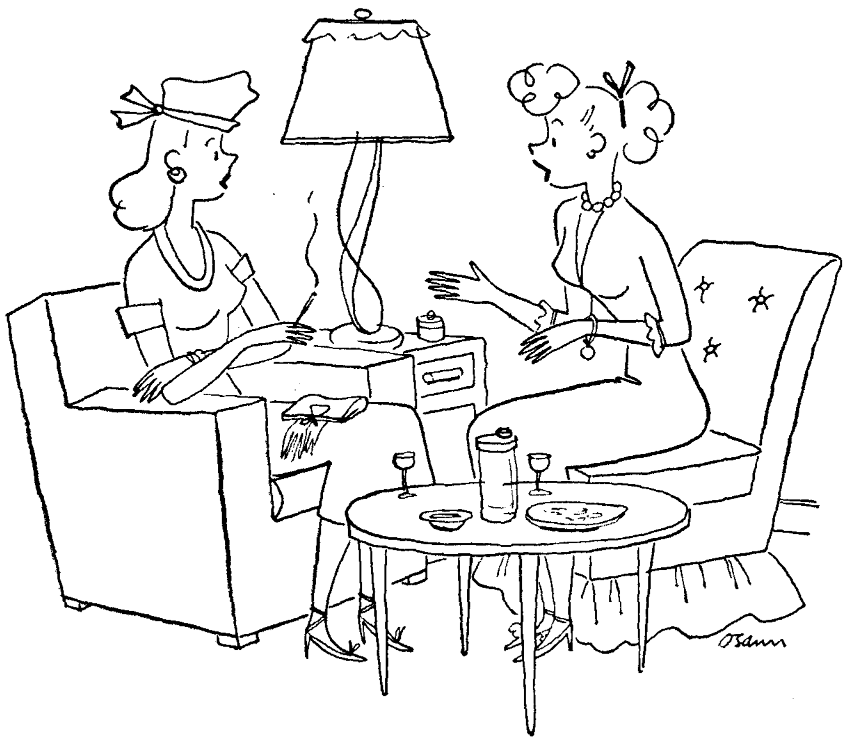
For all this, the Soviet Union depends largely on rail transport, which for two decades has been carrying 75 per cent of all freight. Obviously, the rail system has worked fairly well, and today, in terms of freight carried, it is working better than

Next Week

Hollywood's Beautiful Bulldozer

When Would You Consult a Psychiatrist?

Results of the Collier's–Elmo Roper Public Opinion Poll



"Mr. Rasmussen's assets include stocks and bonds, two yachts, three houses and a quarter million in cash. But his liabilities are a wife and family"

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN

ever—even though the Germans destroyed thousands of miles of track, 13,000 bridges, thousands of locomotives and hundreds of thousands of cars.

The Russian rail transport system has worked largely because the government has squeezed the greatest possible returns from the system at the least possible cost. On the important rail lines it has increased the density of traffic far above that customary in Western Europe and the United States. It has ordered industry to eliminate cross hauls so that, for example, steel will not be shipped from the east to the west if similar steel is waiting in the west to be shipped east.

And it enforces mercilessly strict discipline. Martial law for the 3,000,000 Russian railroad employees was introduced during World War II and it still continues. In addition, two years ago "political departments" were set up in all branches of the rail system to intensify propaganda and apply additional pressure for efficient work.

In wartime, if enemy bombers struck at the rail system, the armament-making capacity of Russian industry could be seriously cut. Except in the western part of the country, which is heavily crisscrossed with trackage, there are few routes.

Civilians Don't Travel Much

Russia could not take up any slack by cutting down civilian travel, because even in peacetime a Russian's traveling is pretty well limited. Nor could the Soviet Union substitute roads for rails. Today it has more autos, busses and trucks than ever before—more than 1,000,000—but most of the roads are unsurfaced and frequently unusable.

Soviet air lines might be a different story. Apparently they still lag in technical matters; not until 1948, for example, did a number of major Russian routes introduce night flying, perhaps because the country lacked radio installations. Nevertheless, the frequency of flights has increased substantially over the last few years, and Pravda and Izvestia boasted last summer that Soviet air lines were carrying more freight than those of any capitalist country.

In a long war, the petroleum situation might prove even a weaker link than the strained transport system. Russian oil production now stands at an all-time high, but it is still only a sixth of ours. However, Russia is reported to have stockpiled a considerable amount. The government has ordered the large-scale conversion of trucks and tractors from gasoline to coal and wood.

Almost half of Soviet oil production now comes from one field—on the Apsheron Peninsula, adjoining the city of Baku on the Caspian Sea. This lies close to the Iranian and Turkish frontiers and within striking distance from the Middle East.

Additional Sources of Oil

Other important oil fields, Maikop and Grozny, which last year accounted for 11 per cent of the national output, also lie close to these borders. Far in the interior and fairly close to the industrial centers of the Ural Mountains stretch other fields known as the "Second Baku." Last year they produced about a fourth of the total. There is also considerable oil production in the arctic.

It would be easy and dangerous to exaggerate the weaknesses of the U.S.S.R.'s economy. If Russia could take American and British oil fields in the Middle East, for example, she could triple her oil supplies at a stroke, though she probably would have to refine the oil where it was drilled. If she could overrun Western Europe—and today she could—and then achieve the more difficult step of tying its economy to hers, her industrial capacity would be about on a par with ours. Even without such gains, Russia's capacity is probably large enough, and her head start in most types of armament probably great enough, to enable her to fight boldly for years.

In the end, the struggle might well hinge less on our own industrial strength than on the price the Soviet leaders have been paying to get theirs.

The average Russian, of course, does not compare his lot with the average American's; he doesn't know what that is. Also, peacetime hardships don't necessarily make a person less able to endure those of war, and many Russians are willing to put up with privations because of a genuine idealism. Finally, the great mass of Russians are more cowed than ever before under the Soviet rule. As long as the regime's hold on them stays strong, they will go on producing. If the hold were ever weakened, however—and if the U.S., come peace or war, could break through with the message that we have no quarrel with the Russian people—their lack of enthusiasm for the present regime might shape history. It did in 1917.

THE END

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Dr Scholl's FOOT-EAZERS

The Singingest Family in America

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

startled Mechau children. "Come on, kids. What'll it be?"

"I Ride an Old Paint," Vanni spoke up.

She and her sister and brothers completely disarmed the audience by the simple directness of their singing. "We weren't scared," Dorik recalled later. "It was just like Redstone when the neighbors drop in. Only here there were more of 'em."

In 1944, Frank resigned from Columbia to devote his entire time to painting. Back the Mechaus went to Colorado. The succeeding two years Paula regards as the happiest of her life. Running through them, like a bright thread, were the folk songs. She and the children sang in the studio while Frank worked, or around the long pine tavern table he had carpentered.

In 1946, when March snows still blanketed Redstone, the Mechaus all piled into their old car and drove to Denver. Paula and the kids had been invited to give a concert for the wounded soldiers at Fitzsimmons Army Hospital. They were also to make some recordings. Fitzsimmons would be their first full-length concert. Paula barred make-up or costumes. The more natural and spontaneous the performance the better; it helped put the children at ease.

During the concert Mike raised his hand. His mother called for an intermission and the soldiers grinned. They applauded when he returned. During the next song Duna looked at Mike. She whispered to Vanni, Vanni to Dorik and Dorik to their mother. Mike had forgotten to finish dressing. He left the stage. When he trotted back with every button properly fastened, the soldiers cheered.

Stricken by Tragedy

In Denver the Mechau family stayed with their artist friend, Anne Downs. The day after the Fitzsimmons concert, Frank volunteered to drive his wife and the children to the studios of the Council Recording Company. As he was opening the car door he turned to speak to Paula and in that instant dropped dead at her feet. A sudden heart attack had killed him at forty-two.

Three weeks after the funeral, Paula and the children sang for the recording company. She says singing those ballads at that time gave her the courage and direction she needed.

"It made it possible for us all to recover from the terrible shock of Frank's death," she told me. "In those songs there was part of him. He loved them, too. They were a unifying force for the entire family. They gave us the desire to go on."

The children expressed it this way: "We felt closer to Daddy when we sang."

Mrs. Downs invited 50 people to her home to hear the Mechaus sing. Thus, with no preliminary planning, they were finding a living as a family. The first concert bid, from the Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center, paid $100.

Nine o'clock was ten-year-old Mike's bedtime. The concert lasted until ten thirty. In the song Who Killed Cock Robin? Paula, taking the part of the owl, asked each child in turn, "Who?" Mike didn't answer. He was asleep on his feet, eyes wide open. Paula waited, then said, "Mike's asleep, children. Let's try it over." When the audience applauded, Mike came to and went on singing as if nothing had happened.

An enthusiastic listener requested Witch Wilder. Luckily, the Mechaus knew it.

The man was Josh White, the famed ballad singer.

Next day, sitting around the breakfast table reading the reviews, Paula all but wept when she saw the following story in the Colorado Springs Press:

"Some have good songs, some have fine voices, some have scholarship and imagination. The Mechaus have all of these and a unique advantage of their own besides. There are five of them—welded into one unit by a wholehearted, self-forgetting devotion to the beautiful songs they sing. The audience can intercept, every now and then, that private glance among them of confidence and love and fun and joy in their art."

The Mechaus really had arrived. While they were enjoying the thrill, the telephone rang. A telegram for Paula Mechau. "Would like very much you and children come to Aspen any time between May 24th and June 1st, to sing at fishing-week festival. If possible stay all week. Burl Ives and Richard Dyer-Bennet both coming. Need you to make it grand success."

At this moment someone knocked on the door. There stood Josh White. He had climbed the mountain to present Vanni with If I Had a Ribbon Bow. When one fine ballad singer appreciates the art of another, he compliments him with the gift of a song. In turn, the Mechaus gave Josh two of their favorites, I Know Moonlight and Ezekiel Weeps.

The Mechaus consider that week at Aspen a milestone. Richard Dyer-Bennet offered Vanni a scholarship in his troubadour school, then open at Aspen. She took it, although generally speaking the family is opposed to professional training for ballad singers. Paula reads a little music, the children none. At first she plucked out the ballad tunes on her guitar, then taught Vanni. Now Vanni plays the accompaniments.

The Mechaus make their own musical arrangements. They study the words of the ballad, getting the rhythm. Paula may hum a tune she thinks will fit the phrasing. Dorik may say, "I like that, but I would change the first bars." After that Vanni will try it on the guitar. Perhaps Duna, and even Mike, will contribute a measure. And before they know it, they have the complete song.

There is no showmanship, no rivalry, no egotism in their presentation. To stimulate the family to work as a unit and to discourage any emphasis on personal performance, Paula tossed them an idea which has become an exciting part of their folk-song work—the tracking down of lost ballads by going through old books, interviewing old-timers. A concert at the Union Printers' Home in Colorado Springs proved a gold mine. Here they picked up several versions of Great Granddad, and by jogging memories with their one stanza of He Was Only a Lavender Cowboy got the entire song.* Ed Chavez, an art student of Frank's, had given them that first stanza years before. It begins:

"He was only a lavender cowboy,
The hairs on his chest were two.
But he wished to follow our heroes
And fight like the he-men do."

The Mechaus pursued their informal course at luncheons given by the Lions, Rotarians, Kiwanians and Masons; at American Legion state meetings; at Women's Clubs; at churches; at the 1948 UNESCO (United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization) conference in Colorado Springs; at grange halls in rural areas; and at folklore conferences held by the Universities of Denver, Colorado and Wyoming.

Concerts Without Fees

But it wasn't all easy going. Once or twice when they needed money most, people overlooked a fee for their concerts.

The Mechaus are the most unmercenary family this side of Utopia. Colorado Springs people, hearing of their plight, gave the family $1,000. With her warm heart and magnificent indifference to money, Paula immediately thrust $750 of it in the hands of a hungry poet.

The year Frank died they took a cabin at Woodland Park, a tiny village above Colorado Springs. They took it because at first they weren't able to face being at Redstone without Frank. But they went back to their mountain home the following summer and every summer after that.

In 1949, the children implored their mother to let them remain at Redstone through the winter. She

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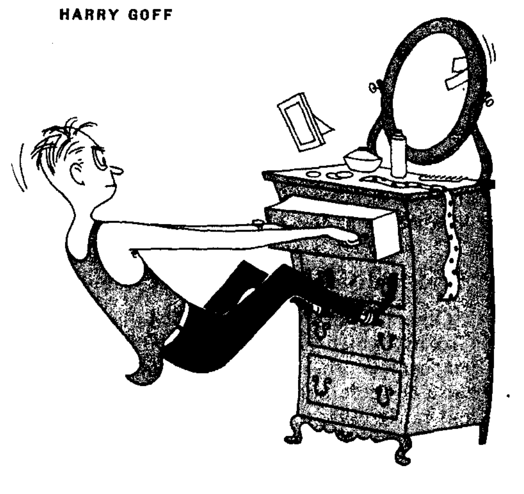


HARRY GOFF

NOW HEAR THIS!

XI

STICKING DRESSER DRAWER: **ZAM. Zamzam. ZAM! BAMBLE-ZAM! Bapbap ZOOORK! (Ouch! Damnation!)**

STEP-ON GARBAGE CAN: **up — PHLUPP! down ——— PHALAPP!**

WHISTLING TEAKETTLE: **PHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP! (okay - OKAY! eeeeep).**

CUTTING SKIRT TO PATTERN: **ack — ack — ack - snackle - ack-ack-ack-ackle. Snipple.**

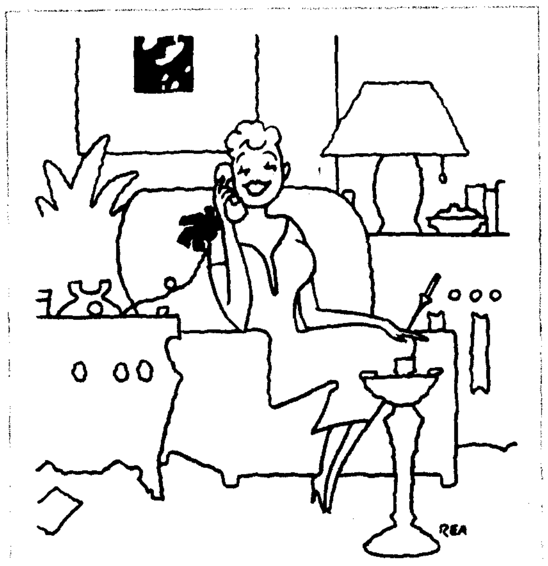
EATING WATERMELON: **cinch. cunch.cinch-cinch.PHTHOO!(seed)**

MAGAZINE IN THE MAILBOX: **CHONK!**

SEVERAL BILLS IN THE MAILBOX: **Fa-luttle-uttle.**

POST-OFFICE PEN: **skwuzzle. Scroit. Skwitch-itch. (Oh — for the love of ———.)**

—PAULINE GALE



"Why, I'd *love* to go out with you tonight, Harold. How about your digging up a couple of other fellows, and making it a foursome?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

warned them of the hazards. Mike would be the only one able to attend the local school. Vanni, Dorik and Duna, by then of high-school age, would have to drive 36 miles every day to and from Carbondale. The narrow canyon road hugged the Crystal River. Snows get deep in that country and it can be 46 degrees below. The children would have to walk the half mile to the highway before they could even reach the car. Supplies would have to be hauled by toboggan to the house. There were trees to cut, wood to be sawed, staples to be canned for the days when they would be snowed in.

"All these problems I put before the children," said Paula. "I wanted them to realize the hardships."

"We'll manage, Mom," they told her.

Wintering in the Rockies

And so the Mechaus spent the winter of 1949-'50 in Redstone, high in the Rocky Mountains. Week ends during the early autumn, Dorik and Mike cut hundreds of aspen trees and hauled them to the house on a trailer. They sawed, chopped and stacked logs and kindling handy to the kitchen. Two loads of coal were delivered in readiness for the long winter. A buck, which the boys had shot during hunting season, hung from the barn rafters. They knew how to butcher. Frank had taught them.

The girls did their share of chores too. Part of the deer was salted, part hung in the springhouse and the leftovers made into wonderful mincemeat. Preserves, vegetables, jams and jellies soon lined the basement shelves. Potatoes, carrots, cabbages and onions filled the root cellar. Let the snows come. The Mechaus were ready.

The local powerhouse, last vestige of Osgood's empire, had been closed in 1948, leaving the Mechaus dependent on kerosene lamps. Their biggest expense items that winter were oil and coal: $50 for kerosene; $150 for coal.

John Henke, the mailman, also a trapper, brought supplies when Mrs. Mechau and the children couldn't get to the store in Carbondale. Vanni screamed one morning as she reached in the mailbox. Her hand touched something cold and clammy. Mr. Henke had obligingly left the head of a dead crane. He remembered that she liked to tie trout flies and could use the iridescent feathers.

The Mechaus spent week ends and holidays learning new folk songs. They built up a repertoire of 300 tunes. But ballad practicing isn't like ordinary practicing. It's just family singing around a big table after supper, or before an open fire—singing because you like to sing. The Mechaus sang and only the mountains heard.

There were four families at Redstone that winter: Frank Worley and his four sons (they mined coal at nearby Placita); Mr. and Mrs. Harold Christopher (she kept store in the summer; he also mined at Placita); the Dean Cooks, who owned Crystal River Lodge, a ranch upcreek; and Mr. and Mrs. George Clayton, old-timers.

Every other Saturday night there were dances in the local school and the Worleys supplied the music. Frank Worley played the fiddle, his boys strummed guitars. Families 50 miles distant came, bringing baskets of food for a midnight snack. At Christmas everybody went to see everybody else. Thirty people drove up from the valley in sleighs pulled by horses strung with silver bells. The visitors sat around the Mechau house singing or exchanging folk songs. Later the rugs were rolled back and they square-danced.

New Year's week Paula and the children climbed in the old sedan and drove to Montrose, Olathe, Ridgway, Delta and Grand Junction for more concert engagements. Paula wished that Frank had lived to see the recognition of his philosophy and hers. An editorial in the Grand Junction Daily Sentinel hit the nail on the head. Proudly she shows it for proof:

"Seldom do we remember that our nation was built not only by great men but by the 'little' inarticulate people who lived and loved and worked and built for the future without leaving their names in history books. They left their marks, however, not only in their works, but in their most articulate form of expression, the folk songs. Just recently a goodly crowd of Grand Junction people were fortunate enough to hear the Mechaus sing songs our forefathers sang in their cabins, around their campfires, at their church meetings and on board their sailing ships."

It pleased Paula to think that she and her children were leading the same frontier life as these early settlers.

School mornings the alarm rang at 6:30 A.M. Each young Mechau had a special job. Dorik started the furnace and kitchen fires. Soon Paula had the coffee steaming, bacon crisping and eggs frying. Meanwhile, Vanni and Duna made the beds; Mike set the table. Breakfast ended abruptly at seven thirty in a dash for coats and boots. Everyone, including Lil Abner, the sheep dog, plowed through the drifts to the highway. Often Dorik had to cut a path through a foot or more of fresh snow with the car.

When Water Supply Failed

The Mechaus also had water trouble. That can be tough in the mountains. Kline Creek, half a mile from the house, was their source of supply. The water flowed into a pipe which crossed the creek and emptied into a settling tank. One evening Paula noticed that the water pressure was low. Before the dishes were washed every faucet in the house went dry. Dorik and Mike took off on snowshoes at half past seven, with pick, shovel and ax. They hacked at the frozen creek. They built bonfires beneath the supply pipe. At 2:00 A.M. the water flowed once more.

No, says Paula, life is not simple in the mountains. You've got to work twice as hard for what you get; but she and the children found it worth it. The folk songs prepared them.

"But we'll never pull through another winter in the mountains," prophesied Dorik. "The car won't hold together." That car, nine years old, staggered through the balance of the winter. Snowdrifts, ice ruts and mud holes had left their scars. It carried the Mechaus, with frequent prompting, to their summer concert dates. But

"Who taught us all
the good we know?
the one we love
and honor so—
. . . MOTHER"

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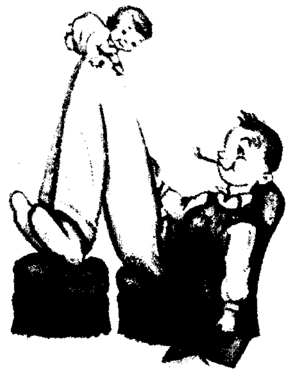

EXECUTIVE SAYS, "THIS CAN'T BE BEAT FOR CONSTIPATION"

Mr. Everett Easter, a keen-minded business executive from Birmingham, Alabama, says: "I've been troubled by almost chronic constipation, and I don't know what I'd do without Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They work *so gently* yet thoroughly—*are so smooth and they never gripe!*"

Note: For years Dr. F. M. Edwards, an Ohio physician, recommended his Olive Tablets for patients bothered with constipation and its headaches, bad breath and lack of pep. Olive Tablets are *all vegetable*. They act on BOTH upper and lower bowels, giving more *natural-like* bowel movements. 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢ per box.

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Paula admitted to herself that it could not survive the next mountain winter. Just when she was wondering what to do, Lloyd Reynolds, the young principal of the Carbondale school, asked her to drop in. How about teaching folk-ballad singing and its lore to the Carbondale children in return for a rent-free cabin and a salary of $160 a month? The cabin was less than two miles on a level road from town. Paula said yes in a hurry.

Carbondale is hardly more than a scattering of frame bungalows and log cabins at the junction of the Roaring Fork Creek and Crystal River. In the near distance looms Mount Sopris, more than 12,000 feet high. Carbondale itself has a population of less than 500, but circling it are enormous fertile ranches. Typical are the Bob Perrys' Mount Sopris Hereford outfit and the Harold Pabst farm adjoining the Mechau cabin. Carbondale is a modern-minded community encouraged by educators like Reynolds and his friend Scott Abbott, civics professor. But the town's only transportation link with the outside world is a twice-a-day bus from Glenwood Springs.

A Visit to the Schoolhouse

It deposited me at the filling station one morning not long ago. Dorik drove me to Carbondale's old schoolhouse, a one-room white frame building where Mrs. Mechau was teaching. I found her and the kindergarten group singing, seated close to the friendly warmth of an old-fashioned, pot-bellied, iron coal stove.

"We've just been learning Hush Little Mama," she greeted me. "It's a wonderful old ballad that Alvin Foote, Frank's friend, gave us."

At first glance I wondered how such a tiny, fragile woman could find the strength to cope with the problems which have plagued her. But, after observing her management of the kindergartners, it was easier to understand. And obviously she is the spiritual head of her own family.

"If you don't mind, we'll lunch here," she said, taking my coat. "I punch and count the students' meal tickets."

Mrs. Perry and Mrs. Pabst pay for the lunches. Two women cook this substantial noon meal each day in the rear of the old school. I could see steaming hot chicken pie, baked sweet potatoes, fresh home-canned peas and wild-plum tarts being dished up.

The grade and high-school building is half a block from the old schoolhouse. I heard the noon gong sound and watched the children race across lots, singing as they ran—Pretty Little Black-Eyed Susie and The Kansas Boys. One of the youngsters introduced himself as Mike Mechau. He had tousled fair hair and mischievous blue eyes, and spoke in a soft Western drawl. Once, when a little girl jokingly remarked that she didn't like the Mechaus, he shot right back: "You will. If people don't like us, by golly we make 'em."

He takes the hardy folk-song philosophy seriously. One day at Redstone he rode his bike off a cliff, winding up in the creek 40 feet below. Vanni screamed and ran to the phone, a party line. In five minutes all of Redstone responded. Mike came to, caught his wind, wiped the blood off his face and said, "I'm okay."

Duna was among the next batch of children surging in for lunch. Her blond hair was tied with a scarlet ribbon, and she wore a scarlet sweater with a plain little gray suit. Dorik and Vanni drifted in with an older group for luncheon.

Dorik, at seventeen, is the family's happy worrier. He walks with a slight limp from a knee strain caused in a basketball game. He fears this will curtail his sports activities, which would just about break his heart.

Friday nights, during the summer, the Mechaus sing at Crystal River Lodge, a dude ranch beyond Redstone. Among the people they met there last year were Mr. and Mrs. James Lawrence, of Brookline, Massachusetts. Mr. Lawrence, an architect, is a Harvard graduate. The Mechaus' ballads enchanted him. This winter he wrote Dorik that a Harvard scholarship awaits him when he finishes high school. He is now in his last year.

Vanni is pretty enough to pose for a magazine cover. She has high color, clear gray eyes, soft, light-brown hair, and a gift for looking right in full skirts, tight-fitting basques and flat-heeled slippers. From childhood on she has dreamed of attending Bennington College in Vermont. When her mother suggested that she inquire about a scholarship, Vanni hesitated. But finally, last year, she wrote a letter. Back came a blank. She returned it carefully filled in. To her delight she got the scholarship. She believes that Leslie Chabay, the Metropolitan Opera tenor, is responsible. She and her family met him at Aspen. Her school expenses are paid for out of ballad-singing earnings, plus student wages for waiting on table at college.

Last December the Bennington Dance Workshop asked her to sing at three of their concerts—two at Bennington, one in New York City.

"I missed my family," Vanni, home on her spring vacation, told me. "I had never sung alone before. I didn't like it."

At the cabin near Carbondale, the enormous natural-pine-paneled living room faces Mount Sopris. Its rafters are hand-hewn, its fireplace native stone. There are neutral-toned rugs, natural-wood furniture, numerous couches and low lights. A refectory table in the window, built by Frank, does double duty for dining and studying.

With five Mechaus crammed into the cabin, every crevice is in use. Paula and Vanni sleep on the two living-room couches; Dorik and Mike in the pint-sized bedroom-sewing room; and Duna in an alcove off the living room. Leading off of the big room are a little kitchen and bath. The casual ease with which the household runs testifies to the experience of mother and daughters. The daily fare is economical and healthy—plenty of mountain rabbit which the boys shoot; spaghetti doused in Italian sauce (Vanni's specialty), home-canned vegetables and fruits and jams.

Saturday's Household Chores

Every Saturday, Duna does the family wash and Vanni the ironing. The boys help Paula house-clean. In winter they make their own ice. Put a pail of water on the back steps at night and by morning it's frozen solid.

Saturday nights, if there are no concert dates, the children take in a schoolhouse dance. Week nights, after study, they sit around the fire and sing ballads, or try out new numbers for an approaching concert.

Whatever else they do in the way of folk singing or sleuthing will have to be done within the next few years. They are growing up now. Recently they brought out a second volume of recordings. It is their hope that they can make more.

They have several concert dates booked for the summer. They also want to travel through the country singing their songs and hunting others. So far they've only tapped Colorado. Whether or not the Mechaus increase their audiences, Paula finds the ballads and folk songs they sing have already given them the things that count most: a rich and mature outlook on life; a belief in the goodness of people.

The Mechaus' philosophy isn't divided into an easy, convenient arrangement of one set of rules for business and another for their friends. They live up to the moral code of the beloved ballads.

The time is not far off when the Mechaus will go in different directions. But always they will carry with them those folk songs, sing them when they are homesick and lonely—and when they are with friends and are gay. Whenever they come together they will sing them once again as a family. But they will never forget the ballads—and they will pass them on to their children—and perhaps yours—to have and to cherish.

THE END

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POULTICE

48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

kind of mugging you've been hearing so much about—attacking a pedestrian from the rear, throttling him and bending his back while the mugger's helper goes through the strangling man's pockets. In Portland, a band of merry muggers enters a saloon and calls for beer. If, before they can lift their glasses, the bartender presses a button and a colored light flashes from the ceiling, the muggers must drink with their left hands. Failure to do so is penalized by a fine with which more beer is bought. The light flashes on and off quickly, catching the unalert mugger off guard. Some saloonkeepers report their beer business has doubled as a result.

★ ★ ★

Well, unless Congress does something handsome, school days will soon be over for the veterans of World War II—the GI education program ends July 25th. It will have cost more than $10,000,000,000, and 7,300,000 ex-GIs have participated. Whether or not Congress extends the program, we've already made a great investment in the future of democracy.

★ ★ ★

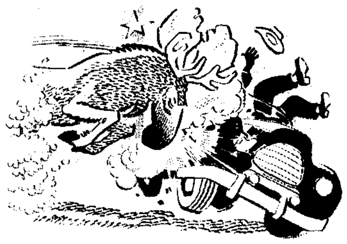
We've just heard, by air mail no less, that Colonel Jared Thorncastle, of Saint Johnsbury, Vermont, dropped in on the legislature in Montpelier not long ago for the first time in 42 years. He lingered long enough to learn that if the legislature passed all the appropriation bills introduced, the state would have to come across with $10,000,000. As he departed, the colonel said: "There ain't a man in all Vermont with brains enough to spend $10,000,000 and not make a fool of himself doing it." Said, too, he remembered the time when the legislature was deadlocked over appropriating $650 to build a bridge across Miller Run. "Never did build it," said the colonel. "Squanderin' wasn't popular."

★ ★ ★

We've lost our notes on this one. It really doesn't matter. We're pretty sure it happened in Maryland. There was a bitter fight in the legislature over a bill which the Democrats wanted and the Republicans denounced as wicked, wasteful, wanton and —worse—unnecessary. Then a Republican statesman, who had copied down the section that was the very heart and soul of the proposal, innocently offered it as "an amendment." Without even listening, the Democrats voted it down. Haven't heard what ultimately happened to the measure.

★ ★ ★

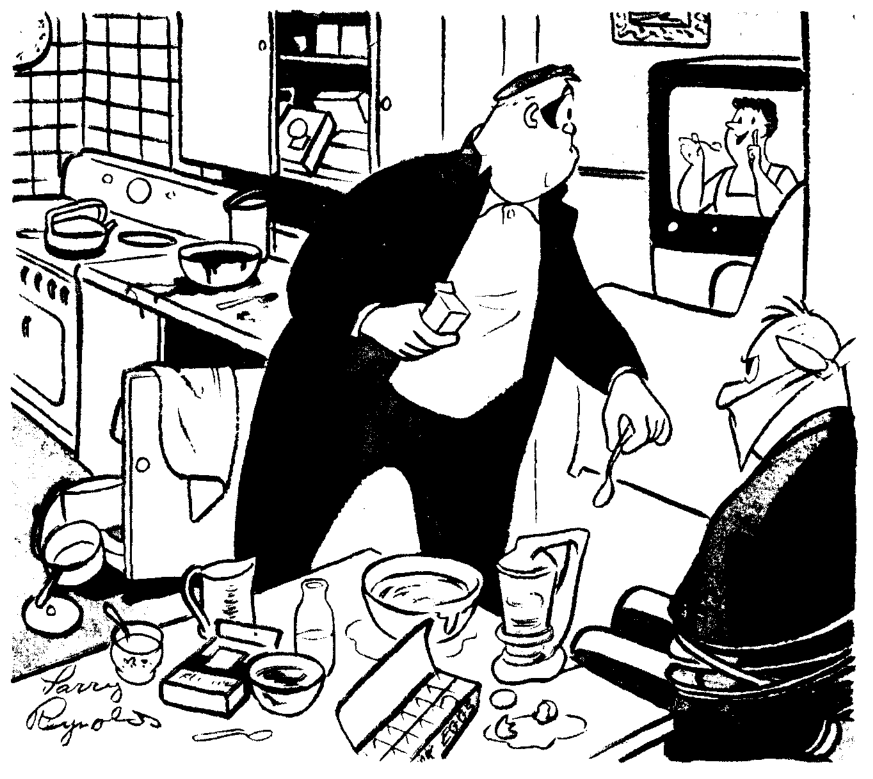
Charles Hanscum, Wyoming State Game Warden, has emerged with the news that even moose in the Yellowstone and Teton country know that the world is nuts. Mr. Hanscum, a painstaking observer of moose and men, finds that the animals suffer from the prevalent American malady—the bejittered headache. Automobile traffic makes their noggins pound and the tourists in the automobiles add to the thumping. This is the reason moose insist on butting and ramming automobiles, which gives them more headache. We could go on like this about moose for quite a while, but must get on to other manifestations of the American state of mind. Incidentally, Mr. Hanscum issued his findings from his headquarters at Moose, Wyoming.



★ ★ ★

The Honorable Buell Scott was elected last fall to the Kansas legislature from Stanton County. He presented himself in Topeka when the legislature convened. He listened very attentively to the oratory. Didn't open his mouth except to eat. After just two days of it, he packed up and went home. Hasn't returned. Hasn't written. Says two days were enough. Stanton County is getting along nicely. Mr. Scott says he's willing to let well enough alone.

BUTCH



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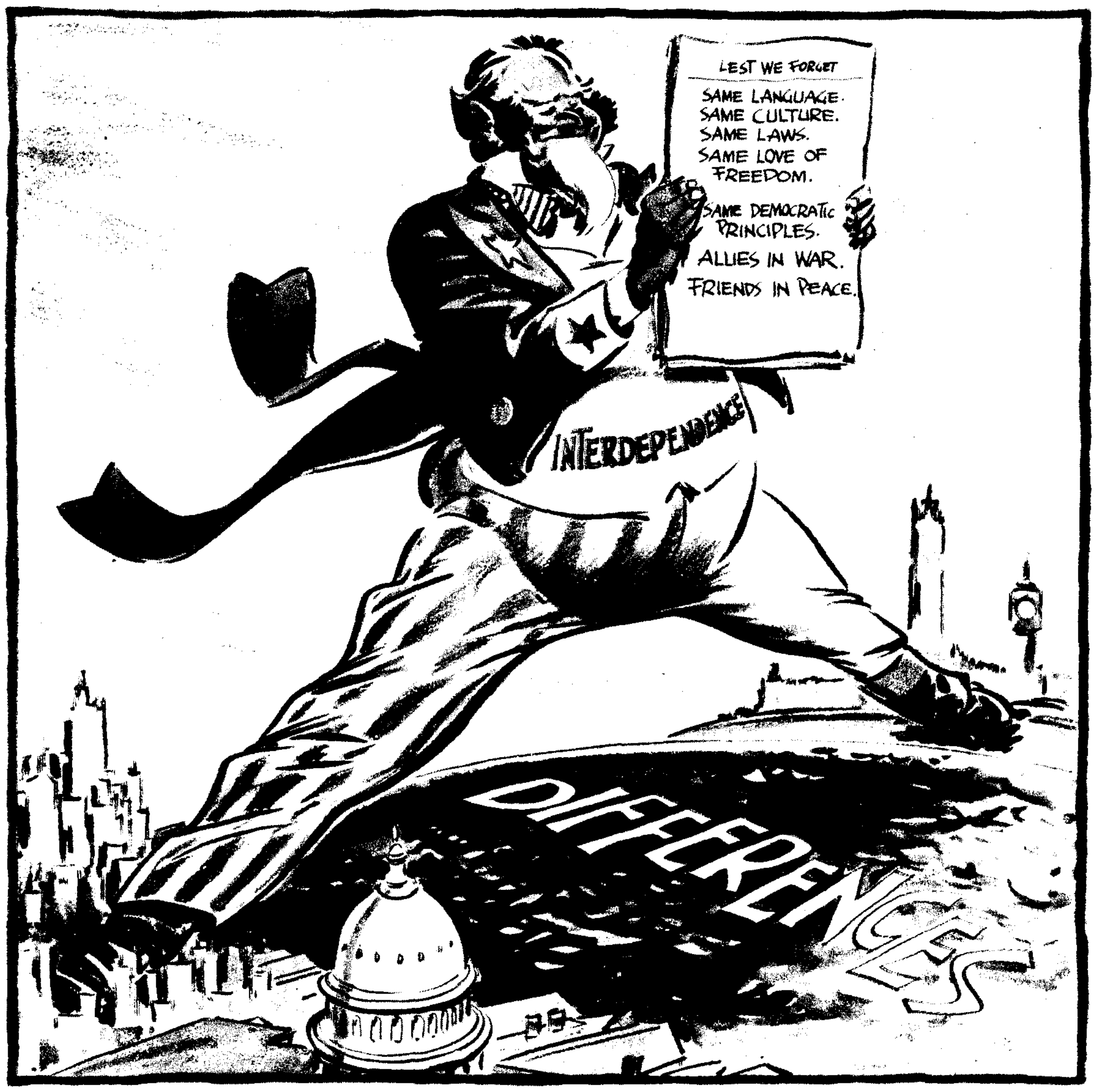
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FRIENDS IN PEACE.
INTERDEPENDENCE
DIFFERENCES

DORMAN H. SMITH

Bridge Those Differences

TWISTING THE BRITISH LION'S TAIL is an old American custom, and it has never been more popular than during the regime of the present Labor government. The professionally anti-British press has overlaid its old and ingrained prejudices with a new hatred of Socialism and nationalization. And it has passed along those prejudices and hatreds to a sizable slice of the American public, since the anti-British press includes some of the country's biggest newspapers. The result is that large doses of emotional indignation have obscured the real and solvable conflicts between American and British policy.

The emotional indignation, of course, is not confined to this side of the Atlantic. There is anti-American feeling in the United Kingdom, too. And since the governments of both countries are highly sensitive and responsive to public opinion, this emotionalism can only make present difficulties more difficult. Both governments, at the highest levels, are trying to settle their differences as calmly and sensibly as their varying outlooks and interests will permit. They need help, not hindrance, from their citizens.

Collier's can't hope to do much about opinion in the British Isles. But we would like to inject a little more light and less heat into the discussion at home. That does not mean that we agree with all the actions of the Attlee government, or feel that they should not be criticized intelligently. But there is no reason why we and our readers shouldn't try to understand some of the motives behind those actions. We think it is important that we do try; after all the shrill attacks on Britain we have heard and read, it is only right to give the other side a hearing.

For our own enlightenment we have done some reading, and also some talking with Englishmen who probably should be identified—little as we admire the term—as "authoritative sources." We have collected the British answers to some of the charges made by the professional tail-twisters in a lather of anger. We shall set down those answers as impartially as we can:

Britain's trade with Russia, its satellites and Red China. The British feel that stopping this commerce would signal a dangerously advanced stage of economic war, and that it would suggest the belief that all-out shooting war was inevitable. Their government says it is trying to steer a middle course between embargo and uncontrolled trade. To this end it has forbidden export of nearly 300 items to Communist countries. It has also restricted the export of about 100 other articles, and is supervising the shipment of another hundred.

British recognition of Communist China. Recognition does not imply approval, according to the official British view, any more than this country's recognition of Soviet Russia implies approval of that government. London recognizes the fact that the Communists control China, just as it recognized the fact that the governments of Mussolini, Hitler and Tojo once controlled Italy, Germany and Japan.

Britain's small and tardy contribution to the Korean war. The United Kingdom has more than 22,000 men of all services in Korea. These include 12,000 ground troops and 10,000 Navy forces. The first troops arrived in August. This, Britain thinks, is quite a contribution, considering that it stations troops in 19 countries and is engaged in military operations in Malaya.

Opposition to the Schuman Plan. The British contend that this is not yet a "plan," but that when the countries working on it have reached a decision, London will be glad to examine it.

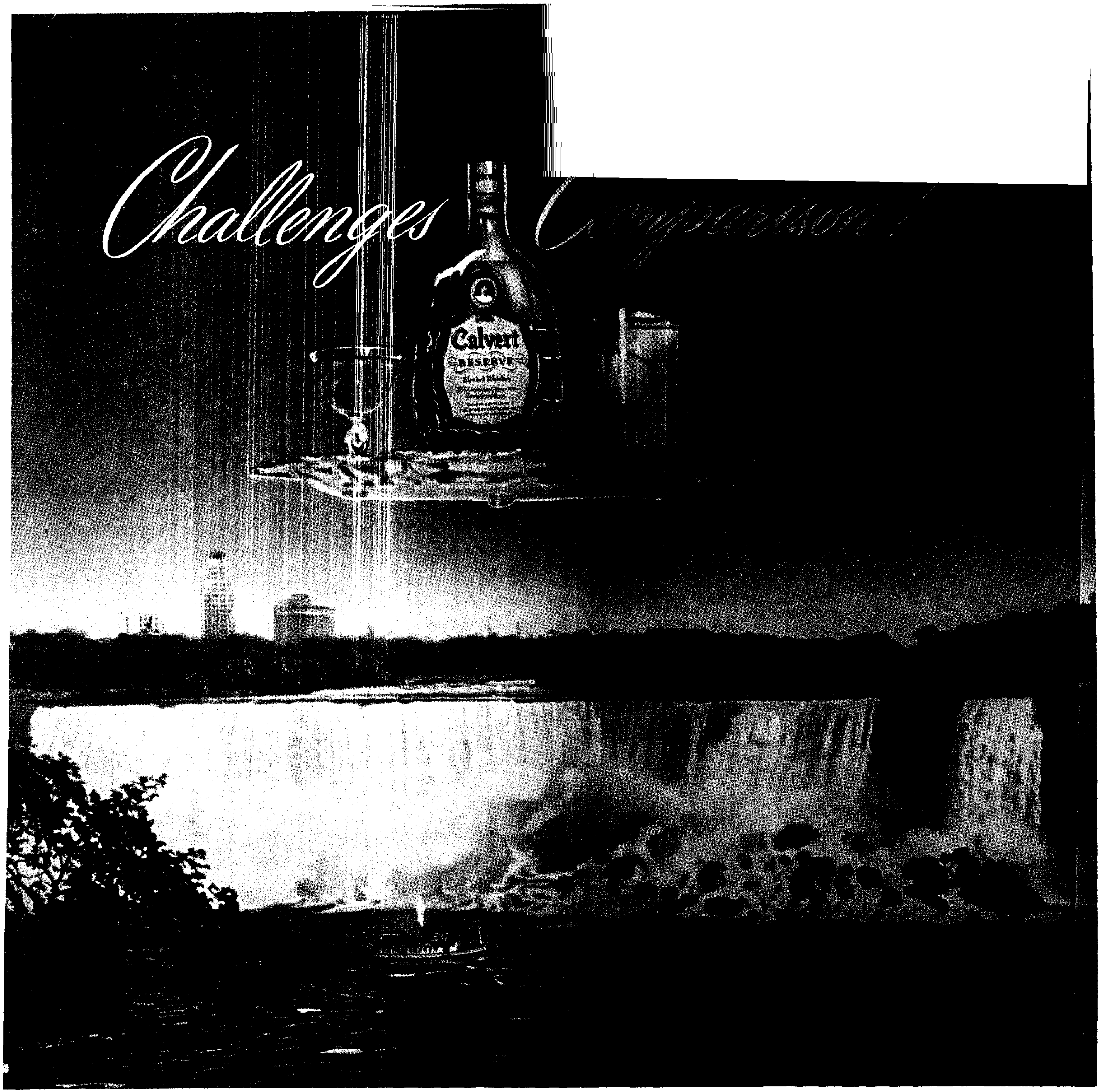
Use of Marshall Plan dollars to promote Socialism of industry. This just isn't so, British authorities say. Their country used dollars to make purchases in the dollar countries, they explain. The dollars admittedly made it easier for Britain to recover. This, they contend, is to America's advantage. For a worse and more prolonged economic crisis might have put the revolutionary left wing of Labor into power.

There are other familiar objections, concerning trade between Hong Kong and China, sale of rubber to Russia and China, Britain's support of Red China's claim to a UN seat, and the like. These, too, have been answered by the British. We don't agree with all those explanations or, for that matter, with all the explanations on this page. We think, for instance, that Britain's help in the Korean war was too little and too late. And the coldness toward M. Schuman's proposal to integrate the economic resources of France and Germany strikes us as doctrinaire pigheadedness. But agreement is not the point. It is possible to disagree strongly without becoming bitter, or "hating the British." Hatred of a people, any people, is stupid and bigoted. Hatred of our good and invaluable friends in the United Kingdom is not only stupid and bigoted but dangerous.

America is tied to that kingdom by strong ties of blood, language and culture. England is the cradle of Western liberty, and was the source and model of Western democratic laws. And let us never forget that those fundamental laws still exist, strong as ever, in the land of their birth. Let us not forget, however much we may dislike Socialism, that the British people chose that system by free and secret election, and that they have the power to change it at any time. Incidentally, our best and latest information is that Britain is pretty well fed up with the Labor government, and that if an election were held tomorrow Mr. Attlee would almost surely be out and Mr. Churchill would be back in.

The British Isles suffered heavily during the war, and their people are still living a life of severe austerity. But Britain has made a remarkable recovery with our help, as the ending of Marshall aid testifies, and today it remains a pillar of physical and moral strength. The United States needs a strong Britain, just as Britain must rely on our strength. If either country should fall, the other would surely be doomed. They are interdependent. And this interdependence far outweighs all the inevitable differences that arise between them.

So the peoples and the governments of the United States and Great Britain must learn to get along together at all costs if they and their freedom are to survive.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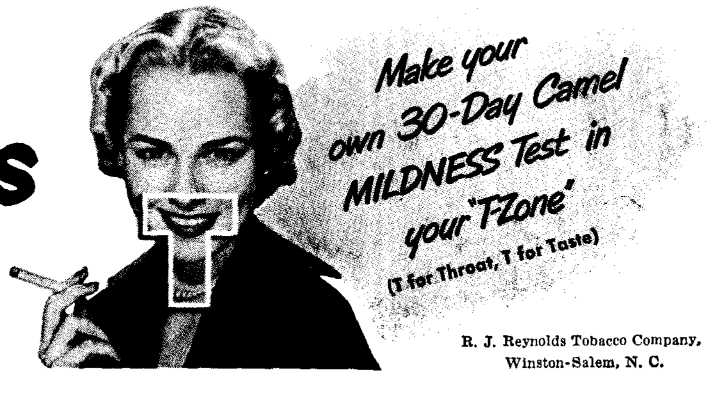
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